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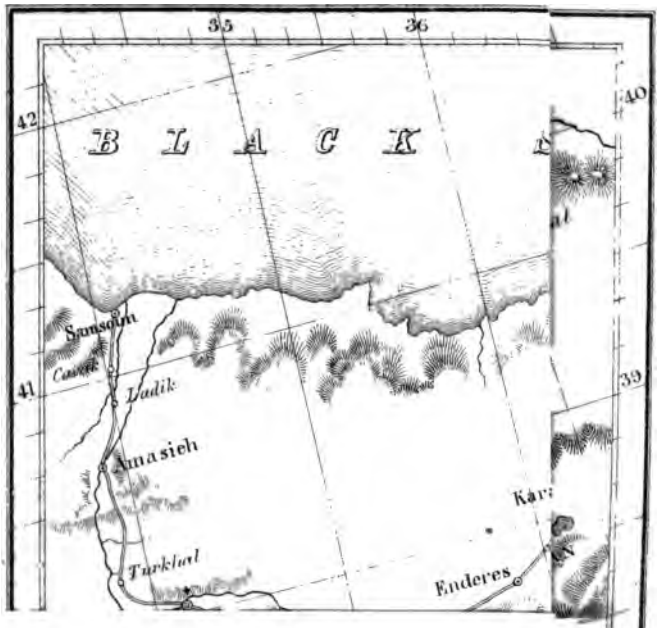
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NARRATIVE

OF A

SIT TO THE SYRIAN [JACOBITE] CHURCH OF MESOPOTAMIA;

WITH STATEMENTS AND REFLECTIONS

UPON THE PRESENT

ATE OF CHRISTIANITY IN TURKEY,

AND

THE CHARACTER AND PROSPECTS

OF THE

EASTERN CHURCHES.

BY THE

REV. HORATIO SOUTHGATE, M. A.

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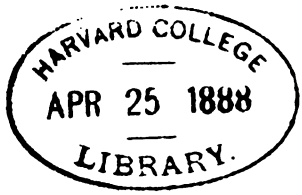

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PREFACE.

THIS little book is introductory to a series which the author has long had in contemplation, and which, if sufficient encouragement is given to the undertaking, will in due time appear, according as the pressure of other cares may allow him to finish them. Their sole object and design is to set forth the Eastern Churches in their real character, to show their wants, their condition and their prospects, with a view to engaging a deeper interest and sympathy in their behalf. He addresses himself to Churchmen, for they alone will fully appreciate the considerations which he has to present. To them, and to them only does he believe the work of restoring and strengthening those Churches to be committed, and they alone are able to perform it.

As a specimen of the character of the works which he has thus undertaken, and to supply information on a point upon which some will expect to meet with it in this volume, the following is subjoined from a treatise on the Doctrines, Ministry, Worship, Ritual, Usages and Religious Condition of the Syrian Church,—which is partly ready for the press.

After speaking of the Worship of the Syrian Church, the work proceeds:

We pass now from the outer shell of the externals of religion to speak of its kernel; from the forms of public worship we turn to doctrine. And here the first object which attracts attention is the difference by which the Syrians are separated from the great body of the Christian Church, which has made them a distinct people for more than a thousand years. I allude to their doctrine concerning the nature of Christ. What they are in common reputation is evident from the names they bear. They are most commonly called *Jacobites*[1] or *Jacobite Syrians*, from

1) This term is sometimes applied by Western writers to the whole body of the Monophysites, including the Armenians, Copts and Abyssinians as well as the Syrians.

Jacobus Baradaeus, who, in the sixth century, revived their declining Church, and with almost incredible zeal and success spread it throughout the regions of Syria and Mesopotamia. Sometimes they are called *Eutycheans*, from Eutyches, the principal founder and propagator of the Monophysite doctrine, who was condemned by the Council of Chalcedon, A. D. 451. Sometimes they are called *Monophysites;* and sometimes, distinctively, *Syrian Monophysites*. All these terms are intended to imply that they hold the doctrine of one nature in Christ. Our present business is to define their exact position. The subject is one of great importance, inasmuch as it is the principal thing which separates them from other branches of the Church of Christ.

First, then, they are not properly called *Eutycheans*, both because they do not hold the doctrine of Eutyches, and because they condemn and anathematize the heretic himself. Not only do they positively declare this in all their conversations, but every Bishop, at his consecration, pronounces a form of anathema upon Eutyches.

Secondly, the term Jacobite (*Yacoubi*) is, indeed, common among themselves, although it is disliked by their most learned men, who regard their Church as the ancient Church of Antioch. Their Patriarch styles himself the successor of St. Peter, in that see, and calls the Greek Bishop who claims it, a *Metropolitan*. The Greek Papal Patriarch, the head of those who have seceded from the Greek Church in Syria, also lays claim to the same title, so that there are no less than three prelates who style themselves *Patriarch of Antioch*. The question, however, properly lies between the Greek and the Syrian, as they alone can claim in the right of succession from St. Peter. The papal pretender has no other title than that he has been recognized, and, indeed, created, by the Patriarch of Rome, called the Pope. Not only is he unable to show a succession extending beyond a few generations, but the act by which he is created, is a palpable usurpation on the part of the Patriarch of Rome and in direct violation of ancient Canons.[1] The Greek and Syrian Patriarchs, however, claim in due and regular succession from the Apostles. The Syrians, therefore, discard the name of *Jacobites*, as not properly applicable to their Church, although in common conversation the laity frequently use it. They acknowledge Jacobus Baradaeus (Yacoub Bardani) as the reviver and strengthener of their Church, but not as its founder. They do not esteem him a saint above other holy men of old,

1) See the fourth and sixth Canons of the First Council of Nice, A. D. 325; the second of the First Council of Constantinople, A. D. 381; the eighth of Ephesus; the first of Chalcedon confirming the Canons of preceding Councils. Several other Canons of the same Councils bear upon the subject.

nor have they any day set apart in honor of his memory. The Patriarch once rebuked me for calling his people *Jacobites*, and said it was a term given to them by their enemies. I have often heard it, however, among the laity, especially as used to distinguish themselves from the seceding party, and the firmans and other documents issued by Government generally, not always, contain it.[1] The Latins do their utmost to fix it upon them, while *they* call the seceding party *Syrian Catholics*. Both terms seem to me unjust, the first because they themselves discard it, and because there seems to be no more propriety in calling them from the name of Jacobus Baradaeus, than there would be in calling ourselves *Parkerites;* the second because the Catholicity of the seceders consists primarily in their acknowledgment of Papal supremacy. In these pages I call the first *Syrians*, which is the name (*Syriani*) by which they are commonly known in the East. The seceders I call *Syrian Papists*, or *Papal Syrians*, not from the desire to convey any reproach thereby, but because it indicates most precisely the leading difference between them and the Church from which they have seceded. A Roman Catholic writer says, that the Eastern Christians recognize in this the only difference between themselves and the Church of Rome. "As for you [Roman] Catholics, they [the Armenians, Nestorians and Jacobites,] used to say to us, 'only one question divides us—obedience to the same chief. Prove to us the necessity of this and a reunion will be effected.'"[2] Nothing could more clearly show the nature of Roman Catholic operations among the Eastern Churches, and well might the people understand that that was the only difference which is the only difference insisted upon. There is no other term than *Papist*, then, which gives an exact idea of an Eastern Christian who has seceded from his own Church to that of Rome. I adopt it, therefore, simply as the most appropriate.

Thirdly, as to the term *Monophysites*, it seems to me clearly that the justice of it must depend upon the real belief of the Syrians. Monophy-

1) This, however, has been brought about by the Latins in their controversies with the Syrians, before the Porte.

2) *Correspondance et Memoires d'un Voyageur en Orient. Par Eugene Boré*, I. 343. —It does not appear from the author's pages that he ever questioned the truth of this remark, or gave these Christians to understand that it was further necessary, in order to become "Catholics," that they should recognize the Councils which they reject, and receive the faith of the Universal Church. And this is in exact accordance with the teachings of Latin emissaries wherever, throughout the Turkish Empire the present writer has witnessed any thing of their operations. The question of Papal supremacy is every where thrust forward and made all in all, and the Eastern Christians universally understand by the word *Catoleek* simply and solely *one who acknowledges the Pope*, Such, however, *we* must call *Papists*.

sitism is the name universally appropriated to the doctrine of Eutyches, which the Syrians do not hold; in this sense, therefore, they are not Monophysites, and I think it must create both confusion and needless prejudice to call them so.

We proceed now to show what their real doctrine is. And,

1. They do *not* hold the doctrine of the absorption of the human into the divine nature, in Christ. This was the heresy of Eutyches which was condemned by the Fourth General Council. The Syrians reject this doctrine altogether, not only in their words, but in their standards, and every Bishop, at his consecration, is required to denounce and anathematize it.

2. They do *not* hold to the mingling or confusion of the two natures in Christ, but discard the doctrine and speak most strongly and unequivocally against it, as do also their ancient writers, Bar Hebraeus for example. Thus I have frequently heard them use such comparisons as these—that the two natures are not mingled, as we say that wine and water are mingled; nor does the one pervade the other, as we say that leaven diffuses itself through the lump.

3. To speak affirmatively, they distinctly and clearly hold that there are two natures in Christ, the divine and the human, and that these two natures are in the incarnation brought together in one, not mingled, nor confounded, but united. But,

4. They say that the result of this union is most properly described as *one nature*. Up to this point they seem to agree with us, but here, in words at least, they differ. They do not, however, deny the truth of our own doctrine—that the two are united in *one person*—but admit it. Yet they say, this is not enough, for it does not sufficiently express a real and indivisible union. To the whole of our second Article those to whom I have shown it, cordially agree, but they think it stops short of the full expression, and that it would more exactly describe their own doctrine if the word *nature* were substituted for, or added to, the word *person*. Thus they say that "the two whole and perfect natures were joined together in one *nature*" as well as in one *person*. What now do they mean by this?

5. And here I will say that I have never been able to discover the slightest difference between their meaning of the word *nature*, when used to express the result of the union of the two natures in Christ, and our meaning of the word *person*, when so used. I will not positively affirm that there is no difference, (for this is a subject on which I feel extremely diffident of my own judgment,) but I do say that I cannot comprehend the difference, if it exists. After discussions almost innumerable with their Patriarch, Bishops and other clergy, (for it is a matter to

which they frequently recur,) it does seem to me that what they wish to assert by the oneness of *nature* in Christ, is precisely what we assert by the oneness of *person*. Why, then, do they use a different term? Because they imagine that the word *person* implies only an outward presence, as used by us, while the words *one nature*, with them, imply an inward and real union, by which the one Christ is spoken of as a single individual, from whom, as from one, all his words and actions proceed. Thus they say, (to illustrate this union,) it was the same Christ who performed miracles, and who ate and drank,—in both actions the same individual Christ. Yet they acknowledge that some actions belong to him as divine, others belong to him as human. For example, they assert, it was Christ in his humanity who suffered upon the Cross; but to guard, again, against the notion of a separation of natures, they add, the Christ who suffered upon the Cross was divine, for he forgave the penitent thief and promised him Paradise, and the Scriptures also say that God gave his *only begotten Son* to *die* for us. They say, moreover, that *generally* the actions of Christ are to be affirmed of him as one,—one by the indivisible union of the two natures. Thus they use illustrations like these, which I have recorded from their own lips: It was Christ who asked where Lazarus lay; it was also Christ who raised him from the dead. It was Christ who was sleeping in the storm; it was also Christ who calmed its rage. In each case appear by different acts his humanity and his divinity. He inquired and he slept as man; he raised the dead and allayed the tempest as God; for this he did, not as an instrument, like the Apostles, but in his own power. Yet both the one and the other belong to the single individual Christ. They condemn Eutyches for confounding these two natures, and Nestorius for separating them, and they refer to the writings of Cyril of Alexandria, especially his *Twelve Letters against Nestorius*, as giving a true exposition of their doctrine.

They think that their mode of stating the union of the two natures is necessary, in order to guard against the doctrine of their existing distinctly in the same person, or under the same outward presence, for so they declare they understand the word *person* as here used. They supposed our doctrine, or rather the Latin, for of us they had known nothing, to be nearly the same with that of Nestorius, viz., that the two natures act separately and independently of each other, as in two individuals. They were, therefore, agreeably surprised with the definition of our second Article, which declares that "the two natures were joined together in one person, never to be divided, whereof is one Christ;" only they thought that the word *person* (أقنوم), as used by the Latins, denoted alone the

outward and visible appearance, and that to say merely that the two natures are in one *person*, meant only that they coexist under one outward presence. The statement, therefore, of our Article, that they are *joined together*, and *never to be divided*, and that of this union is *one Christ*, seemed to present to them a new view of the Western faith, as recognizing, *under the outward presence*, the very union of natures which they wish to affirm by calling the result *nature* instead of *person*. They seemed never to have looked upon the one person of the Western Creed as the result of the union of the two natures, but only as the external form which inclosed or contained them. In other words, they were not aware of our asserting an actual joining together of the two natures, but only of their coexistence under one presence. Nor were they at first willing to take this view of the Western Creed, when I pressed it upon them, for it led at once to the conclusion that they had been separated from the great body of the Christian Church for so many centuries causelessly. On the contrary they at first endeavored to show that there must be a difference, as this alone would justify their separation, but finally in every instance they came to the conclusion, that if there was any, it was too subtil to be apprehended. Thus, I was once called upon to act as arbitrator between a Syrian Papal Bishop and two Syrian Bishops, who met for a discussion of this subject—the nature of Christ. The conference continued for three successive days, and at the conclusion the two Syrian Bishops unanimously declared that they saw no real difference between the Syrian and Western belief—that it was a mere logomachy—and that they were ready to assent to and affirm the Western tenet as their own, and to enter into intercommunion, so far as this was concerned, with the Western Church. No other difficulty, they thought, remained with regard to the Church of England and our own; but as for the Latin, they could not acknowledge the Supremacy of the Pope. This is only one case out of perhaps fifty which I have been acquainted with, all which seemed to reach the same conclusion. I say, then, that there is great reason to believe that the Syrians do not in reality differ from us on the nature of Christ; and I may add, that the voice of history, to any one who will carefully consider the circumstances attending the separation in Syria subsequent to the Fourth General Council, must, I think, speak the same language. [Upon the historical argument, however, I cannot here enter.][1] But,

6. The Syrian Church rejects and condemns the Fourth Ecumenical Council, and also Leo, the Bishop of Rome, whose Epistle was approved by the Council. Every Syrian Bishop, at his consecration, is

1) This argument is given in the work from which the present extract is taken.

required to anathematize both him and the Council. They also defend Dioscorus, who was condemned by the Council, but not Eutyches, as I have said, nor his heresy. These they reject as strongly and clearly as the Council itself. Why, then, do they not receive the Council nor its Decrees? The reason, they say, is because it acted unjustly and violently towards Dioscorus, who, they affirm, did not hold the heresy of Eutyches; and they condemn Leo because, as they say, he was the principal instigator of the proceeding against Dioscorus. Yet they do not pretend to defend Dioscorus in his violent and intemperate proceedings at the Pseudo-Council of Ephesus, A. D. 449. They do not approve of that Council nor the object of Dioscorus in obtaining it, which was to effect a reversal of the sentence against Eutyches, passed by the Council convened in Constantinople the preceding year. They do not agree with Dioscorus in his defence of Eutyches, but they affirm that he did not hold the same doctrine with Eutyches, and that the action of the Council of Chalcedon against him was excessively severe and unjust, since not for clear heresy, but for a mere act of imprudence, which *they* also acknowledge him to have been guilty of, he was condemned and deposed by a General Council.

The Syrian rejection of the Council, therefore, does not imply a dereliction from the faith, but rather (may we not hope?) a mere dissatisfaction with the Synod for certain alleged improprieties in its action, while they agree with the Synod in the main object of its proceedings and in the main action itself, which was the condemnation of Eutyches. The Syrian Bishops before referred to, entirely approved the declaration of faith put forth by the Council, and were willing, after reading it, (they had never seen it or heard of it before,) to declare their assent to it, and also to recognize the Council, with a single salvo concerning the treatment of Dioscorus. The Syrians, I may add, receive, without any exception, the first three General Councils of Nice, Constantinople, and Ephesus, and the several minor Councils approved by the Council of Chalcedon. They have also, and use daily, the Nicene Creed, and acknowledge the Apostolical Constitutions and Canons. What more can we ask?

But I must conclude. On such a subject as this my every feeling prompts me to speak with diffidence and caution. I have no wish for hurried or forced amalgamations. I have no desire to depart one step from the position—the truly Catholic position—which our Church maintains. But is there nothing in all this to inspire hope? May we not with brighter confidence look forward to the day when strifes shall be healed, and when the mystical Body of our Blessed Saviour, now rent,

distracted, torn, shall be again united in all its parts, and growing up into Him in all things, shall make its increase to the edifying of itself in love?[1] Come, oh come, that glorious day, when animosities shall cease and faith shall revive, when the love of many that has waxed cold shall burn again, and truth, pure as she came from the Apostles' hands, shall unite us once more in the "Apostles' doctrine and fellowship."[2] Amen and Amen.

1) Eph. iv. 15, 16. 2) Acts. ii. 42.

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NARRATIVE.

CHAPTER I.

Passage to Trebizond.—Credentials.—Unity of the Church.—Translations of the Prayer Book.—Their Utility.—Increase of Steam Navigation.—Its Moral Consequences.—The Conservative Influence of Mohammedanism on Christianity.—Increase of Infidelity.—Our Duty.—Trebizond.—Bouyouroultous.—Ecclesiastics.—Turkish Reform.—Mohammedan Bigotry.—The Greeks.—Relations of the Clergy to Improvement.—Their proper Position.—Greek and Roman Churches Compared.—Means of a peaceful Reformation.

I LEFT Constantinople on the 7th of May, 1841, in the Austrian steamer Metternich, Capt. Clicien. On account of delay in visiting a steamer which had run upon the rocks near Amastra, a small town on the shore, we did not reach Sinope till the 9th. On the evening of the same day we touched at Samsoun, and arrived at Trebizond on the 10th.

I had supplied myself with proper translations of the credentials which I had received from my own Diocesan, the Right Reverend Benjamin T. Onderdonk, D. D., Bishop of New-York, and from the Presiding Bishop, the Right Reverend Alexander V. Griswold, D. D. By the first I was commended to the Bishops and clergy of the countries in which I was to travel, and by the second was faithfully instructed

as to the rules and principles which should govern me in my intercourse with the Eastern Christians. "In the intercourse or correspondence which may be allowed you with the Bishops and other ecclesiastical authorities, be careful to state explicitly what are our views," &c., "that we would scrupulously avoid all offensive intrusion within the jurisdiction of our Episcopal brethren, nor would we intermeddle in their Church affairs. Our great desire is to commence and to promote a friendly intercourse between the two branches [Eastern and Western] of the one Catholic and Apostolic Church; to impart to our brethren in that country any knowledge of the Scriptures and of the doctrines of Christ, which, through the Lord's goodness, we may have obtained, and gladly to receive any such light from them. We would unite hand in hand with them, in the great and noble work of extending the Redeemer's Kingdom, and saving the souls of men."

Thus wrote the venerable Presiding Bishop, now gone to his rest. May his words of wisdom sink deep into our hearts, and be as a light and beacon to our path! The reader will see, as we advance, that my constant aim has been to act in the spirit of this paternal counsel, which my own humble experience has taught me to be the words of truth and soberness.

Hardly less animating was the language of another, now holding high office in the Church,[1] with which he cheered the hour of my departure from my native land. "But who realizes this truth [of the Church's unity] in its just magnitude? Isolated in little and often hostile clusters, the Bishops of the one Church Catholic are known only as officers of their distinct communions, many almost as the winds of heaven or the climes they blow upon..... Yet *they are*

[1] The Right Reverend W. R. Whittingham, D. D., Bishop of Maryland.

one—as a tree is one with its thousands of leaves of divers magnitudes and colors, and many branches, some crooked and some dead, yet all parts of the same one tree, and all, as parts of it, still one with each other. The original mission, as in the tree the sap vessel from the root, is still propagated in the various branches, and though in some little or no vital juice may flow, connects them with the Fountain and makes them *one in Him.*

One in Him! *There* is the life and power of the truth which I rejoice that we are beginning in some faint degree to realize. One in Him, our invisible and ascended Head! His word made us one. His word, whether we will or no, still keeps us one..... Let us go, then, to seek Him and point Him out to those among the walks concealed. *Their* loss is *ours;* for while they make no returns of love and zeal to the common stock, we suffer by its want. Our faith dwindles by their ignorance and deadness. The props of our common home and shelter rot and fall away by their negligence and corruption."

With these animating counsels I took my departure. I had also with me a few copies of the Arabic translation of the Prayer Book, intending thereby, when occasion offered, to make known the doctrines, ritual and worship of my Church. And I may here say that I found it of the greatest service for the purpose, presenting as it does in a single view the order of our Ministry, the administration of the Sacraments, the Fasts and Festivals, and the daily Service of the Church.[1]

[1] This translation was prepared and published at the expense of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and is one of the many noble monuments of their zeal for the cause of the Church and the truth. Other translations, in most of the Eastern languages, are rapidly following. The good which they are calculated to accomplish, in setting forth the Church in its true character, in correcting the gross misrepresentations and slanders which have been circulated with regard to it, in presenting a branch of the Universal Church Primitive in its Doctrines, its

In my passage to Trebizond I was much struck with the increase of steam navigation in these countries since 1836. There was then only one steamer to Trebizond; there are now four, while new lines have connected the capital with Greece, Malta, Italy, Austria, France, England, Egypt and Syria, to and from all which countries the traveller can go and come the whole way by steam, and the Atlantic packets extend the line unbroken to the continent of America.

The moral consequences of this linking together of the Eastern and Western World, no human conception can fully calculate. The Ottomans behold in it an example of European activity and industry of which they had no idea. They must awake to an imitation of it, or the commerce and resources of their country will pass into other hands. The Christian population are already awake. They see in it a new bond of union with the nations of Europe. The ties of a common religion are beginning to be felt. An earnest desire for European protection every where prevails. Eastern Christians are now wishing for their nations what individuals have long sought for themselves,—the aid and oversight of foreign Christian powers. The events of the late war with Egypt, the ease and celerity with which the power of a Pasha, whose name has been as terrible in the East as Napoleon's once was in Europe, was destroyed by a few ships and a fragment of an army from abroad, have produced a deep and even an extravagant impression of European skill and power. They have created a new de-

Ministry, and its Rites, yet pure and uncorrupted, and in imparting sound and valuable religious instruction, can hardly be estimated too highly. They are the first step towards a better understanding, a deeper interest, and a holier influence. The good which they have already done, under my own observation, is an ample return for all the labor and expense of preparing them. The Society is preparing translations into the following Oriental languages—Greek, Arabic, Turkish, Amharic, or modern Ethiopian, and Armenian.

sire to have that skill and power enlisted in their behalf. The course of things is onward. European nations will become more and more deeply interested in the East by the increase of their trade, the colonizing of their people in the marts of Turkey, and the visits of their men of science and religion to those countries. Gradually, by the gentle progress of civilization and the arts, or more quickly by the shock of some sudden rupture springing out of the complicated relations of the states of Europe with the great Mohammedan power of the East, Christianity will be freed from her bondage of centuries, and the light of the West will break in upon the Oriental World. Then will the Churches of the East, remaining still in their present unprepared state, convulsed by the sudden blaze of free inquiry and unregulated knowledge, fall into pieces, of which Infidelity will seize a part, Popery a part, Protestantism a part, and a part will remain, the only surviving relic of the ancient Church of Christ in the East. The work of Mohammedanism is but imperfectly understood. Its influence is not altogether destructive; it is in a measure preservative. While it degrades Christianity, it preserves it from unbelief and schism. The Church of Rome has found in it the greatest opponent of her designs upon the Eastern Churches. The Turkish government has always looked with disfavor upon the attempts to seduce its subjects to a foreign ecclesiastical allegiance, and now secession is absolutely prohibited.[1] In like manner, the spirit of Mohammedanism is averse to the free introduction of foreign sci-

[1] About eight years ago the Armenian Patriarch obtained from the Porte a firman, requiring that every Christian should remain in the communion to which he belonged. The design of the firman was to prevent secessions from the Armenian Church to the Latin, but in a very recent instance, within my own knowledge, another community of Christians have availed themselves of its provisions, to force back certain of their members who had seceded to Rome.

ence, and thus, it has prevented those inroads of infidelity which commonly follow upon a merely secular civilization. The truth of this remark will be apparent if we look at those portions of the Eastern Churches which are already delivered from the sway of Islamism, or which, from their position, have felt something of the influence of the West upon them. Among the Christians of Constantinople infidelity has made and is still making rapid strides, while in the free kingdom of Greece its progress is truly alarming. Both there and here it is directly traceable to a European origin. It is the result of that fondness for Frank manners, the fashions and frivolities of Western life, and still more that corrupt literature which flows in through the growing knowledge of the French. If we are under no other obligations to the Eastern Christians, we are bound at least to cleanse the streams which are pouring in upon them from our Western world. If we are not ready to furnish them with a sound religious literature, we are at least obliged to provide an antidote against those corrupting works which go from us to them.[1]

[1] Another cause of unbelief among the Eastern Christians is less direct, but equally effectual, and I fear even more pernicious in its effects than the other. It is, alas! in the Churches themselves. It is the ignorance, and, in some instances, the wickedness of the clergy, together with the low state of religion, both among clergy and people. "Why should I go to Church?" said a Greek to me the other day; "the priests rob me of my money. I can get nothing from them without a fee." He was a poor and ignorant man, but he had learned to look upon the whole business of public worship as a mercenary system, supported by the clergy for no better end than to sustain their own influence, and extort money from the people. This kind of practical infidelity is perhaps more deeply seated and more widely spread, than even the clergy themselves suppose. In a more enlightened mind, that is, in one better instructed in human knowledge, it takes another form. The man, feeling himself above the superstitions so common among the multitude, and seeing them but too often patronized by the clergy; observing, too, the haste and thoughtlessness, and sometimes the indecorum with which the public services of religion

But the highest argument for a deep and hearty interest in their behalf is that to which I have already alluded. They are unprepared for the light which is dawning upon them. Religious truth does not keep pace with the progress of civilization and the influx of secular knowledge. And if the time shall ever come, which seems indeed to be rapidly approaching, when the opposing power of Mohammedanism shall be removed, and the flood-gates of the mighty stream which is now rolling on from the West shall be lifted up, it will be too late to stem or guide the torrent which will burst in upon them. Eastern Christianity has not (with sorrow we say it) energy and life sufficient to purify the flood of corrupting influences which such a revolution would bring upon it. It will be broken by the force of its irruption, or it will sink beneath it.

It is not, then, by keeping aloof from the Eastern Churches, as some would seem to argue, but by a wise and active interference in their behalf, that we are to save them from schism and ruin. No one would deprecate more earnestly than I the adoption of a system either for openly subverting or secretly undermining these venerable structures of ancient days, but it is our duty as faithful servants of Christ, as members of a true branch of His Holy Church, to save them with God's blessing from the destruction which is hanging over them, to re-kindle in them the light which has become dim, and to strengthen the things which remain, that are ready to die.[1]

are performed; at the same time firmly believing with all the national fervor of a Greek, that no Church is better than his own, beholding no specimen of one purer or more devout, and conceiving of Protestantism as a system which degrades both the ministry and the sacraments of the Church, comes at length to look upon all religion with contempt, as a mercenary priestcraft or an empty form, unfit to hold the sway over free and cultivated minds.

[1] Rev. 3: 2.

I spent one day at Trebizond under the hospitable roof of the Rev. Mr. Johnston, a Presbyterian missionary of the American Board. I am also indebted to the English Consul, Mr. Suter, for his kindness in procuring for me a *bouyouroultou*, or provincial firman, from the Pasha of Trebizond, the same Osman whom I have described in a former journey.[1] These bouyouroultous are available only for the province in which they are given, and the first duty of a traveller is to obtain one when he comes to the seat of a Pasha. They are worth more in the interior than a firman of the Sultan, for the people and the inferior governors think more of their Pasha than of the royal government at Constantinople, whose sway and influence they feel only remotely and indirectly. A Turk's patriotism or loyalty is generally confined to the village or province to which he belongs. It is rather a love of home than a love of country. Of patriotism in the last sense he has hardly any idea, and his language has no word to express it. The best, if not the chief use of a royal firman in Turkey, is as a means of obtaining the bouyouroultous or passports of the Pashas. They dare not refuse protection when they see the royal cipher.

Trebizond is the seat of a Greek Archbishop and an Armenian Vartabed.[2] At the time of my visit, there was a conspiracy to remove the latter, and a Committee had gone to Constantinople to intercede with the Patriarch for the purpose. The charge against him was that he had been guilty of mal-administration, especially in oppressing the poor, but it was said that others were secretly opposed to him on

[1] Narrative of a Tour, &c., Vol. I. p. 153, Am. Ed.

[2] The *Vartabeds* among the Armenians are the unmarried priests, from whom the Bishops are taken. They are almost precisely the same with the Chor-episcopi (Χωρεπίσκοποι) or Country Bishops of antiquity. They are properly Presiding Presbyters, occupying the seats of Bishops, but performing no offices distinctively Episcopal. They are sometimes over single churches, and sometimes over districts.

account of his opposition to the education of the people.

The Mussulmans of Trebizond are of the old school, and virulently opposed to all innovation. Though only three days distant from Constantinople, no serious attempts at reform had been made among them. The rulers said it would produce an insurrection; others said that the rulers themselves were opposed to it. The famous *Khatti Sherif*, which was hailed in Europe as the Magna Charta of Turkey, had hardly been heard of in Trebizond, and the new system of taxation, which was intended to relieve the people from illegal exactions, had never been introduced there. This was in a place only three days' sail from Constantinople. One may judge from it what has been the success of reform in more distant provinces.

One or two recent instances of Mohammedan bigotry were related to me by credible witnesses. The Greek population had undertaken to erect a Church on the site of an old one in a conspicuous situation, and had obtained a firman for the purpose. The Turks, offended, as it was said, at its prominence and elevation, took advantage of its being a foot or two larger than the dimensions prescribed in the firman, and razed it to the ground. The same population, animated by a laudable desire for improvement, had erected another building which they intended to make a Seminary for Instruction of a high order. The Turks pretended that it overlooked their houses, and pulled down the upper story of it. Perhaps there was some truth in the reason which they gave, and the jealousy, universal among Orientals, of strangers looking into their domestic quarters, may really have been one motive for the outrage. But in both cases, there was evident that radical hatred of the Christians, that jealousy of any improvement among them, that remorseless readiness to persecute them upon the slightest provocation, which is still and ever will be a feature of Mohammedan

character. Just in proportion that we see it cease in particular instances, we see the character ceasing to be Mohammedan. Where the religion has its full influence, as among the religious orders, this spirit is in general as rife as it has been since the early ages of Islamism, although its developments towards Franks are less bold and annoying than formerly,—a change which has arisen not from the decline of bigotry, but from the decline of Turkish power, and consequently the superior protection that Franks enjoy from the representatives of their own governments.

It was pleasant to see the Greeks of Trebizond, though but a small community, and laboring under the immense disadvantages to which I have alluded, still alive to improvement. This is in every situation one of the best traits in their character, and one that affords high encouragement to hope and effort in their behalf. As a people they have no prejudices against education, but the most earnest and ardent desire for it. The difficulty lies higher up among the clergy, and there indeed it is serious and urgent. I will not at present go into a subject which will draw me too far from the course of my narrative, but I may say that it is altogether a narrow and partial view of it, to suppose that the apparent indifference of the Greek clergy to the improvement of their people, arises solely from their opposition to light and knowledge. This is doubtless true of some, while of others it is the very opposite of truth.[1] Many other causes combine to produce the same result. The too general ignorance of the clergy, especially of the priests to whom the care of the people is most immediately committed; the influence of Mohammedanism in depressing the energy of

[1] The late Patriarch, for instance, was a man of just and elevated views with regard to the education both of the clergy and laity. He had in hand, at the time of his death in 1842, extensive plans of usefulness, which might have resulted in great and lasting good, if his own career had not been suddenly terminated.

the clergy and intimidating them into inaction, the want of unity and mutual confidence among the Bishops, are all powerful causes of the supineness which prevails. At the same time it must be acknowledged that there appears in some an evident unwillingness that the people should be instructed, especially in religious things—a fear that it may tend to depreciate the influence of the clergy—and a consciousness that it might strike a blow at the corruptions of the Church, which are patronized more for their lucrativeness than for any serious attachment to them. The policy is a suicidal one; for while the clergy sleep or oppose, knowledge is coming in, mere secular knowledge unregulated by religious teaching; the people learn more and more to look upon the clergy with contempt; infidelity increases; the priests regard the new learning with aversion, thinking it to be the cause of the evil, which nevertheless their own exertions, the proper exercise of the duties of their office, might have prevented, and the people look upon them for their opposition, as the foes of learning, the abettors of ignorance and superstition. The greatest benefit that could now be bestowed on the Greek Church, would be to convince the clergy of their error, to show them the fatal consequences of the course which they are pursuing, and to lead them to some active effort for the religious instruction of the people. Many will doubt whether this can be accomplished, whether many of them are not too strongly wedded to their system to abandon it for one which will lead them into a path that can only end in the removal of the existing corruptions, in a thorough change of the spirit and practice of the Church. But it must come to this, that the clergy must take the lead in reforming abuses, or at least put themselves into a line which will ultimately bring them to it; or they must expect to see the evil consequences of their neglect, in a widely spreading unbelief on the one hand, and a deadly schism on the other. There is no other alter-

native. Knowledge will come, is coming. It will increase more and more. No human power can prevent it; and if they will not regulate it, correct it by sound religious teaching, it will overthrow them. It will be in the East as it was in the West, contentions and divisions in the Church, separations from it, the formation of names and sects.

But there is good reason to hope that an evil so great in itself may be prevented. The Greek Church is not as was the Church of Rome at the time of the Reformation. It does not hold the same errors; it is not pervaded by the same abuses, or to the same extent. It has not the doctrine of the Infallibility of the Church, or of the Papal supremacy, or of Transubstantiation in a defined and settled sense, or of Purgatory, or of the Mass in the Romish sense, or of Indulgencies, or of supererogatory works. It has not the practices of Communion in one kind, or of Private Masses, or of Clerical Celibacy, nor the ceremonies of Processions, Adoration of the Host, elevating it and carrying it about,[1] which in the Latin Church are the adjuncts if not the consequences of the doctrine of Transubstantiation. It does not receive the Apocryphal books as canonical, nor deny the possibility of Absolution without the intervention of the Priest, nor determine the number of the Sacraments as seven ordained by Christ, nor declare the good intention of the clergy necessary to a valid and efficacious administration of them, nor prohibit the reading of the Holy Scriptures to the people, although unauthorized, and, as it was believed,

[1] There is a *procession* in the Greek Church, during the service of the Holy Eucharist, in which the paten and cup are carried round in the church by the priest and deacon, but it is done *before* the consecration of the bread and wine; and there is an *elevation* of the sacred elements after consecration, which is done by the deacon, simply as an act of invitation to the people, and is accompanied with the words, "Draw near with faith and godly fear." Both are easily distinguishable from the Romish customs to which I allude.

sectarian translations have been, and are prohibited, and there certainly are individuals who would restrict the reading of the Scriptures to the original version of the New Testament, and the Septuagint.

We may hope, then, that the Greek Church will rise from its depressed condition, without the necessity of a violent reformation. It certainly may so rise, if the clergy do not set themselves in opposition to knowledge, and a purer practice, if they do not commit themselves to floating abuses, and gather them up and weave them into a system, and fasten them by creeds and canons upon the Church, as Rome has done with her corruptions. It is encouraging to know that there are many, even among the higher clergy, who long for better things, and their influence will be the more felt, the work of restoration will be sooner and better done, if we of the West do not by our hasty zeal hurry it into a rank and premature growth. If there has been on the one hand much of painful opposition, there has been on the other as much of injudicious action. Let us not be high-minded, but fear.

CHAPTER II.

Departure from Trebizond.—Greek Bishop.—Timidity of the Clergy.—Monastery of St. Mary.—Monasteries in Turkey.—Their State.—Decline of Monasticism.—Character of the Monks.—Religious Retreats.—Mountain Scenery.—Parting from the Bishop.—Local Associations.—The Ancient Population.—Remnants of Christianity.—Mussulman Descendants from Christians.—Languages.—Natural Bridge.—Mountain Passage.—Company at a Khan.—Gumush Khaneh.—Its Christians.—Posting.—Routes.—Change of Route.

I LEFT Trebizond on the 12th of May, and reached Jevizlik, a small hamlet on the road, in six hours. On the way we overtook a Greek Bishop, mounted on a slow-paced horse, and preceded by a servant carrying his silver-headed staff. His white beard and venerable appearance attracted my attention, and I entered into conversation with him. From my dress he seemed at a loss to determine who I was, and answered my salutation with evident shyness. When I told him that I was a Christian, he began to speak more freely, and at length run on with all the garrulity of age. He had supposed that I might be a Mussulman, and hence the timidity of his first greeting. I have often witnessed the same among the clergy of the interior, and have as often been grieved by it as a sign and token of their state of bondage. True, they are generally ignorant, and so far as personal qualities are concerned, one can seldom find much pleasure in their society. But who can forget that they are the representatives of Christianity, and that they are what

they are for their religion's sake? Who can avoid a feeling of indignation and sorrow when he sees their servile and cringing demeanor—of indignation at the tyranny which has reduced them to such a condition, and sorrow at the low estate of Christ's holy Church in the land of its captivity? Alas! when shall the day of its rising and shining return?

I soon proposed to leave the aged Bishop, because he rode too slow for us. But he demurred, and said that he would exert himself a little for the sake of our company. I soon found that he was the Superior of St. Mary, a monastery a few miles south of Jevizlik. He had been absent some time in Russia and was just returning. I afterwards learned that he was returning from *exile*, having been banished by the late Patriarch, and now restored by his successor.

St. Mary's is only one of three monasteries in this vicinity, and I remember having heard of another near Trebizond. St. Mary's has fifteen monks; a year or two before, it had about forty; another, called Hedrilez, has twelve; and a third, called Khavan, has, I believe, none. All these monasteries are immediately subject to the Patriarch at Constantinople, and of course independent of the Archbishop of Trebizond. The same rule, so far as I have observed, holds with regard to all the monasteries, Greek, Syrian, or Armenian, in the Empire. They are independent of the Bishop of the Diocese, excepting when he himself is resident in one of them, and in this case he is the Superior. The number of monasteries in the Empire is greatly diminished in late centuries, and seems to be still diminishing. The causes have been war, famine, civil oppression, the increasing poverty and decreasing population of the Christians. There is also much less zeal than formerly for the monastic life. There are fewer disposed to enter it, and the people are less disposed to sustain them in it. This arises chiefly from the

decline of learning and piety. The monasteries are no longer the chief seats of knowledge, and the fame of their sanctity has departed. The people are alienated by the idle and sometimes by the wicked lives of the monks. But this picture is not universally, I am inclined to believe not generally, true. Some of the monasteries are in better repute both for piety and learning, though none of them are distinguished in the latter particular. The monks are often simple-minded and innocent men, but almost always narrow in their views, their thoughts and their feelings, grasping no wide range even of theological knowledge, and profoundly ignorant of the world. They say their prayers, till their grounds, eat, drink, and sleep. A few of the monasteries have a great reputation for sanctity, not from the character of their inmates, but from the possession of some relic which makes them places of vast resort. These and a few others are rich. Some of them have valuable endowments of lands, which are looked upon as the patrimony of the Church, and a considerable portion of the revenues of the Patriarchs come from them. Thus the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople receives from the monasteries of Wallachia alone, the sum of 1,500,000 piastres, or about £15,000, annually.

There seem to have been in former times favorite localities, chosen either from the nature of the country, on account of the abundance of a neighboring population, or for some religious association, where monasteries were erected in great number and where the lonely ascetic built his retired cell. Such is the country south of Trebizond. Abounding in the gifts of nature, covered with the wildest and sublimest scenery, presenting here and there lofty heights interspersed with fruitful vallies, it was once the abode of hundreds of those who had retired from the world to seek in contemplation and prayer, and secret toil, a nearer access to God. The traveller still descries here and there, besides the distant

monasteries whose place alone is visible, marked by some towering height, solitary chapels perched on rugged points of rock and looking like the retreats of world-forsaking hermits. We noticed three of this description during our first day's ride, and the Bishop pointed out to us a mountain-peak covered with snow, behind which, he said, was the monastery of St. Mary. The others lay, one to the north, and the other to the southwest from Jevizlik.

Turning short to the right when we reached this hamlet, we entered the valley of the Yer Keupru (Earth Bridge). There are two roads, one leading to the left over the barren heights of Kara Kaban, the other to the right through the valley,—one the summer, the other the winter road. As the mountains were not yet open, we chose the latter, which soon led us amidst scenes of great natural beauty. The forest trees were putting on their new dress, and the rays of the sun darting through their thick foliage revealed to the eye their fresh and lively green. Sometimes the lofty overtopping mountains could be descried through the openings in the woods, and at others we plunged into cool and shaded thickets, enlivened by the music of numberless rills gushing from the mountain side.

Our venerable friend, the Bishop, parted from us at Jevizlik, where our roads separated. I felt for a moment an emotion of sadness as I thought of the different ways before us. Ere nightfall he would be reposing in the quiet of his monastery; while I was just starting upon a long and tedious journey, little knowing the things that should befall me, or whether I should ever return. Basil, my Greek servant and the only companion of my journey, begged the good man to remember us in his prayers. He promised to do so, and commenced his kind offices by giving us his benediction as we parted.

We spent the night at the little village of Campanos, or perhaps it was only a cluster of Khans, for we arrived too

late and left too early to survey the place. More than arises from the beauty of Nature's scenery is the interest which this region excites in the traveller's mind from its association with the famous retreat of Xenophon, and the romantic dukes of the Comneni driven from the imperial throne of Constantinople, and founding a new monarchy on the farther shores of the Euxine. Hardly less is the interest which one feels in it as an ancient home of the Greeks. After enjoying all the day the thought of winding through the same vallies by which the leader of the Ten Thousand conducted his gallant band,[1] I could not but inquire within myself, as we sat down upon our carpets at night before a roaring fire in a smoke-blackened khan, whether the two or three rough fellows who were preparing our coffee or waiting to partake of it, were veritable descendants of the Greeks of former days. My interest in them was a little dampened by our guide's coming in and announcing that one of the children who had been employed to lead about the horses, according to the eastern custom after a journey, had run away with the bridle. I told his father, who was one of the men present, of his misdemeanor, and saw with surprise the coolness with which he received the information of his youthful son's delinquency. He thought it strange, very strange, that the boy should carry away the bridle, but really he did not believe that we could find him if we should hunt for him.

It was some consolation for the loss of the bridle to know that the thief and the thief's father were Mussulmans, for though dishonesty does not look well in any one, it always grieves me most to see it in a Christian. It is a common saying among the Persians, that it is right, lauda-

[1] The identity of the route with that of the Ten Thousand was first suggested to me some years ago by James Brant, Esq., H. B. M. Consul at Erzroum, who well said, that as the army of Xenophon passed in winter, it could only be by this road, which is the only one by which Trapezus (Trebizond) is accessible at that season.

ble, and religious to cheat a Frank, because that in this way an unbeliever is injured and advantage comes to a follower of the true faith. Whether it was by some such logic as this, that the Mussulman at Campanos satisfied his conscience for the possession of our bridle, I do not know, but as he appeared sufficiently intelligent in other things, I gave him a cup of coffee instead of driving him away, and gradually drew from him all that he knew about the country. The people, he said, are not of the *Laz* race, although they are often called by that name. This appellation properly belongs only to a distinct people farther to the East, who have a language peculiar to themselves, and are heathen. Their tongue is not understood by the people hereabouts, whose language is Greek and their religion Christianity or Mohammedanism. The majority in this immediate vicinity are Christians, but we may judge from their having the same language with the Mussulmans, that the latter also are descendants of the ancient Greeks. The change in their religion is owing doubtless to the persecutions which the Christians formerly endured from the Mohammedans, to escape which some abandoned their faith and embraced the religion of their masters. The same is true of the Mussulmans in many other parts of the country; they are descended from a Christian ancestry, who forsook their religion in times of persecution. Mussulmans of this sort often retain not only a traditional recollection of their ancestors, but even a respect for the religion of their fathers, which they sometimes carry so far as to practise its rites. Thus the Mussulmans of Mesopotamia, many of them, acknowledge themselves to be descendants of the old Assyrian or Chaldean Christians, and retain to this day a reverence for the ancient faith.[1]

[1] There is also a district east of Trebizond, where there are one thousand families of Mussulmans, who are descendants of Armenians, and still speak their language.

The mass of the population between Trebizond and Gumush Khaneh, appear to be of the same sort,—descendants of the Greek stock, though now divided into Mussulmans and Christians. The effect of persecution is singularly visible in some parts of the region, where those who profess to be Mussulmans, adhere in secret to the religion of their fathers. There are several hundreds of this description in the city of Trebizond, where they are commonly called *Croomlees*, from the district whence most of them come. Though classed as Mussulmans and practising circumcision, they baptize their children, receive the sacrament of the Eucharist, and entertain priests in their houses. All this, however, they do secretly, while in public they wear the white turban of the Turks, and call themselves Mussulmans. Their demeanor, by which they are most readily known, is said to be even more timid than that of the Christians, living, as they do, in constant fear of detection and punishment. Their prevarication in openly professing Islamism, while they secretly deny it, is not to be so severely condemned as such an act would be among us, for if, on the one hand, it is, in any circumstances, a fearful sin to hold the faith of Christianity and yet not to confess Christ before men; it is, on the other, matter for wonder, that Christians so destitute of instruction should retain, at an imminent hazard, even the least vestige of their religion. Besides, the priests who administer to them the Sacrament, allow them to remain in this state of delusion, and therefore their own sin, we may hope, is less, if, indeed, they have any consciousness of it. Are there none among ourselves who, denying, as they now do in their lives, the Lord that bought them, would, in such an hour of temptation, fall entirely away? It is not for me to judge, but it were well for such to reflect, whether at the last shall receive the greater condemnation, the unenlightened Christian on the shore of the Euxine, or the worldly-minded Christian on the heaven-illumined soil of England or America.

It was for a time doubtful who was our host, for there were several of the villagers present, all eager to render their services. But when the coffee was ready, and each had had a thimble full of it, after the fashion of the Turks, they suddenly lost all interest in us, and retired, one by one, until we were left alone with the master of the khan, who proved to be our informant, the father of the young thief. He had no sooner told us that he himself was of the Greek race and his language Greek, than Basil began to try him in that tongue. But their communication was of little avail, for while one spoke the language of Constantinople and the other of Campanos, they only understood each other imperfectly. The latter pronounced strangely, and used words occasionally which were neither Greek nor Turkish—they may have been Laz. They soon gave it up in despair, and returned to Turkish.

Our road the next morning still wound amidst mountain scenery of the most magnificent description. Rocks piled upon rocks, and crowned with lofty pinnacles, met the eye on every side. Again and again I gazed long and doubtfully, to discover whether some solitary column, rising above the highest point of a mountain, was the remnant of an old castle, or a playful work of nature. We ascended for more than two hours across tumbling streams and through hardwood forests, until we reached a height where other mountains, still covered with their wintry mantle, appeared in the distance, and the cold snow-wind came howling by. From this we descended more rapidly than we had gone up, too rapidly, indeed, for ease or comfort, the descent resembling in some places a flight of stairs. As our poor horses smelled their way and dropped their feet from step to step, we had abundant time to look down the steep declivities close at our side, and calculate the consequences of a single stumble in performing the manœuvre. One of them gave out, and we committed him to the care of the first

peasant that we met, with instructions to leave him at our last night's lodging-place. To reward the man for his service our guide told him that he might ride when he was tired,—an arrangement from which he was likely to derive but little benefit, as the animal would hardly go with leading. The guide himself, however, had no better alternative, as he was compelled to go all the rest of the way to Gumush Khaneh, twenty-five miles, on foot.

We got through the operation of going down stairs in safety, and pursued our way to Zohana, a cluster of khans, where after much ado we obtained a breakfast of coarse bread and *yo-oort*.[1] The place was abandoned by all but a few old stragglers, who lingered there until the route over the mountains should be opened, when this valley road, being somewhat longer, is deserted for the summer. We wished to have stopped here, but as the winter stock of fuel was exhausted, and we were drenched to the skin by a shower of rain which we had encountered in the mountains, we were compelled to move on to Adaseue, two hours farther on our way. Here, instead of a group of khans, was only one, and that was crowded by a throng of hungry men and horses driven in by a fresh shower of rain, in the midst of which we arrived. There was nothing to eat, but fortunately there was a little fuel left, with which we made a fire, and then seated ourselves to dry. The rest of the company, who seemed never to have thought of so simple a way of accomplishing the object, took advantage of it when it was made, with all the alacrity with which men avail themselves of a new idea. To finish our breakfast begun at Zohana, we prepared our coffee, and, as is usual on such occasions, every one who thought himself respectable enough drew near to partake of it. My custom at such times is to be lib-

[1] I write the word as it is pronounced; the thing is sour curd made from milk—a wholesome and refreshing food for travellers.

eral, as the gift of a cup of coffee in a company of this sort is a sure way to make friends, and entitles one to the privilege of asking questions. But, unfortunately, the number of those who thought themselves respectable was very great, and our coffee-pot held only two Turkish cups full, one of which Basil brought to me, and the other, which I supposed was going to a Mollah opposite, he poured down his own throat, in consideration of his having, as he afterwards said, the first right after his master. Before the mighty coffee-pot could be replenished the fire had gone out, and there was no more wood. The expectant company waited till they saw the apparatus going back into the saddle-bags, when they arose and dispersed as silently and solemnly as they came. We made no friends at the khan, and instead of the showers of "God give you prosperity," and "May your journey be propitious," which would have followed a cup of the favorite beverage, we mounted our horses and rode away in a dead silence.

The rest of the way to Gumush Khaneh was along the side of a stream of the same name. We lodged at a khan on the road and reached the town the next morning. About three hours from the place we passed a monastery situated in the hills above the route we were travelling, and was told by the people that there is another fifteen hours to the S. W. We saw also two more chapels like those before described, and discovered some real ruins of old fortresses perched on almost inaccessible heights.

Gumush Khaneh looked better than at my first visit in 1837. The gardens below the town were gay with all the luxuriance of an early vegetation. Among the trees I noticed the pear, the apple, the almond and the walnut, and the lilac among its flowers.

I had nothing to detain me in the place but the tardiness of the Governor in providing horses, which he said were always ready, but which, in our case, did not make their

appearance till the next morning, and then were taken by force from some poor villages near the town. For being always ready in this remarkable manner he proposed to charge treble for the horses, which I consented to do if he would find it in the post-order. [1]

There are four Greek churches and one Armenian in Gumush Khaneh, but no Bishop resident. The place belongs to the diocese of Trebizond. Most of the Christians are miners, and as the mines have nearly failed, numerous families are reduced to a state of utter destitution.

[1] Post-orders (menzil emri) are given to travellers in Turkey, who choose to travel with post-horses. Those issued at Constantinople bear the Sultan's cipher, and specify the number of horses that the traveller requires, and sometimes the post-rates, which were formerly fixed, but now vary from one to two and a half piastres, in different parts of the empire. The traveller pays in advance at each post-house from one to two and a half piastres (two pence to five pence sterling) for each horse per hour, the hour being a measure of distance, about three miles.

CHAPTER III.

The Road.—The Osmanlees and the Turks.—Sunset Scene.—The Ayan's Palace.—Reception.—Lesson on Hospitality.—Repose in a Village.—Kara Hissar.—Its Ancient Citadel.—Preparations for a Journey.—The Plain of Ashkar.—Ancient Remains.—The Greek Population of the Interior.—Face of the Country.—The Day's Stage.—The Armenians.—Their Dispersion.—National Character.—Their Church.—Its Changes.—Its present State.—Its Necessities.

From Gumush Khaneh we crossed the mountains to the south of the town. The road was hardly yet open. Heavy drifts of snow were lying in the hollows, and in one or two instances we were compelled to go half a mile out of our way in order to get round them. The view from the heights sometimes revealed to us prospects of richly wooded vallies, and at others we passed under towering rocks where the eagle sat upon his aerie, and watched us with his fierce glancing eye as we went silently on our way. Thence we descended to the village of Keklit through vallies and along hill-sides covered with pine and spruce. Keklit itself is on one of those beautiful plains which abound in Turkey, where every thing that nature can give of rich and well-watered soils is found, and nothing seems wanting to make it the abode of perfect happiness but a moral beauty, whose absence is more deeply felt where nature has been so lavish of her gifts.

From Keklit to Sheiran the road lies over an undulating country, much of it covered with oak shrubbery. We were

advised at Keklit to take a guard on account of a recent robbery on the road, and did so; but instead of meeting with blood-thirsty men, we were regaled all the way with the songs of myriads of nightingales. I thought I could see as we advanced westward the gradual change, which is more evident at long distances, from the rough and original Turkish character which prevails in the Eastern provinces, to the more humane traits of the Mussulmans of Asia Minor. The contrast in this respect between Erzroum and Tocat is very striking, but whether it arises from a radical difference of races, or from those farther West being more affected by the somewhat civilizing influence of the capital, I cannot say. Certain it is that the races are different, and that of the Osmanlees appears to be superior to any other. The contempt which they have for the Turkish races to the East shows their own sense of this superiority.

At sunset on the second day we found ourselves about eighty miles from Gumush Khaneh, in the midst of a fine low-land country and near the habitation of the *Ayan*, or governor, of the district. Our guide told us that he had from fifty to sixty villages under his control, and spoke so largely of his hospitality that I determined to partake of it. His house was a prominent object in all the country around, standing alone upon an eminence in the midst of the vale, and looking like a palace in comparison with the log-cabins which we had every where seen since leaving Gumush Khaneh. The day was declining, the herds were coming in over the lea, the boys and girls about the villages were letting loose the lambs that had been kept in confinement at home, now to meet their dams and to receive their evening repast. It was pleasant to see how every little one went bleating about till it found its mother, and how every mother seemed grateful and happy when she recognized her young. And then what capering and frolicking and shouts of laughter, when the youngsters of the village attempted to separate them for

the purpose of returning the lambs to the fold and driving back the flock to the pasture. Nothing was to be heard besides their merry laugh and the distant baying of dogs. The air was calm and still, and the smoke went straight up from the chimney of the Ayan's palace, giving promise of good cheer within. It was that quiet repose of nature which sinks so gently into the traveller's heart, and repays him at sweet eventide for the toil and labor of the day. How often have troubled feelings been soothed and loneliness cheered by sights and sounds like these! And what stores of pleasant pictures have been treasured up to beguile weary hours with grateful recollections of the past!

We approached the Ayan's house, rode up the little hill on which it stood, and stopped before the door. The building was not so imposing at close view as it had been in the distance. The walls were of earth, after the fashion of the houses in Persia, and the only opening in them was the door before which we stood. I sent in Basil with my *selam*, and a respectful request for a night's lodging. He soon returned with the information that the house was full. The guide whispered that such an excuse was never made when the guests were acceptable, but that doubtless the Ayan had no particular desire to accommodate strangers and Christians. Basil added that the answer was conveyed to him in a very angry and unbecoming manner. I did not like the tone of it, and still less the act which almost immediately followed. While we were considering what was to be done, a young man came out, whom, from the style of his dress, I took to be the Ayan's scribe. He stood at the door and began to abuse the guide for bringing guests to the house. The poor fellow did not answer a word, and I undertook to reply for him by a lecture on hospitality. The young man listened in silence, and I went on to tell him that the language which he had used was dangerous for the Ayan, that

I had in my pocket a bouyouroultou from his master the Pasha of Trebizond, with which I could compel him to admit me if I pleased. At this the young man lowered his tone, and humbly protested that the house *was* full, that if I pleased I might enter and examine every room. I told him that I had no wish to intrude, and that if he had given me a civil answer in the first place, I should have gone on my way without saying a word. He then went in and immediately returned with a bit of paper with the Ayan's seal upon it. This he gave to the guide, telling him that by showing it in the next village, we should receive every thing that we needed for man and beast. As night had now set in, and the guide did not know the road, I asked for a servant from the Ayan to show us the way. The young man demurred, but I insisted upon it, and told him that if he gave me any more trouble, I would report the matter to the Pasha. This brought him again to terms, and he ordered a servant to accompany us.

It was now quite dark; the evening was chilly; we had been in the saddle ten hours without dismounting, and had been drenched by one of those afternoon showers which are of almost daily occurrence at this season, and which pour like a torrent upon the traveller. Our way was over a low meadow ground, cold and damp, and the village, which the young man had said was close by, proved to be nearly an hour distant. I attempted to beguile the way by talking with the servant about his master, and I was not a little surprised and amused to find that the young man whom I had taken for a scribe, was the Ayan himself. Perhaps I should have been more sparing of my advice if I had known it at the moment, but as he was a very young man, and evidently had not yet learned good manners, doubtless it was best that he should hear the whole, and his age at least gives hope of improvement.

Every body was abed when we reached the village. We called up the *kiahya*[1] and showed him the seal. He began to protest that there was no fodder for the horses, no accommodation for us, and seemed inclined to push us on to the next village. But this would not do, for I was now stiff with cold, the night was dark, and the guide having left the post-road to reach the Ayan's house, did not know how to regain it. I told the kiahya, therefore, that if he would make no trouble, I would not use the seal, but would pay him fairly for every thing which he might bring us. This simple proposal changed at once the aspect of things. The village, only a moment before entirely destitute, was by the magical sound of money converted suddenly into a granary of barley and straw; there was a nice room ready for us, wood for a fire, and plenty to eat. The gruff, sleepy kiahya became all activity and cheerfulness. Even his wife rose at the sound, and recommenced the culinary operations but just now suspended. A fire was soon blazing in the apartment, carpets were spread, and master and servant and guide were stretching themselves to dry. I would not suffer the Ayan's boy to go back, but made him sit down and partake of our cheer. His master would repent, he said, of having sent him, for he had not another like him to present the pipe and play the fiddle. According to his report the Ayan spent a great part of his time in hunting. Two noble hounds had accompanied us from the house, and were now comfortably crouched at his side looking over their paws at the fire. The host's reception verified his promises, and my requital the next morning verified mine. He was a Mussulman, and his green turban marked his descent from Mohammed. Yet we conversed kindly and parted fair friends, with many wishes that we might meet again. It is some-

[1] A village officer, part of whose business it is to provide lodgings for travellers.

thing to conquer the prejudices of a Mussulman, and to make him think better of Christianity by making him think well of a Christian.

The approach to Kara Hissar, fifty miles from Sheiran, is one of extraordinary beauty. The town stands on an elevated ridge or neck, extending from the mountains on the right, and terminating in a tall, solitary rock on the left of the town. For miles Eastward the slope is covered with the richest gardens abounding in every kind of fruit suited to the climate—the apple, the pear, the peach, the walnut, the mulberry, and plums of various sorts. The town contains about 1000 houses, inhabited chiefly by Mussulmans, but the Armenians and Greeks are sufficiently numerous to have each a Church. On the summit of the rock, which on one side towers above the town, and on the other lords it over the valley below, stands the ancient fortress which gives the place its name. It is evidently one of those old structures supposed to belong to the middle ages, and which were erected by the Genoese when their trade penetrated the far East, and lines of fortresses were built for the security of traffic. I found in one part of it the remains of a Church, and in others wells and cisterns, intended evidently to supply it with water. The old wells were nearly gone, but the gateway remained, and over it was the device of the two-headed eagle. In another part was a subterranean room, called by the people the Dungeon.

When I left Gumush Khaneh I had intended to strike down from Keklit to the Euphrates, but the country to the South of Keklit was infested with predatory Kurds who had risen in rebellion, and had ravaged the country to the very gates of Erzingan. I was therefore compelled to turn off Westward to Kara Hissar. Here I made another attempt to go Southward, but was again defeated, the Governor of Kara Hissar declaring that he would afford me no aid for such a journey. He advised me rather to go direct to

Sivas, though that route also was accounted dangerous. But here he was very prompt and kind in providing every security in his power for my journey. He ordered a Kavass[1] to attend me to Edrenes, the first town on the road, and gave me a letter to the Ayan of that place, requiring him to furnish two armed men to conduct me to Zara, the first town in the Pashalik of Sivas. To this he added another letter addressed to a Kurdish chief under his jurisdiction, living in the mountains six hours beyond Edrens, directing him to provide two men more, to accompany me with the others as far as Zara.

We started on the 18th about noon, and arrived that day at Gheuz Keui, (Eye village,) on the border of the great plain of Ashkar, five hours from Kara Hissar. The next morning we crossed the plain to Edrenes, which lies on the opposite side. This plain is another of those broad levels extending among the hills, which give support to a large population, and are the sources of plenty and wealth to the neighboring districts. That of Ashkar is twenty miles in length, and is marked by no less than seventy-five villages, under the government of the Ayan of Edrenes, who is subject to the Mutselim[2] of Kara Hissar, who is subject in his turn to the Pasha of Trebizond, who is subject again to the Sultan. Below this long line of officers are the Aghas, or chiefs of villages, who have also under them, Kiahyas, or chiefs of quarters, and even these have their deputies. The plain of Ashkar seems to take its name from a place East of Edrenes, where the people say once stood a great city. I had not time to visit it, but from their description of the remains, I judged it to be another of the Genoese fortresses, an outpost probably of the great route above. The people

[1] An officer attending upon Turkish Pashas and Governors, and European Ambassadors at the Porte, and Consuls.

[2] Governor of a city and its dependencies. He is generally below the rank of Pasha.

said that there were massive ruins still to be seen, and graves sixty *asheun* long.[1] The place is still occupied by a few poor families. In Gheuz Keui there were ten Greek families; but not so many more in the whole district. The Greek population almost entirely ceases South of the latitude of Erzroum, and East of the longitude of Tocat. It is confined for the most part to Asia Minor and the coast of the Black Sea, where were also its ancient homes. There is only one Greek Bishop beyond the same limits, and he resides at Ergin on the Euphrates, in Western Kurdistan, and sometimes at Kabban Maden, on the road from Tocat to Diarbekir. His jurisdiction extends over all the country from Kara Hissar to Bagdad, and from Kaisariyeh (Cæsarea in Cappadocia) to the borders of Persia, and I presume that in the whole of his diocese there are not 5000 Greeks.

The inhabitants of the plains of Ashkar are chiefly Armenian, and those of Edrenes exclusively so. Here they have a Church, and a population of about 500 souls; and, probably, their whole population, upon the plain alone, is not less than 4,000. This singularly industrious and frugal people are to be found in all parts of the empire; from the Caucasus to the Nile, and from the Danube to the Persian Gulf; and every where they are the same, with those variations only which differences of occupation, of climate, and of local government, tend to produce. Simple and industrious; quietly bearing the yoke which the Greeks are so restive under; given to the honest and useful arts of life, seeking gain wherever they are, and, for the most part, carefully preserving it; docile and sober-minded; they are much more akin to the Turks, both in character and manners, than any other of the Christian races. Driven out from their patrimony, or enticed from their ancient lands by the

[1] An asheun is about 30 inches. The graves would then be 150 feet!

desire of gain, they are to be seen in almost every district and every city; in Asia Minor, in Kurdistan, in Mesopotamia, in Syria, in Egypt, in Turkey in Europe, in the provinces North of the Danube, and beyond the boundaries of the empire, in Austria, Russia, Persia, and Hindostan. Every where in Turkey they are the great producers, whether they till the soil or engage in traffic. They are the bone and sinew of the land—at once its most useful and most peaceful citizens. Were they removed from Turkey, the wealth and productive power of the country would be incalculably diminished.[1]

No less interesting are they in their ecclesiastical character, by which I mean their moral dispositions, and the state and character of their Church. Separated from the Greek Communion by their rejection of the Fourth Ecumenical Council, they have retained in some respects practices peculiarly primitive; while by their commingling with so many different nations, they have, in other respects, singularly departed from their own ancient standards.[2] No communion of Eastern Christians has been so much affected by changes from without; and in none has so large a schism been created, unless we are to except the Chaldean Church of Mesopotamia, which has almost entirely acknowledged allegiance to the Pope. But the whole number of members in this Church does not much exceed one-third of the Ar-

[1] Their character and habits are thoroughly Oriental, but in their industry and spirit of acquisition, they present rather a contrast than a resemblance to the Turks.

[2] One instance of an ancient custom of the Eastern Churches, which no other has retained, is the observance of the Nativity and the Epiphany of our Saviour on the same day, the 6th of January. An instance of departure from the ancient standards is seen in the practice of counting seven sacraments, which is common among their clergy, whereas their Church does not recognize seven, and for one at least, extreme unction, has no rite or service whatever.

menians who acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope.[1] The schism is greater in the Chaldean Church in its ratio, but less in its aggregate.

The peculiar docility of the Armenians, and their disposition to learn, lays them open to influences from without, and makes it more easy to inculcate either good or evil among them than among any other body of Eastern Christians. They have also received from Rome most of their religious literature for many years past, and this has gradually infused the taint of Romish theology, so that many of their clergy speak in the language of Rome, without understanding that they contravene the standards and practices of their own Church.[2] The antidote were as easily applied as the poison. What they most need is a sound religious literature, presenting doctrine in a primitive manner, and not after the speculative and scholastic modes which prevail among us; recognizing thoroughly the primitive institutions of the Church, and turning them to their proper use; not condemning practices which are ancient, but relieving them of their abuses; cheerfully inculcating duties which are now performed, but restoring to them their religious sense and life; making what is perfunctorily done, by the blessing of God a living means of grace; setting forth the duties of the Christian life, its interior graces, its self-denial and its perfect obedience. Such a work were worthy of our labors and our prayers—but who is there to perform it? It is needed to save the Armenians from schism, to strengthen the things that remain, to build them up in their most holy faith.

[1] "The Catholic Almanac and Laity's Directory," a Roman Catholic publication, under the supervision of the Roman Catholic Bishop in Baltimore (U. S. A.), states the number of Chaldeans conjecturally at 15,000 and the number of Papal Armenians at 40,000.

[2] Most of the doctrinal and religious books which have an allowed circulation among the Armenians are from the Armenian presses of Venice and Vienna.

CHAPTER IV.

The Ayan of Edrenes.—The Church of Edrenes.—Churches in Turkey.—Contrast with Mosques.—Armenian Churches described.—Altars.—The Font.—Women's Place.—Paintings.—The design of Pictures in Eastern Churches.—The Greek.—The Armenian.—Origin of Picture Worship in them.—Present State.—Their Testimony upon the Subject.—The Greek.—The Armenian.—The Syrian.—The Nestorian.—Bearing of the Testimony upon the subject of Picture Worship.—Importance of studying the Eastern Churches for the sake of their Testimony.—The Steadfastness of the Eastern Christians in maintaining their Confession of Christianity.—The Cause.—Their low Estimate of it practically.—Our Duty to them.

The Ayan of Edrenes was in bed when we arrived early on the morning of the 19th of May. He repaid us, however, for the delay by a good breakfast after he arose. He was himself so much like an Armenian that I could hardly believe he was not one, until I reflected that it was a thing unheard of under Mussulman rule, for a Christian to be Governor of such a district. His servants told me that he was a genuine Mohammedan, but I must still think he was descended from a Christian stock. His looks, his manners, his whole appearance was Armenian. He received us very kindly and even deferentially. I thought that perhaps his constant intercourse with Christians (for his was the only Mussulman family in Edrenes, and very few of the people of the district are of that religion) might have given him something of their temper. He interested himself in my affairs, and while he was making arrangements for my de-

parture, I went out to see the Church. Unfortunately a Mussulman servant accompanied me. When I reached the door no one was there, and the people in sight disappeared at our appearance. There was no one to unlock the door, and the key was not to be found. We inquired at the neighboring houses, but every body evaded our questions. At length I bethought me of a secret spring, and told them that I was a Christian and had only come to see the Church. The key was instantly produced, and a priest made his appearance from one of the houses. The poor people had been frightened at the sight of the servant, and thought we had come with some evil intent towards their sanctuary. The priest, who had the same timid and cringing demeanor that is so common among the clergy of the interior, conducted us to the Church, a plain building of humble exterior, and, like all the Churches I have seen in the East,[1] without steeple or tower. Within, it had all the parts usually seen in an Eastern Church, the porch, the nave and the sanctuary. On the roof of the porch was a thick plank hung between two upright posts. This is the bell, which is beaten with mallets to call the people to Church. I was surprised to see it in so conspicuous a situation. It is generally in the Church yard, if there is one. Within the Church there are three altars, as there always are in an Armenian Church. In the present instance, as is often the case, especially in the country, only one is used, namely, the middle or great altar. The others were in a neglected and disrobed state. The three stand in a line at the East end of the Church. Near the Northern altar was the baptismal font, a rude stone hollowed to the depth of a foot, and supported by as rude a pedestal of stone and mortar. The

[1] Excepting one or two in monasteries, which had low towers. Several of the mosques which were formerly Christian Churches have towers still standing, which would seem to show that before the days of Mohammedanism, such appendages were not uncommon.

Armenian Churches in the cities have generally a chapel on each side of the main building, entered by a door from the chancel of the Church. In each of these chapels is an altar, and in the Northern one the baptismal font, generally on the Northern side of the chapel. There are often one or two altars in the porch also, or in adjoining chapels at that end. On feast days in the great Churches, and especially on the day of the Saint for whom the Church is named, the Holy Eucharist is celebrated at all the altars, (sometimes six or seven in number,) and at all at the same time. The pavement on which the great altar stands is elevated from one to three feet above the chancel-floor, and this last is generally a few inches higher than the nave, and separated from it by a heavy rail. Not only the Bishop and clergy but the lay-superintendent of the Church and other considerable laymen sit within the rail, and oftentimes, at great festivals, the chancel is crowded with people.[1]

The Church at Edrenes had most of the parts which I have described. A large curtain hanging to the floor concealed the great altar, and without it, but within the chancel, stood two forms, one for the reading of the Gospel and the other for the Lessons and Responses. At the Western end of the Church was the females' division, screened from the rest of the nave by a paling of lattice-work. Almost always, in the East, this division (which so far as I have observed is every where found among the Eastern Christians) is at this end of the Church; but in a few Churches I have seen it at the sides. The custom of separating males and females in public worship is in accordance with the habits of the East, and, under existing circumstances, I have no doubt it is best. The females' place is sometimes on the lower floor, and sometimes (especially in city Churches) in

[1] But the presence of any part of the congregation here the Armenians themselves acknowledge to be an irregularity.

a gallery above. In only one instance have I seen a Church exclusively for females.[1]

The Church of Edrenes contained a dozen pictures in a very rude style, hanging in different parts of the edifice. The priest was unable to inform me whom or what most of them were intended to represent, and from this I inferred that no great use is made of them. It is not to be supposed that whenever paintings are found in an Eastern Church, they are necessarily intended for worship. They are often no more than portraits of Saints and scenes from Scripture, representations of martyrdoms, and such like, which are hung in the Church to adorn the edifice, and are placed in an elevated position, as if with the express design to avoid the danger of their being worshipped. The distinction between the Greek and Armenian Churches in this respect is very remarkable. While in the former the walls are almost covered with paintings, and these paintings are almost exclusively representations of *persons*, (which alone are ever worshipped, for no one would dream of worshipping a picture of the crucifixion or the resurrection for instance, or any mere representation of *events*,) and moreover these are hung low and are expressly prepared for worship by having attached to them fac similes in miniature intended to receive the kisses of the people, and thus save the more costly originals from injury; in the Armenian Churches the pictures are few, and most frequently they are representations of events. These are hung high in the Church, often nearer the ceiling than the floor, and are not worshipped. Such was probably the ancient condition of the Armenian Church, that is, the same use of pictures that is known among us, merely as decorations of the Church, and instructive representations of events which live in the history of Christianity. But when the

[1] Connected with the Armenian Patriarchate in Constantinople are three Churches, two for males, and one exclusively for females.

practice of some portions of the Armenians became corrupt, (which has been chiefly through the influence of Rome,) and pictures began to be used for worship,[1] those already in the Churches were not turned to this purpose, (being, as representations of *events*, unfit therefor,) but others were brought in, chiefly pictures of the Virgin, which were placed, as the custom still is, not in the nave of the Church, but in the porch or at the door, thus as it were indicating their extraneous character and the modern origin of the use of them. Accordingly it sometimes happens, in remote Churches in the interior, that the traveller will find no pictures of this latter description, and consequently none that are worshipped, the evil never having entered there; while in others he will see, besides the ancient paintings, a single portrait of the Saviour or the Virgin, before which no lights are burned nor any worship paid.[2]

The Eastern Churches, indeed, when rightly viewed, present one of the strongest arguments against picture-worship. Its establishment in the Greek Church is matter of history, and we know it to have been as late as A. D. 787.[3]

[1] This would seem to have been later than the 12th century, when, as Nicetas Choniates writes, the worship was forbidden among the Armenians. The passage is quoted in Palmer's Treatise on the Church, (P. IV. Ch. X. Sect. iv.) to which I am indebted for it. It reads as follows: Ἀρμενίοις γὰρ καὶ Ἀλαμανοῖς ἐπίσης ἡ τῶν ἁγίων εἰκόνων προσκύνησις ἀπηγόρευται. 'For the adoration of images is forbidden alike by the Armenians and the Germans.' Among the Armenians it has arisen chiefly within the last century, and almost entirely, I believe, within the last 150 years.

[2] In Constantinople the pictures in the porch have lamps burning before them, and such of the worshippers as please buy tapers at the door, which they light at the lamp and attach to a frame in front of the picture. But all do not practise it.

[3] By the deutero-Nicene Council, under the Empress Irene. This Council is recognized by the Greeks as the 7th General Council, but was formally rejected by a large part of the Western Church, including that of England, in the Council of Francfort on the Maine, A. D. 794.

In the other Eastern Churches, which were separated from the Greek Church about the middle of the fifth century and three hundred years before the deutero-Nicene Council, in which of course they had no participation, things remain theoretically very nearly the same as at the time of their separation. Picture-worship has never been formally recognized among them; it has never been established by Councils or Canons, and so far as it is practised, it is a false appendage, an unauthorized usage, a comparatively modern corruption, gradually and partially introduced according to the relative proximity (locally) of these Churches to the Greek and Latin communions, and according to the active efforts at inculcating it which have been made from without. Thus, in the Armenian Church it has prevailed more extensively than in either of the others, Syrian or Nestorian; and in the Armenian Church, it prevails most where the members of that Church are nearest to the Greek and Latin Churches, and most affected by intercourse with them, as, for example, at Constantinople. Hence arises the difference between the Armenian Churches on the seaboard and in some parts of the interior, especially those parts which are least connected with the capital. The fact that there are constantly to be found in Constantinople some 40,000 Armenians from the interior, who come for purposes of gain, and after a time return to their homes, is enough to show how wide an influence the Church in the metropolis must exert upon almost every part of the country. Yet there are numerous districts from which few, if any, of the people resort to the capital, and those will always be found the most free from picture-worship and other modern corruptions.

The Syrian Church has still less of connection with Constantinople. Its Patriarch does not reside there. The source of ecclesiastical rule and influence in it is not in the capital. It is separated both by space and language from

the western parts of Turkey. The evil influences that it has received have come to it chiefly through Syria. Its practice, therefore, is purer than that of the Armenians, and very much purer than that of the Greeks. This is true of morals as well as of worship, for the influence of the capital is at present every way deleterious. But our attention is now confined to the use of pictures. I shall have occasion hereafter to speak more particularly of it in relation to the Syrian Church. Suffice it at present to say, that in some few places, and, so far as my observation has extended, uniformly those which have been most affected by intercourse with the capital, picture-worship is known, but this in a more limited degree than among either Greeks or Armenians, more limited both as to the number of those who practise it and the extent to which it is carried. I cannot, for example, recall an instance in a Syrian Church, though I will not positively affirm there is none, in which lights are kept burning before a picture during the intervals of service. But this practice is, I believe, universal among the Greeks, and not uncommon among the Armenians. And as to the number of those who practise picture-worship, the distinction between the three Churches is equally marked. Among the Greeks one seldom enters a church without kissing one or more pictures, and bowing and crossing himself before them. In the Armenian Churches many enter and depart without taking any notice of the pictures, where there are any. In the Syrian Church I have never seen one perform this sort of devotion either on entering or departing, although I would not deny that instances of the kind may in some places be seen.

If we go one step farther into the interior we shall find the climax of our argument—a Christian community among whom not a trace of picture-worship is to be found. The Nestorians of Kurdistan have remained in a remarkable manner secluded from all other Churches since the early

ages of Christianity. No Christians practising picture-worship have ever penetrated, until these latter days, into the stern recesses of their mountain homes. They remain, in point of religious usages, the same that they were fifteen centuries ago; while in point of intellectual activity and learning, little or nothing has survived. We might conceive of corruption creeping *in*, in an age of ignorance, but not of its creeping *out*. If it had ever been in, the ignorance which has so long enveloped the Nestorian Church would have preserved and strengthened it, or at least it would have remained, amidst the extinction of learning, in a stagnant and unchanging state, like flies preserved in amber. Had there been life, and movement, and theological inquiry, subtle reasoning might have marshalled in the error. But ignorance is obstinate, and stands upon custom and tradition and established usage. It preserves error, or if it gives birth, it is only to creatures of darkness. It does not originate reform. Hence it is impossible that the Nestorian Church should have lost the use of picture-worship if it had ever existed, besides that history has recorded no such change. The time has never been when it was in vogue. The universal testimony of the Nestorians is, that their Church was never defiled by it, and no one, I believe, pretends that it has ever been known among them. The testimony which their Church bears, is the testimony of the earliest ages, since which they have been shut up in their mountain fastnesses, unchanging within and unchanged from without. Interesting as it is in itself, it is of the greater value as showing the ancient practice of the Church, and combined with the evidence from the other Eastern communions, it presents a solid and immovable argument against the antiquity and lawfulness of picture-worship. I quote it, moreover, as one instance out of many, which shows the importance of studying the Oriental Churches ecclesiastically, for the evidence which they pre-

sent concerning ancient forms and practices. It will generally be found that where any corruption has been introduced among them since the rise and prevalence of Mohammedanism, it is either the progress of changes which began before, or it has been introduced from without. One may even venture to affirm, that if the Greek Church had been subjected to the sway of Islamism at as early a date as the Syrian, picture-worship would never have been established by an Eastern Council, nor would the other great delinquency of that Church,—the idolatrous worship of the Blessed Virgin,—have ever come into existence. They are both the results of a freedom protracted after the age of purity had departed, when the life of primitive holiness had declined, and the ears of many had been turned away from the truth and turned unto fables.[1] The course of that Church from the seventh century onward was one of deterioration, until the fall of Constantinople in the fifteenth century sealed the fate of the Eastern Empire and placed the Church in a state of fixedness. This event occurred at a time when the Greek Church seemed nearly prepared for the adoption of errors which would have determined its character for centuries. Had its independence survived another hundred years, it would have had its Reformation and its Council of Trent. Mohammedanism had at least this beneficent effect—for which, under the guidance of the Great Head of the Church, it may have been intended —of saving the Mother Church of the East from committing itself by the decisions of a Council to manifold and grievous errors. This happy result was realized at a much earlier date among the other portions of the Eastern Church which were severed from Catholic communion about the middle of the fifth century, and fell under the sway of Mohammedanism within two centuries afterwards. It is to

[1] 2 Tim. 4: 4.

them, therefore, that we are to look for the truest exhibitions of primitive usage and discipline. Nor are we to be turned aside from surveying them by any suspicion of their heterodoxy in that matter of faith upon which they separated from the Orthodox Communion. Even admitting that they hold a heresy with regard to the nature of Christ, (which I do not,) this surely does not invalidate their testimony upon any other point, since in nothing else does it appear that they have departed from the faith or practice of the ancient Church. As we proceed we shall find that this testimony is of great importance and value.

I was struck at Edrenes with the demeanor of the people towards me after they once found that I was a Christian. Till that moment most of them avoided me, and ran away when I called them. But as soon as they learned my real character, they became very communicative and clung to me, as if my presence conferred a favor. I have often observed this feeling among the Christian peasantry of the interior. The voice of sympathy and kindness is so strange to them, that when they hear it from the lips of a foreigner, whom, because he is a Frank, they imagine to be respectable and powerful, they seem as if they could never have enough of it. They feel a kind of security in his presence, a pleasure mingled with surprise at meeting with one who is a Christian and yet free from the bondage and oppression which in their minds are inseparably associated with the profession of their religion. Why is it that these poor, oppressed men, uninstructed as they are in the faith and duties of Christianity, do not seek a relief from their burdens by embracing the religion of their masters? I believe that the true reason is to be found in the preservation among them of one of the ancient traits of Christianity, viz., the value which they put upon Baptism as the introduction to the Christian covenant, to the privileges and hopes of the Gospel, the belief which they have that they were made Chris-

tians in this Holy Sacrament, that they were sealed and confirmed in the faith of Christianity almost from the hour of their birth. Mingled with this is another feeling not uncommon among them, and derived like the other from the ancient Church: I mean a fearful, though, in their uninstructed state, a vague view of the horrid consequences of apostacy and excommunication. They think that the state of no man, Mohammedan or Pagan, is so dreadful as his who forsakes the faith of Christianity; that for him there remains only a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation.[1]

These feelings are sufficient to make them contented with their religion; but the sanctifying influences of that religion are so benumbed, that it does not make them contented with their lot. Hence it is that they (I speak of the peasantry of the interior) are generally unhappy, grumbling and repining at their state, instead of bearing it with holy fortitude, cringing and despondent, selfish and inhospitable. They deserve, however, our pity more than our blame, our sympathy rather than our scorn. The reason why they are thus degraded in character is that they have persevered in the faith of their fathers. It is because they are Christians

[1] Heb. 10: 27.—I may here add that in Constantinople, where infidelity and neglect of the ordinances of religion abound, this fear of apostacy prevails less than in the interior, and consequently conversions to Mohammedanism are not unknown, though by no means common. In every instance which has come to my knowledge, the motive was notoriously a mercenary one. But, on the other hand, I may say that I have also in mind cases of a very different character—cases in which Christians have been accused before Mohammedan magistrates of having *promised* to become Mussulmans, and have shown either the falseness of the accusation or their penitence by submitting to repeated torture and finally to death rather than abjure their religion. There have been at least two instances of this kind in Constantinople within six years, one of them the last year (1843). Both the sufferers were young men and Armenians. The first case was in 1838.

that they are so ground to the dust, for no one can fail to observe how different in general is the treatment of the Mohammedan peasantry, though *they* also suffer severely. It is because they are Christians, that they have endured the weight of oppression for centuries, and it is this oppression which has gradually destroyed in them manliness and energy of character. Never was there a people to whom, even for the life that now is, the joys and consolations, the strength and peace of religion were more necessary; never was there one who seemed as a body more destitute of these legitimate blessings of Christianity. And yet I would not deny that there are some among them who suffer with a higher sense of the dignity of their calling as confessors for Christ, who rejoice that they are counted worthy to suffer shame for his name, and who are sustained by the cheering hope that, if they are faithful unto death, their reward will be great in heaven. I believe, I know, that there are men of this character among them. Let us not then despise these little ones, though they be as babes in Christ; but let us rather pray for them that their faith fail not. Let us strengthen them by our timely sympathy. Let us impart to them of our fulness. Let us make known to them, by legitimate modes and efforts, the true nature of the faith in which they stand. Let us restore to them, if the Lord will deign so far to bless our means, the joy and hope, the fulness and strength of the Gospel.

CHAPTER V.

Departure from Edrenes.—Armenian Monastery.—The Road.—Kurdish Tents.—The Occupants.—Kurdish Chief.—His Reception.—His Life.—Presents in the East.—Eastern Character.—Famine.—Espionage.—Emigrants.—Turkish Policy.—The Road.—Dangers.—How to be met.

From the Church I returned to the Ayan's house, and found every thing ready for my departure. He had provided for me two stout mountaineers, who, with their guns slung upon their backs, trudged smartly on before us as we started. I had requested that they might be mounted, but no horses were to be had, and the event proved that it was unnecessary, for they kept in advance of us most of the day. Shortly after leaving Edrenes, we passed near a place called Sis, where we observed some more ancient fortifications. Close by is an Armenian monastery, which time would not allow me to visit. For a while we travelled among the hills along the base of Keuse Dagh, or Bald Mountain, so called from its barren summit, where the Kurds in summer pasture their flocks. It is one of three mountains on the South side of the plain, and gives rise to the Kizzil Irmak, or Red River, the largest and longest stream of Asia Minor. We then plunged into interminable pine forests, and soon after came upon a group of Kurdish tents pitched in a little green nook at the foot of the mountain. The Kavass, instead of avoiding them, led the way directly towards them, and dismounted before the principal tent. We followed his example, just as the old man, the Patriarch of the tribe, came out to meet us.

He was evidently alarmed at the sight of the Kavass, but recovered himself sufficiently to bid us welcome. We entered his tent and seated ourselves on the carpet, while the old woman, his wife, hastened to bring out her rustic fare of cream and milk and bread and yo-ôort, and spread them before us. His son, a man of thirty-five, of noble stature, but of most malign and ferocious aspect, led about the horses, and his daughters hid themselves behind the family chattels with which the tent was crowded, and kept up an incessant tittering whenever any of us caught sight of their brown faces or bright black eyes. The old man himself sat near us, and his eye involuntarily glanced at our weapons and at our luggage with that quick and wild expression of cupidity which always marks a predatory Kurd. But he put a restraint on himself and endeavored to appear as if he were taking no notice of our property. He uttered some extravagant eulogiums upon the Sultan and the Pasha, and declared his own fidelity to them in the most obsequious terms, forgetful apparently that it was only a year ago that the Pasha marched an army against him and forced him into submission. The presence of the Kavass gave him an opportunity of showing his new-born loyalty, which he did not fail to express by the most earnest protestations. That worthy officer, however, gave him little credit for his asseverations, for we had no sooner mounted and rode away from the tents than he began to relate how this was one of the most notorious characters of a murderous band of Kurds, and that he would throw off his allegiance to-morrow if he dared.

In the afternoon we emerged from the woods, and soon reached the solitary dwelling of Pasha Oglou, (son of a Pasha,) the Kurdish chief to whom the Governor of Kara Hissar had commended me. He was ruler of the country under the Governor, and had been stationed in this wild region to keep his refractory brethren in order. Though

an old and tried friend of the Government, he was a Kurd throughout, free, generous, open, wild, with no idea of the value of human life and no fear for his own. This, however, is not the character of Kurds in general, but only of the better sort, the Kurdish *gentlemen*. The lower classes, and especially the nomadic Kurds, are mean, treacherous, and often cowardly pilferers. Pasha Oglou received us in his solitary habitation with all his hearty Kurdish hospitality, and set before us his delicious Kurdish dishes, kaimak[1] and honey, mulberries stewed in honey, and other luxuries of a rural life. In the evening he regaled us with stories of the mountaineers, and talked of his management of them, in the same manner that a fearless hunter might talk of chasing tigers and taming wild boars. He had an evident relish for the amusement, and was about going into the mountains to spend the summer months among his unruly subjects. He seemed to know their habits and their manners perfectly, and depended upon his own superior possession of them, for inspiring awe and obedience. When I hinted that his life might be in danger among such lawless men, he intimated in reply that it would give him sincere pleasure to have them try him. The prospect of a little excitement appeared to give him unmingled gratification, and he laughed heartily at the thought of it. All this time the fire was burning brightly on the hearth of an enormous chimney at one end of the apartment where we were seated, the chief with some of his followers, occupying one side, and myself with the Kavass the other. We had no light but the merry blaze of the fire, which threw its beams around on hardy and sun-browned men, the blackened roof, the armor on the wall, and penetrated deep into the recesses of the stable which formed more than half the apartment. We slept where we

[1] Coagulated cream, produced by simmering fresh milk over a slow fire.

sat, excepting the chief, who retired to his family apartments in another building. As the evening stole on, one after another stretched themselves upon the carpet, and fell asleep, and when all but myself had sunk into slumber I seized the opportunity to make some hasty notes of the adventures of the day, and after commending myself to the care of Him who 'compasseth our path and our lying down, and is acquainted with all our ways,'[1] I laid my head upon my saddle, which served the double purpose of a seat by day and a pillow by night, and joined the general slumber.

Early the next morning I bade adieu to the chief, after putting into his hand enough to remunerate him for his hospitality. He drew back with an expression of anger when I proffered it, and asked what it meant. I saw that I had mistaken my man, and instantly changing my purpose, requested him to divide it among his servants who had waited upon me. He accepted it at once, and his face, which wore a terrible frown, cleared up as suddenly as it had clouded.—Whether he put any part of it in his own pocket after I had gone, it would perhaps be wrong to conjecture, but such practices are not uncommon among Eastern gentry, who would feel it the height of insult to *appear* to accept pay for their hospitality. I have often found it best to carry presents for such casuists, and count as recompense what they received as a memento. Sometimes they could go so far as to ask for a *present*, and this when the object of their request was worth ten times all the services they had rendered. In this way I have often parted with the necessaries of my voyage for the sake of avoiding offence, and at other times have kept them concealed lest they should be asked for.—This polite kind of robbery is especially common among the Kurds, who cannot overcome their native desire for the goods of others, even when they do not feel at liberty to take them by force.

[1] Ps. 139 : 3.

We reached Zara, a large village of about 500 houses, early in the day. On the road, which lay first among the hills and afterwards through a valley, we crossed the Kizzil Irmak twice, or rather a branch of it, for the main river comes in opposite Zara. A brother of Pasha Oglou accompanied us on our journey. He was a noble young Kurd of the better sort, and proved himself a very pleasant and cheerful companion. It is refreshing to the spirit of a Western man, especially perhaps to an American, to see among the oppressed races of Turkey, one who talks freely and animatedly as if he had nobody to fear. It is like a cup of cold water in the dreary, monotonous wilderness of minds and hearts trodden down, crushed, and seared by oppression. I never met with such a one that my spirits were not exhilarated, and that I did not feel the contrast with the silent and sombre mood that pervades the interior of Turkey. Humanity there presents itself to the mind under such images as a carcass going to decay in the desert, or a mighty ship rotting in the still ocean; and I always felt a sensible relief when my journey led me away from it for a time, to mingle in the wild and free life of the Kurds. Happily in the present instance we had nothing to fear from those other traits which generally accompany this wildness and freedom, for we were well guarded by the presence of four armed men, two of whom, the Kavass and the young Kurd, were representatives of the governors of the country. Without them the journey might have been difficult, for we met with several bands of ruffian-looking fellows whom one would not wish to meet alone.

Arrived at Zara, we found the little town almost deserted. Of its 2500 inhabitants not a hundred seemed to have remained. We rode through its silent streets, meeting here and there a small group of men who gave us no salutation, and looked at us in gloomy silence when we inquired for lodgings. We asked for the Agha of the place. Some one

replied that he had abandoned his office and fled. We inquired for the Kiahya; he too had disappeared. At length we found the Kiahya's deputy, but as soon as we came in sight of him, he attempted to run away from us. One of our party pursued after and caught him, but neither promises nor threats could prevail upon him to listen to us. His only reply was, "There is nothing to eat." The shops were shut in the street. We passed a blacksmith's cell which was open. The implements of his trade were lying about and his hammer was upon the anvil, but no one was there. We knocked at the doors of several of the most respectable looking dwellings, but no one answered. We attempted to enter, but they were locked. At length a female voice inquired from a lattice, what we wanted. We replied, "Rest and food." The voice answered, "We have nothing to eat." After traversing the whole town, and inquiring of the few stragglers that we met skulking along the walls or attempting to run away at our approach, we came to an Armenian house where the door was open. Without any ado we walked in and seated ourselves. When the host appeared, I told him that we were hungry and must have something to eat. He replied that they had nothing for themselves, that the town was depopulated by famine, and most of the inhabitants had fled for their lives. I told him to bring us what he could find and he should not go unrewarded. After some hours' delay, he succeeded in obtaining for us a comfortable breakfast. The ravenous people gathered around us and seemed ready to seize it by force. The more respectable invited themselves to partake with us. As we threw down morsels of bone that we had gnawed, the greedy multitude scrambled for them and gnawed them again like dogs. We made a light repast, and distributed the remainder among the expecting crowd.

At Zara I dismissed my guard, the Kavass, the Kurdish Bey, and the two mountaineers of Edrenes. They had served me for nothing, but it would have been quite out of

order not to have given them in presents more than I would have stipulated to give them in wages. However, they had served me well, and had proved themselves pleasant companions, and I would rather hear the hearty benedictions of a man who feels that he is amply rewarded, than the sullen farewell which commonly follows a niggardly recompense. Our last act of intercourse was to prepare letters for Pasha Oglou and the Ayan of Edrenes, informing them of my safe arrival at Zara, the first town in the Pashalik of Sivas. For this purpose we called in the Imam of the place, the only one in the village competent to perform the duty. He had remained at his post in spite of the famine, and while all other business was suspended, still gathered the starving inhabitants to their five diurnal prayers.[1] He wrote in my name, and I afterwards sealed the letters with my Turkish seal, which I always carried with me for such purposes. The Ayan of Edrenes had been instructed to send back to Kara Hissar information of my having passed beyond the border of the province of Trebizond, which information must be certified under my own seal. It would then become the duty of the Governor of Kara Hissar to forward the intelligence to the Pasha at Trebizond, who, in his turn, must forward it to Constantinople. Beyond Zara the Pasha of the province of Sivas would be responsible; and thus, from one province to another, the Turkish government laways have it in their power to trace a traveller from

[1] The Imam is the minister of Mohammedanism, and his duties are not unlike those of the Christian Priest. He conducts the services of the congregation, whence his name of Imam, or leader; performs the rites of circumcision, marriage and burial; instructs the children of the congregation, and visits at their houses. The Five Hours of Prayer, viz., at Day-dawn, Noon, two and a half hours before Sunset, Sunset, and one and a half hours after Sunset, are evidently imitated from the ancient hours of the Church, which were first five, and afterwards increased to seven.

one end of the empire to the other; a provision as beneficial for the traveller as for themselves, since he can thereby console himself with the prospect of being heard of if he should suddenly disappear. It is, or was, the duty of the provincial authorities to send their reports of travellers monthly to Constantinople. In some parts of the country this was strictly attended to; in others it was almost entirely neglected.

We had time, before the day closed, to leave Zara, and reach Yarasa, a village four hours distant from Z., and containing about sixty families, Mussulman and Armenian. The Armenian population in this district is large, and it is one of the principal *foyers* from which the capital is supplied with servants and laborers. The next morning we passed a village called Godin, where most of the men wore the dress used by the porters in Constantinople. It seemed as if I had seen them all before, and perhaps it was not far from the truth, for they had all served in the city, and had returned home to enjoy the fruits of their labors. Thirty of their young men were just about starting for Constantinople in a body, with the expectation of spending a few years in the business which their fathers had found so profitable. The old men were, altogether, a fine-looking race, and evidently well to do in the world. They did not receive me, however, with all the hospitality that I could wish; and I had to reproach them with the fact, that they had gained handfuls of piastres from me at Constantinople, and now would not give me the poor pittance of a breakfast, which I was willing to pay for. Their inhospitality arose from the fear that I might consider the breakfast as thrown into the account of former payments; and that fear was increased by the circumstance that I had fallen into company with a Kavass who had overtaken us on the road, and now appeared in the character of an escort, to the poor villagers. This class of people are not in the habit of paying much for food

and lodgings, unless it be in cuffs and blows, a currency but too well known in Turkey. The Christians suffer more in this way than the Mohammedans, and hence they appear, at first sight, more inhospitable. The approach of a Kavass or a Tartar is a signal to close their hearts, and to assume a gloomy and sullen silence, or to retreat out of sight. The poor Kiahya's office at such times is no sinecure, for he has to bear the threats and blows of the great man in behalf of the whole community. I took care, however, that nothing of the kind should be administered on the present occasion, and finally succeeded in obtaining a breakfast through the gentler mercies of the women, who were here, as ever, more ready to listen to and relieve the wants of others. The circumstance of my having come from Constantinople served rather to excite than to dampen their interest, for they had innumerable questions to ask about their fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons who were absent, and seemed deeply disappointed when they found I had nothing to tell them. They did not consider that though a man could hardly go from Godin without carrying news of every body in the place, it was quite possible for one to come from Constantinople without taking commands for Godin.

We found the whole country, from Zara to Sivas, a distance of thirty-six miles, suffering from the effects of famine. There had been no rain the preceding year, and all the grain which should have been preserved for seed had been consumed by the famishing inhabitants. This year the rains were abundant, but they fell upon uncultivated soil. The people had no grain to put into the ground. Their means had been spent in providing for their families and their cattle, and the price of wheat had increased ten-fold. The peasants of Godin had fared better, as their gains in the capital had enabled them to support themselves during the scarcity, and they were now rejoicing in the prospect of a luxurious harvest. But the other villages, and Zara es-

pecially, seemed likely to become entirely depopulated. The people were abroad in the fields collecting weeds and herbs for food. Their wan and haggard appearance was enough of itself to show that they had suffered severely.

Such instances as this prove most clearly the improvident spirit both of people and Government in Turkey. Why were not the waters of the Kizzil Irmak, which flow close by the famishing villages, and through a plain country, turned off to irrigate the thirsty land? Or why did not the Government supply the peasants with the means of purchasing seed, or, at least, relieve them from their taxes that they might purchase for themselves? No one could answer these simple questions. No measures had been taken to avert or remedy the evil. The people sat down in despair as soon as the windows of heaven were closed, and the Government looked quietly on, while the peasants were starving for want of bread or flying to other regions. The consequence will be, that those who remain will be taxed more heavily to supply the deficiency of the retreating population. This will bring new distresses and new flights, until the smiling country is left a wasted desert. Such may not be the fate of this particular district, where the richness of the soil may attract new settlers, but it has been the fate of other portions of the country hardly less favored in climate and productions, and the evil has fallen upon them under precisely similar circumstances.

Most of our way from Zara to Sivas was over a rich meadow bordering the Kizzil Irmak. We passed several villages and saw wild-fowl in abundance, geese, ducks, and plovers, which seemed never to have been molested in their quiet retreats. Basil made two attempts to shoot a goose with his pistols, but although the game allowed itself to be approached almost near enough to be caught in the old-fashioned way of putting salt on its tail, the exploit was not successful, and we might have felt in our own persons the

evil effects of the famine, if there had not been two little lakes near Yarasa, which, to console us for the loss of our fowl, supplied us with an excellent dinner of fish. The only drawback was that the salt which was wanting to catch the first, was not present to season the latter.

The Kavass who had overtaken us on the road, belonged to the Pasha of Sivas, and had been to collect taxes from some of the Kurds of Keuse Dagh who fell within his province. If his own story was true, it had proved an unprofitable business, for the Kurds had received him in a very cool manner, and when he spoke of taxes, had pointed their guns at him and bade him decamp, which he confessed he thought it prudent to do. He expressed great surprise at our having come safe through the land, but consoled us with the assurance that the danger was nothing compared with that which lay before us; that a part of the road was so beset with robbers as to be absolutely impassable, and that for the rest of it we had about an even chance of life and death. I suspected at the moment that he was trying to beguile the tediousness of his own journey by imposing upon our credulity or our fears, but when we reached Sivas his stories proved only a faithful narrative of the rumors that were prevailing there.

These stories for a time tried my courage, or rather my faith. Slavish fear asked whether it were worth while to run the risk when all the probability was that I should not be able to reach Mesopotamia. Faith answered—'You cannot turn back without a trial.' So I determined to go forward. Report said that most of the country between Sivas and the Taurus, a distance of four or five days' journey, was infested by Kurds, who had come up from their winter quarters, and were feeding their flocks on the high lands south of Sivas. Direful tales of robberies and murders were rife, and travelling was almost entirely suspended. As is common in such cases, the truth was doubtless

multiplied many fold. To learn the real state of things, I applied to the Pasha for information and advice. He told me that it was very true that the country was in a bad condition, that he had stationed soldiers at several villages along the road, and that the people in other places had been ordered to turn out and accompany travellers, that I could avail myself of the same means of defence as were provided for others, but he would give me no advice on the subject, that I knew my own business, and whether it was of sufficient importance to justify me in incurring the danger. I asked for a bouyouroultou, but he was unwilling to give me one, thinking perhaps that it would increase his responsibility for my safe conduct. But I insisted upon having it, and obtained it. It was, however, of little importance, for he took care to word it so carefully that it amounted to nothing more than an order for the regular escort from village to village.

One is often at a loss how to act under such circumstances. The safest rule is to think little of danger, for that is a mere contingency, and is in the hands of God. He can as easily carry us through great dangers as through a path where none appear. And when we remember the numberless casualties to which we are liable under the best apparent circumstances, it should matter little whether greater ones appear or not. They are all equally within the control of Him who ruleth all. The only question is, What is *His* will? and in determining that, the least place is to be given to personal risks and hazards. What is His will without them, is, we may safely conclude, at least in matters of great moment, His will notwithstanding them.

CHAPTER VI.

Conflict with the Post-Master at Sivas.—Departure from Sivas.—Escape of the Guide.—The Escort.—Day's March over an infested District.—Hassan Tchelebi.—The Kizzelbashes.—Travelling by Night —Reflections.—The Euphrates.—Evils resulting from Changes of Rulers.—Kharpout.—First Sight of the Syrians.—Armenian Monasteries. —Syrian Bishop.—The Syrian Population of Kharpout.

Besides the conflict with myself which I had at Sivas, I had another with the post-master which was still harder to bear. He thought to take advantage of the state of the roads to charge me an exorbitant price for horses. I referred the matter to the Pasha, and sent with my servant the royal post-order. The Pasha had not yet left his harem, for it was at an early hour; our sumpter horse was laden, our guard was at the door, and we were ready to mount. The Pasha's Deputy (Kiahya Bey) sent for the post-master and read the order in his ears, filling it up with such expletives as "You son of a dog," "Ass," and others unmentionable. The poor post-master stood trembling till the reading was finished, made his apology, returned to the post-house, quietly received his regular dues, and *asked me for a present!* I told him that I expected soon to pass that way again, and if he behaved himself with propriety at our next meeting I would not forget him, but that under present circumstances I could show him no favor. I was glad to see him completely humbled, for he was one of those Mussulmans who seem to think that they are never doing a better service

than when they are abusing a Christian. I should not have persevered against him if I had not thought that he needed the lesson. From the moment of my arrival he had treated me with marked indignity, and had gone out of his way to insult and revile me. The only reason was, that he had an evil Mussulman temper, and felt free to exercise it on a Christian. I observed that it was only native Christians and myself who suffered in this way, while to Turks he was civil and sociable. The first word which he uttered when I dismounted before the post-house and asked a servant to procure a bed for me, were, "Lie on the floor; that is the place for you." I soon found that he was one of those wild beasts in the shape of men that are sometimes met with among the Turks, who are sensible to nothing but harshness and severity, and I determined, when the opportunity offered, to teach him to treat a Christian with respect. It may present a melancholy view of human nature, but so it is; men of this stamp in the East are more easily affected by fear than by love; their respect is more easily excited by severity than by kindness. The post-master, instead of resenting the course I had taken, seemed to see in it something which commanded his admiration. He became at once very docile and attentive, held my stirrup when I mounted, and bade me farewell with the most profound obeisance. Had I not succeeded in conquering him, he would have been ready to trample me under his feet.

The effect upon the poor Christians who had assembled to take their morning cup of coffee in the post-house, was very perceptible. They were evidently astonished at the sight of a Christian overcoming a Turk, and when I rose to depart, rose themselves in a body and remained standing till I had mounted. This was the most painful part of the scene to me. I would rather they should have rejoiced over me as a brother.

We left Sivas on the 23d of May, and travelling South

along the great route from Constantinople to Bagdad, reached the village of Delikli Tash (Cavernous Rock, so called from holes in the rock on which it stands,) before evening. Here the Ayan of the village gave us a house for the night, which, like most of the houses in the village, consisted of a family apartment and a stable. I was sitting by the fire, and one of the guard who was stationed in my room for the night, was saying his prayers, when suddenly the outer door opened and the postillion went out with his horses. The guard suspected his design, but, like a true Mussulman, would not allow his prayers to be interrupted by any sublunary concern. But as soon as he had ended, he sprang to his feet and darted out of the house. We had hardly recovered from our amazement at his sudden departure, before he returned leading back all the horses but one, on which the postillion had succeeded in making his escape. I soon found that the plot had been concerted beforehand, and that the postillion had thrown out sundry intimations of his determination not to proceed beyond Delikli Tash, for fear of the Kurds. Fortunately, in the darkness of the night, he missed his way in going out of the village, and the guard overtaking him just as he was gaining the main road, wrested the rope with which he led the horses from his hand, and left him to escape with the one on which he rode. The Ayan supplied me with a substitute, and provided me with a strong guard of mounted men, each armed with a sword, gun and pistols, and some of them carrying spears. The country between Delikli Tash and Alaja Khan, is a high table-land, whither the Kurds resort in summer to feed their flocks. When I last passed it, in March, 1838, it was covered deep with snow. Now it was one broad sweep of verdure, in some parts undulating, in others stretching away as far as the eye could reach, but lonely and desolate from the want of trees and cultivation, and still more perhaps from the gloomy associations connected with it. We travelled

on in close array and in perfect silence. When we reached what was accounted the most dangerous part, scouts were sent out in different directions, and special care was taken to survey the country from every little eminence that presented itself. The guards tied the ends of their long tapering sleeves together behind their backs, thus baring the arm nearly to the shoulder. Guns were unslung, and every man looked to his flint and priming. How much of this was done with particular reference to myself and the present expected at the next village, I am unable to say, and therefore will not magnify the danger beyond what it really was, although all their precautions and manner seemed to say that it was, in their estimation, very great. It certainly imparts a singular interest to a day's journey, to be on the lookout every moment for nine hours, with the thought that at any moment a body of murderous Kurds may appear rushing upon you from the brow of a little hill to the right, or from out a valley to the left. However we met with nothing of the kind, nor saw any thing to confirm our fears, excepting in a few instances a Kurd watching us from some low height, and when he saw himself discovered, suddenly disappearing. This was enough to show that they were at their old business, and the result would doubtless have been different had our number or means of defence been less. The predatory habits of the Kurds are such that one traveller may pass at one hour without seeing any signs of them, while at the next a poor passenger, less strongly protected, may be stripped from head to foot, if nothing worse befalls him.

We rested at Alaja Khan that night with the Governor of the village, a pleasant old Turk, who puzzled himself to discover the machinery of a lead pencil, by which the ink, as he called it, flowed out upon the paper as soon as the paper was touched.

The next morning we renewed our guard, and marched

to Hassan Tchelebi, and thence continued, after a repast from the Governor, who bears the same name with his village, which name has descended from father to son since the days of Sultan Mourad, who for some favor done him, conferred the title of Tchelebi (or gentleman) upon the Ayan then ruling and made the government of the village hereditary in his family. This man is one of a people who inhabit the country from Delikli Tash to Kabban Maden, about whom strange things are told. They are Mussulmans, but are supposed not to be Turks. Certain it is the Turks regard them with great aversion, and say that they have abominable practices which show them not to be true Mussulmans. They call them Kizzil Bash (Redhead), and as this is the nickname commonly applied to the Persians, my first conjecture was that they are descendants of some colony of Persians brought hither by a Turkish Sultan. We know that such colonies were sometimes formed, and this would account sufficiently for the aversion which the Turks have for them.[1] I could learn nothing from themselves, as they constantly professed that they were Mussulmans and nothing else. A traveller might pass through their country without noticing any thing peculiar in their appearance or manners, unless it might be their rudeness and inhospitality. They leave their villages in summer and live in tents, and it is reported that the Pashas are obliged to rule them tenderly for fear of their escaping to the mountains.

The Hassan Tchelebi whom I saw when I passed through the village in 1838, was dead, and his son, a man with a beard already grizzled, ruled in his stead. The whole population were in their tents about an hour distant from their village. The new Hassan Tchelebi appeared to great advantage, from having spent ten years at Constantinople, the effect of which was very perceptible in the superiority of his

[1] The hostility of Turks and Persians is notorious.

Turkish over the common jargon of the interior, and in his peculiar adroitness in asking for presents. Another Hassan Tchelebi, the heir apparent, about four years old, came in to peep at us over his father's shoulder.

Hassan gave us two footmen to accompany us through the valley which extends most of the way from his village to Hekim Khan. We had had several alarms during the day, though most of the people whom we met were Turcomans, who had come up from the parts about Aintab and Karamania to pasture their flocks on the green hills of the upland country. The Kurds about Delikli Tash were from the same quarter.

We saw nothing to attract our attention on the way to Hekim Khan, (a small town of about 30 Armenian and 150 Mussulman houses,) but a multitude of wild flowers, among others the yellow rose, on the stony side of the valley, and almond bushes, whose fruit was bitter.

We slept at Hekim Khan in the same coffee-shop in which I had breakfasted four years before. Every thing appeared as if I had left it but yesterday, even to the ship upon the wall, which some village artist, or perchance some lazy traveller, detained for an hour, had drawn upon the wall.

We sought in vain to obtain a mounted escort for the dreary mountains beyond Hekim Khan, and two stout footmen were all the pedestrians that could be had. Four hours, over hills covered with oak shrubbery and wild almond trees, brought us to the populous district of Argaoun, and four more, over a hilly but more fertile country, to the Kizzil Bash village of Suleimanieh. Here we were detained till four P. M. for horses, but my anxiety to reach Kharpout on the morrow determined me to push on to the Euphrates. We travelled till midnight across a low country of dry hills of red and white, with fertile valleys between. As night set in, we secured the baggage and galloped away in the light of the moon.

The district of Argaoun contains some 62 villages. We passed a large one where the governor of the district resides, about an hour from Suleimanieh. The Kurdish population is confined to the mountains beyond, and though not, like their brethren of Aintab, nomadic, are given to the same bad practices. A day or two before we passed, they had robbed a poor postillion returning with his horses, and left him nothing but his skin to travel home in, while the horses, being the property of Government, they allowed to go as they came.

The low country between Suleimanieh and the Euphrates has no Kurdish population, and affords no pasturage for the nomades. We passed over it therefore without a guard, and reached the post-house on the bank of the Euphrates just as night was turning its middle point. The river was rolling its dark waters below, and its rushing sound harmonized solemnly, though not unaptly, with the train of my thoughts. As we had rode along at full speed, my mind had been filled with the quiet beauty and the stillness of the scene. The moon looking so calmly upon the earth, which seemed (as if bound by her influence) resting for a brief while from its din and toil; the sense of the presence of God which at that hour, more than any other, pervades the soul; the sight of his power in the calm, bright orbs above, and the feeling of being alone with Him in the midst of his creation which presses in upon the mind with a vividness that is seldom realized when the sun is shining and the world is abroad—all this disposed the mind to reflection, solemn, calm, and quiet, like the scene around. Happy if at such times one can see in the same hand which has spread the heavens, and put their orbs in motion, and sustains and guides them in their courses, the hand which supports him, the Being whom he serves, the wisdom, the power, and the goodness which are his security and strength. Happy if he can bring home to himself from such a Being, the promise

that not a hair of his head is unnumbered amidst the immensity of created things. Happy if in such an hour he can see his path to be one of self-denying duty, and his purposes, though compassed with infirmities, yet resting in God. In my own mind, the thoughts and the consolation which they brought with them, were associated with the prospect immediately before me. On the morrow I hoped to reach Kharpout, where was the first remnant of the venerable Church to which I was going. My work seemed about to begin, and the thoughts of my moonlight ride opened sources of courage and comfort which failed me not in the lonely trials of many a coming day. They were interrupted only when we reined in our horses on the brink of the steep and difficult descent which led down to the Euphrates.

I was up again at early dawn, and, embarked with horses and luggage in the ferry-boat, was crossing the deep and rapid stream of the old river, which here rolls its tide through a narrow pass between high overhanging cliffs. The passage is effected by letting the boat drift upward in an eddy until it strikes the mid-current, when it is carried rapidly down, the men the meantime plying their oars, until it strikes the eddy on the opposite side, when it is again carried safely to the landing-place. Ascending the bank, the traveller finds himself in the town of Kabban Maden, famous for its silver mine. When I was here in 1838, the whole country, from near Mossoul to within a few hours of the Black Sea, was subjected to a single Pasha resident at Kharpout. Now it was divided into three parts, the Easternmost of which, including Mardin, had been annexed to the pashalik of Mossoul, and the Northernmost, called the pashalik of Sivas, had been erected into a separate province, extending Southward as far as Argaoun. Kabban Maden, with the district of Argaoun, had been placed under another Pasha subordinate to the Pasha of Kharpout, and the province of Diarbekir, under a Pasha of its own, remained,

as before, subject to the Mushir[1] of Kharpout. These changes show how little dependence can be placed upon the divisions of provinces, or Sanjaks, which are given in some of the maps. While I was in the country, another change took place, transferring the district of Jezireh, North of the Tigris, from Diarbekir to Mossoul. Such changes as these, and still more the frequent change of rulers, is enough of itself to retard the progress of civilization, and reduce the country to poverty and misery. Works begun by one Pasha are neglected by his successor; the system of government is changed, at least in its details, by every new incumbent, and the people are hardly free from the extortions of one ruler before another, with an empty pocket and a heavy hand, enters to begin the same system of oppression, which is always most severe at the commencement of the new government. Pashas, expecting to retain their place but a few months or years, are tempted to use all their opportunities for extortion, and this is repeated anew with every change. The rulers feel but little interest in the welfare of their provinces, and have no encouragement, even if they are so disposed, to commence improvements which they cannot hope to finish. Among all the causes of degradation and decay which prevail in the interior of Turkey, this is perhaps the most prominent, and the evil is aggravated, if not perpetuated, by the recurrence of similar changes in the heads of the administration in the capital. It is one of many corruptions which seem too deeply inwrought ever to be eradicated, and which throw a gloomy shade over the prospects of Mohammedan domination in Turkey.

I was three hours in making my way through the deep gorge in which the town of Kabban Maden lies, and three more over the hills to the plain of Kharpout, one of the richest and most productive districts in the whole Turkish

[1] Mushir—a Pasha of the highest rank.

territory, abounding in villages, chiefly Armenian, well watered and under thorough cultivation. At the Armenian village of Arpaout, where I stopped for breakfast, I began to make inquiries for the Syrians. The people informed me that there were about one hundred families of them in the town of Kharpout, and a village inhabited by them on the plain. I observed that the Armenians did not know them under the name which I used, *Syriani;* but called them Assouri, which struck me the more at the moment from its resemblance to our English name *Assyrians*, from whom they claim their origin, being sons, as they say, of Assour, (Asshur,) who "out of the land of Shinar went forth, and builded Nineveh, and the city Rehoboth, and Calah, and Resin between Nineveh and Calah : the same is a great city."[1]

From Arpaout I crossed a part of the plain and a low range of hills, to Merizah, a village situated in another portion of the great plain, and distinguished as the residence of the Pasha of Kharpout. About three miles from the village we passed a large Armenian monastery, lying near the road on the left. There is another in the same part of the plain, one hour Southwest from Merizah, a third about the same distance South of West, and a fourth about four hours to the Southeast, and near the little lake of Gheuljuk. All these are Armenian monasteries, and the fact of their existence is enough to show that the Christian population of the province must be very large, and probably has been long established there. In some of the villages, Syrians are mixed with the Armenians, and worship in their Churches with them. There is also a Syrian Bishop of Kharpout, resident in one of the villages of Kurdistan, to the East, and (a fact not without significance in speaking of an Eastern Bishop) he is a widower.

[1] Genesis 10 : 11, 12.

I was at first surprised to find so large a population of Syrians so far separated from the mass of their community in Mesopotamia and Syria, for there are none to be found South of this till you reach Diarbekir, nearly a hundred miles distant from Kharpout. But when I afterwards learned the extent of their population in Kurdistan, I saw that those of Kharpout were only a continuation of that population from the East, and not, as I had at first supposed, emigrants from the South.

CHAPTER VII.

The Village of Merizah.—Population of Syrians.—Change of Climate.—Day of Preparation.— Kharpout.—The Town.—Churches.— Fortress.—The Syrian Church of Kharpout.—The Court.—The Interior.—Pictures.—Miracles.— The Altar.— The Bishop's Chair.— The Font.—The Books.—Origin of the Church.—Its History.—The Priest.—Journey resumed.—Place of Pilgrimage.—Fish.—Incident with a Christian.—Argana Maden.— Passage of the Taurus.— Famine.—Dangers.— Preparations.— New Companion.— The Tartar.— The Monastery.—Report concerning it.—Death Abroad.

The village of Merizah is an unimportant place in itself, but is worthy of being mentioned again as the seat of government of a large province. The Pasha of Kharpout has his residence here. The place was selected by a former Pasha on account of its situation in a district capable of sustaining a large army. It was here too that his successor, Hafiz Pasha, collected his forces previous to his expedition into Syria, which ended in the defeat of the Turkish army at Nezib. I stopped a day at Merizah for the purpose of making inquiries about the Syrians of the district. I had learned from their Patriarch in 1838, that there were about 800 families of them in the town and vicinity of Kharpout, but subsequent information led me to believe that there were not more than 600. Perhaps it would be difficult to ascertain the exact number, nor is it a matter of much importance.

The first day I could obtain no horses for visiting the

town, which lies at the top of a mountain overlooking the plain, and is only one hour North of Merizah. I would gladly have walked, but the heat, which even at this early season was oppressive, prevented me. We had come suddenly from the cool region of the North into this district infested with fevers and burning with heat. The very fertility which makes it so attractive, arises in part from a cause which makes it unhealthy. The vast plain is intersected by rivulets in every direction, which are turned off at short intervals to water the ground. I thought it most prudent to avoid the heat, which we now felt for the first time in our journey, and therefore spent the day at the post-house.

It was Friday, and the 28th of the month. Many faithful ones had promised to remember me on the weekly fast of the Church, and it was some compensation for the disappointment of not visiting the town, that I had such a day for rest and solemn preparation. It seemed appropriate that this of all days should immediately precede my first labors in the enterprise which I had in view, and that it should be so spent. I sat by the side of a fountain in front of the post-house listening to the gurgling of its waters, while my thoughts were carried away to the captives of Judah, who sat down by the waters of Babylon and wept when they remembered Zion. How naturally and rapidly my mind reverted to the Church, the daughter of Zion, which sitteth captive in the land of my pilgrimage, and knoweth not the time of her deliverance. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; yea, if I prefer not Jerusalem in my mirth." [1]

The next morning I succeeded in obtaining horses, and went to the town, which is situated, as I have said, on the

[1] Ps. 137: 5, 6; in the Psalms for the 28th day.

top of a lofty rock, and contains about 2000 inhabitants. I soon found out some Greek friends from European Turkey, who had called upon me the preceding day, and went with them to the Syrian Church. On the way they told me that they had once requested the use of the Church for worship on the great festivals, and it had been granted, but after a short time the order was revoked, on the ground that the Greeks might some day rise and claim the Church for their own.

To the East of the town of Kharpout, on a pinnacle of the rock on which the town is built, stands the ancient forress. Its walls are nearly in ruin, and no inscription that I could discover, excepting one on the Eastern tower, apparently in Arabic, but too high up for my eyes to decipher, remains to tell when it was built or who were the builders. I did not stay long to examine it, for the church lies under the Eastern face of this pinnacle, in a humble, secret nook, looking down upon a deep ravine below. We knocked at the outer gate. It was opened by a child. As we entered, a middle-aged woman made her appearance, and, recognizing my companions, saluted us cordially. We had entered a little court, on one side of which was the Church, and on the other sides the priests' houses. The woman, who was the wife of one of the two priests belonging to the Church, made no answer to our request to see the interior, but produced the keys, and, with some little show of hesitation, opened the low, heavy door. We stooped to enter by the humble portal, while the woman, leading the way through a dark passage, opened another massive door which admitted us into the nave of the Church. One might have thought he was going into a dungeon, so dark and dismal was it,—or rather, shall I say, into some Christian temple of early days, when the persecuted followers of Christ worshipped in secret places for fear of their enemies? Except a faint glimmering from a small window of stained

glass above the altar, hardly a ray of light found its way into the interior. We lighted candles and began to explore. On the east side was the altar, and at the opposite extremity a gallery for the women. By the light of our candles we discovered pictures in different parts of the Church,—rude paintings, one representing the crucifixion, another the baptism of Christ, a third the Virgin Mary, with little silver arms and legs, and pieces of money attached to it as thank-offerings for cures supposed to have been performed by her intercession.[1] An old priest, who presently made his appearance from the dark passage, assured us that the Church was celebrated for its miraculous cures, and in proof thereof showed us a chain with a collar for the neck. When any one becomes mad, he is brought to the Church, and, being confined with this chain, is placed before the reading desk in front of the chancel. Prayers are then said over him by the priest, and continued until the collar unclasps itself and falls to the ground, and the man stands up before them all, restored and in his right mind!

The altar itself was of the plainest description, and the vessels and vestments belonging to it, poor and soiled. It was so far from the wall that one might walk behind, and on each side of it was a little cell, or oratory, where the eucharistic service is said in silence. Each was lighted by a dungeon crevice in the wall. On the north side of the altar, between it and the oratory on that side, stood the Bishop's chair and staff; and on the south side the baptismal font of stone. Within the font lay a dirty phial containing the *meiron* used in chrism. In front of the Bishop's chair and against the chancel rail stood another desk where the lessons and some other parts of the service are read.

[1] This is the only picture of the kind that I have ever seen in a Syrian Church, and I presume in this instance it was placed there by the Greeks when they were allowed to worship there, and had never been taken down.

That without the chancel is for the reading of the Gospel. Upon it lay a copy of the New Testament in Syriac. I was surprised to find on opening it that it was printed, the Church books among the Syrians being ordinarily in manuscript. On looking farther I discovered that it was of the British and Foreign Bible Society's edition, and great was my surprise to see it in its curious Oriental dress, for the covers had been overlaid with plates of silver on which were embossed figures of Christ and other devices. It is customary among the Orientals to honor their sacred books in this way. Another copy of the New Testament was in MS. and bore the date 1892, referring, doubtless, to the Alexandrian era, which is still in use among the Syrians. That era is 311 years older than our own. The volume was therefore written in 1581 A.D., or 263 years ago.

On the altar lay the Liturgy, a service for Communion, and another small volume containing the services for Baptism, Matrimony, and Burial. A large folio lay upon one of the reading desks, in which was contained the order of services for all the Sundays and great festivals in the year, and another containing the services for week days, which are read through once every week, each day of the week having its own service.

The priest informed me that the Church was built originally by the Apostle Adi, or Thaddeus, and that it was afterwards enriched by the munificence of the pious to an incredible degree, its vaulted ceiling being lined with plates of gold. When Timourleng invaded these countries, so went on the story of the priest, he discovered the Church from the summit of a rock which rises (like that on which the citadel stands) on the opposite side of the ravine, to the East. The robber chieftain sent and pillaged it, carrying away all its vessels and stores of silver and gold. He then filled it with straw and attempted to set it on fire, but he succeeded only in blackening its walls. I found no inscrip-

tions about the Church, (the priest said they were all obliterated by the fire,) excepting one in Syriac on a slab in the pavement, and this was hardly legible. It was doubtless a grave-stone; the priest knew not of whom, but the woman said it covered the remains of one Helena, who erected the present building on the site of the Church built by the Apostle.

I endeavored to converse with the old man, but he was slow to communicate, and answered my inquiries evasively When I told him that I hoped soon to see his Patriarch, he unbended a little, and replied, "Say to him, I kiss his hand." He assured me that there were no more than 45 Syrian families in the town, and a few in four of the villages, in all about 150 Syrian families in the district of Kharpout. Such statements, however, are not to be depended upon, as the poor oppressed Christians throughout the interior almost uniformly, through fear, make their numbers to appear as small as possible. He told me farther, that the Armenians and Syrians live together on terms of the closest intimacy, and go to each other's Churches, but do not intermarry. Their common language in the district is Turkish, in which language it is that the *Athour* of the Syriac and Arabic is converted into *Asour*, and the *Athouri* of the Arabic, (Syriac, *Othoroyo*,) into *Asouri*, the common name of the Syrians.

Immediately on my return to the post-house I mounted again and pursued my journey. Four hours over the plain, and nearly as many more over a tedious range of mountains, brought us to the Lake Gheuljuk, a beautiful sheet of water reposing among the mountains. At its southern extremity is an island with a Church upon it, to which the people go in pilgrimage once a year. They told me a sad tale of a party of sixty who were drowned by the swamping of a boat in going to it the year before.

We passed round the southern head of the lake, and

purchased a few fish from some poor Christians that were drawing a net to the shore. They proved a savory morsel to us, and saved us from going to bed supperless at the miserable khan where we spent the night.

A little incident had occurred during the day which pleased me much, and to show that traits worthy of a Christain people are to be seen even where our holy religion has lost something of its life and power, I will relate it. While travelling over the plain of Kharpout, we passed a young Armenian, who was trudging along on foot in the same direction with ourselves. He saluted us civilly, and I entered into conversation with him. When he saw that I was a Christian, he became communicative and told me all his story. A few months before, he had had a difference with another Armenian, a young man and a cousin, living in the same village. His cousin, in his anger, had brought several charges against him, and endeavored to put him into prison. Not succeeding in this, they parted enemies, and his cousin soon after left the village. Lately news had reached his home, that the young man had been unfortunate, and for some trifling offence had been thrown into prison. His cousin immediately set himself to work and collected money enough to obtain his release. "I thought I ought not," he said, "to remember what he did against me, for we were always good friends, and he did it in a moment of passion." He told the whole story in so simple and unpretending a manner, taking equal blame to himself for their quarrel, that I did not doubt he told the truth. He had come two days on foot, and had two more to travel before he could reach his place of destination. He footed it so bravely over the hills that he kept in sight of us most of the day. As night came on, we halted in a meadow where a herd of horses, belonging to the post-house which we had last left, were feeding, under the care of two or three ostlers. We managed to change some of our jaded

animals for fresh ones, and as we had to cross the Taurus before we could obtain others, I took the precaution to add two or three led-horses to our retinue, to take the place of any that might happen to break down on the mountains. As we were on the point of resuming our march, the young Armenian overtook us. Seeing that he was faint with fatigue, and knowing that the country was not safe for a solitary traveller, I requested him to mount one of the led-horses and accompany us to the khan where we expected to spend the night. This little show of attention to a poor rayah roused the ire of the postillion—a brutal Mussulman, as destitute of feeling as the horse which he bestrode. He poured out a volley of execrations on the head of the astounded Armenian, who, fearing to resist or reply, began to slink away. I thought it was time to interpose, and riding up to the postillion I told him that I too was a Giaour, (a word with which he had plentifully interlarded his speech,) and that I would not suffer any fellow Giaour to be abused for his religion, (if the man had been a Mussulman, the fellow would have been the first to give him a ride,) and finally, that while he was in my service, which was till we reached the next post, I should take every insult offered to a Christian as an insult to me, and deal with him accordingly. The man made no reply, and the Armenian, who had probably never heard such language from a Christian to a Mussulman before, came back at my bidding and mounted the horse with a half-reluctant air, as if he feared that the enraged postillion might find an oppportunity for wreaking his vengeance upon him at some future day.

The night was dark, gloomy, and cold, and as we started, we heard the cry of a hungry wolf near by, which, pinched with hunger, was filling the air with his dismal howl. Right glad were we when we drew up after an hour's ride, before the door of the khan, which was to be our resting-place for the night.

The next day we crossed the Taurus, in about eight hours, to Argana. The pretty town of Argana Maden lies half way upon the road, in a gorge of the mountains through which the Tigris pours its discolored waters. It is celebrated for its copper-mines, which I judged to be in a prosperous state, from the fact, that it was one of the very few towns in Turkey which seemed to be upon the increase. New buildings were going up, and the whole wore an air of newness and neatness, which afforded a delightful contrast to the faded and decaying appearance of most Turkish towns. Here we parted with our Armenian friend, who had reached the end of his journey. Whether he was successful in the object of it I never heard.

The passage of the Taurus, which three years ago filled me with impressions of the awful and sublime, was now tame and uninteresting. Whether it was the familiarity of the scenes, or the want of certain stirring incidents which added to the impression in the first instance, I will not pretend to say, but certain it was, that the mountains which seemed before to abound in the picturesque and the grand, now appeared destitute of both, a mere tedious succession of ups and downs. It was some relief when we reached the last height and looked down on the far-spreading plains of Diarbekir, stretching off in the distance like the sea in a calm, and descried to the S. E. the well-known range of the dark Karajah.

Arrived at Argana, lying upon the steep slope beneath a lofty peak, whose top is crowned with the remains of an ancient fortress, the same sights met my eyes which I had witnessed in Sivas; here, however, aggravated in degree. Half naked and famishing children, driven from their homes by hunger, clustered around the door of the little café where I had taken lodgings, their pallid faces and shrivelled limbs showing too plainly the extent of their sufferings. Some were so reduced by famine that the muscular parts

of the body, as the thigh and calf of the leg, had quite gone, and they appeared like walking skeletons more than human beings. But these were only faint touches of the picture which I was to see at Diarbekir in all its frightful reality.

I was detained two days at Argana for the want of horses, and falling into company with an Armenian of Constantinople, on his way to Bagdad, we determined, for mutual security, to join forces. We had heard nothing of the Kurds since we left Kaban Maden, but frightful stories were rife at Argana of their depredations upon the desert between that place and Diarbekir. On account of the heat, we thought it best to travel by night, and we flattered ourselves that in this way we should be more likely to escape observation. The governor furnished us with a guard, and several poor people of the country, who were waiting for an escort, joined our company, besides a fat Tatar, who endeavored to make it appear that his going with us was intended for our protection instead of his own. He talked so largely about it that we began to suspect him of being an arrant coward. If the truth were told, however, there was probably no one of us who would not have avoided the twelve hours' journey over the desert, if he could. For my own part, I am free to confess, that the prospect of such a journey always excites a peculiar train of sensations, or, in other words, that I never enter upon it without secretly wishing it were over. I have never seen the time, however, when, however pressing the danger might appear, there was not consolation and strength in the thought that the line of duty lay straight through it.

There is a monastery near Argana, on the height above the town, which I would have visited, but the intenseness of the heat, which I did not care to encounter in any thing aside from my work, deterred me. The monastery belongs to the Armenians, and is called *Asdvatzatzin*, or the Mon-

astery of the Blessed Virgin. It is said to be rich, and the monks were described to me as leading an easy and comfortable life, far above (at least in point of local position) the cares and tumults of the world. I was told that they have a rich and beautiful Church, and a library well-stocked with books. An Englishman had died in the monastery only a few weeks before I passed, and I afterwards saw in Diarbekir a part of his property, which had been sold in the bazars by his servant. The thoughts of thus dying away from one's kindred are not pleasant to the mortal sense, but they will sometimes force themselves upon the mind of the lonely traveller, and recall bright visions of home and all who are loved there; and the many, many leagues that he is away from it. Happy, then, if Faith can point him to a better home, and gather around it brighter visions, and check his love of earth by the hope of its rest and its reward!

CHAPTER VIII.

Departure from Argana.—Our Company.—The Desert by Night.—Meeting with Kurds.—Hostile Preparations.—The Event.—Repose on the Grass.—Famine.—First Impressions.—Scenes from the Famine.—Causes of it.—A Feast.—Hard Drinking.—Hardness of Heart.—Outrage upon the Christians.—Mussulman Bigotry.—Justice in Turkey.

We started a little before sunset on the 31st of May. Our party, as we wound our way down from the steep rock of Argana to the plain, presented a very imposing array. The Armenian's and my own were five in number. Then came the Tatar, with his guide; and after him followed a little troop of men, some on foot, and some on donkeys. These, however, being chiefly peasants, who had no other means of defence than a stout cudgel, added little to our available force. Upon counting our arms there were found eight pistols, three swords, and a gun. The last-mentioned implement was in the hands of a Kurd, who talked so knowingly of the predatory habits of his brethren, that some suspected him of having had a little practice himself. He was one of two men who formed my body-guard, and being, for the present at least, as sent by the Governor, a trusty fellow, his supposed experience was regarded by most of the party as an important recommendation. He was a fine stout man, in the full dress of his countrymen, frank and sociable, and, more than all, he was the captain of our forces.

We did not emerge from the hills until twilight was gone, and the moon was shining in full lustre upon the wide-

spread plain. By this time, too, the songs and mirth, and busy hum of voices, with which the march commenced, had subsided, and we moved along in gloomy silence, each one occupied with his own thoughts. After proceeding in this manner a few hours, the Tatar, who was a few rods in advance, came back, and reported that a strong party were advancing towards us from the left. As the guides knew of no road in that direction, the circumstance seemed a little suspicious. At least so thought our captain, who immediately ordered us to fall into close order, prepare our arms, and keep a strict silence. He then unslung his gun, and took the lead on foot. A few moments of confusion followed, each one being apparently animated by a desire to march in the centre of the body, which occasioned considerable difficulty in forming our van. At length our ranks were formed, two marching abreast, and the baggage horses in the centre. Pistols were taken out, swords displayed, every man's flint and priming examined; and then followed a dead pause. My Armenian friend found his courage sinking, and applied himself to a large gourd, which he had taken care to fill with the choice wine of Argana. When he had drunk he smacked his lips, and declared himself a braver man. Others begged for a drop of the courage-giving liquid, but my worthy friend had emptied the vessel at a draught. I will only add that the wine was obtained for him by a Mussulman, who brought it to the café under his cloak, and begged the physician, for such he was, to let no one know from whom he had it.[1]

The party who had created all this alarm and perturbation, were now in full view, and only a few rods in advance. They were seven men, well mounted, and our captain reported, in a whisper, that they were Kurds, and robbers.

[1] The Koran will explain the cause of his timidity,—that remarkable book being "total abstinence" in its precepts, so far as relates to wine.

Just then we discovered that two of our party, whom we had taken to be Kurdish peasants, were missing. We began to suspect foul play ; and this, coupled with the ominous intelligence from the front, cast a deeper gloom over the party. What if the missing men had stolen round and communicated with the enemy! They must have learned our real weakness, which we fain hoped the darkness of the night would conceal. They would also learn the rich prey which awaited them, for we were come from Constantinople, and had nine horse-loads, eight of which belonged to the physician. But there was no time to remedy the evil, for just as we discovered it, an order came from the captain that no one should fire until he gave the word, and had fired himself. This was whispered back from rank to rank, until it reached my ears. I was in the rear rank, with a travelling companion of the physician, who complained bitterly that his friend had left him none of the wine. Before us were the servants, the baggage-horses, and the men on foot ; in front of them were the Tatar and the physician, occupying, notwithstanding the bravery of their wine and big words, the safest place in the company. The van before them was formed of two or three ranks of armed footmen, and at the head of all marched the captain. As he uttered his last command he cocked his gun. The die seemed cast. I uttered a short prayer, and awaited the result with more quietness as the danger came nearer. All this passed in a shorter time than I have taken to relate it. We could now discover that the enemy had dismounted. They approached, and slowly crossing our path, moved along to a little hillock on our right, which they ascended. No hail was given, nor word spoken. On the top of the hillock they halted, and turning full upon us, one of them mounted his horse. The others stood by, ready to spring into their saddles, and we fully expected they would do so, and the whole body come rushing down upon us like the whirlwind, after the manner of the

Kurds. At this moment our captain ordered us to open our ranks, so as to display our numbers, which we did; but so as to cover our baggage, by keeping between it and the enemy. The trick seemed to succeed; the party kept their places, and leisurely surveyed us for a few moments, when they suddenly disappeared behind the hillock. The captain thought that they might move round, and attack us in the rear; and two of our company, of whom I was one, were ordered to fall back, and keep a good look-out. For a few minutes we remained in anxious suspense, when the enemy no more appearing, our fears gradually subsided, and we went on our way; every one of us, I believe, a relieved and happier man. One or two even attempted to get up a song in triumph or defiance, but it soon quavered, trembled, and died away; we were not yet ready for *that*. In the mean while our captain quietly returned his gun to its sling, and resumed his place in the company—the only one who seemed not to have been *considerably* agitated.

At midnight we had accomplished half the journey, and concluded, after some discussion, to stop and rest. At the spot stood a khan, which had been built by Hafiz Pasha, whose plan it was to make the desert an inhabited place. It had been neglected by his successor, and was now partly in ruins. We did not choose to enter it, but, disposing ourselves upon the grass, unloaded our horses, and, tying their feet, let them loose to graze. We then set a guard, and each one lying down by his baggage, we soon fell asleep. After half an hour I awoke, and on looking round for the guard, found that they were all wrapped in deep slumber. What a prey for the Kurds! I thought of it for a moment, and then falling back went to sleep again. Happily no one molested us. We woke at day-break, loaded our horses, and proceeded to the city.

I had heard of the famine at Diarbekir from the worthy Governor of Gumush Khaneh, but I did not expect to behold

such scenes as met my eyes as soon as I had entered the city. We had just passed the Constantinople gate, and were slowly making our way through the crowded streets, when my horse suddenly started at something lying before him in the road. On looking down I saw a human being stretched upon his back with his face upturned to the hot sun. His eye met mine, and such a look of misery and despair my eye never encountered. Before I could stop, or make any inquiry, we were hurried by, and the crowd closed in behind us. I put a question to the guide, but he answered only by that peculiar "don't know and don't care" shrug of the shoulders which the traveller is often obliged to take for an answer in Turkey. Before we reached our lodgings, we passed four or five others in the same situation. Some had covered their faces, but we could see by the quivering of their limbs, and the short, quick breathing which agitated the thin garments upon their breasts, that they were in the agonies of death. Of the others I cannot now recal, the expression, for the sight was becoming familiar, with every recurrence; but the look of that first created a new image in my mind, which can never be effaced. It was a first, fresh impression. The picture is as vivid as if I saw it but yesterday. I see it now—those glassy eyes, that ghastly death-struck look, that expression of mingled suffering, despair, and supplication. May I never look upon the like again!

As soon as we had settled ourselves in our lodgings, I went out to survey the scene more extensively. I needed not to go far, the dying and dead were all around—some lying in the middle of the streets liable to be trod upon by every passing horse, some at the gates of the rich, some in the outlets of the city, but most of all in the principal thoroughfares and bazars. All around, men were buying and selling; here a cook-shop sending forth its savory odors, and there a bake-house with its store of fresh bread displayed abroad;

here a butcher's stall, and there a seller of vegetables, fruits, water, sherbets, even the luxuries of life; and these poor emaciated wretches lying in the midst of all, pining, sinking, dying of utter starvation! Who would believe it? At one corner might be seen one, a squalid child, stretching out its shrivelled fingers to seize a bone thrown out for the dogs; there another actually consuming some offal which it had found in the streets. There, under the eaves of a house, lies a man of powerful frame, but reduced to the dimensions of a skeleton, who has resigned himself to his fate and has covered up his face to die. See how his breast heaves and his limbs tremble in his last agony. Here is a mother with one infant at the breast, and another a year or two older at her knee. What puny, emaciated things! They hardly seem like human beings. And she who gave them birth, how piteous and wo-begone she looks, and what a supplicating eye she raises as I pass! Who can resist such an appeal? And yet the busy throng move on, heedless of the misery in their very paths. They seem not even to notice the forlorn sufferers, much less to pity them. They would be more merciful to brutes; what can have steeled their hearts against men of flesh and blood like themselves? Here passes a Christian priest. Surely the minister of Him who taught us to love even our enemies, to do good to all men, to do to others as we would that others should do to us, will look with compassion upon these dying wretches. But no; he appears not to see them or hear their cry. A body apparently lifeless lies before him in his very path. He must step aside to avoid it. He does so, and passes on. Near by lies a woman. She has rested her head upon a stone, but in her agony her head has moved back and hangs over the stone, which is beneath her neck. In this position she is uttering the most heart-piercing cry for mercy. The priest, as he passes, turns his head, for a moment, in that

direction. Who could avoid hearing such unearthly cries? He will stop and speak to her. No; he has gone by without deigning a second glance.

"What is the reason of all this?" I said to a very respectable Mohammedan with whom I was walking. He had heard of our arrival from Constantinople, and having called upon us to hear the news, went out with me to the bath.

"They are Kurds," he replied.

"But they are Mussulmans also, men of your own faith; why do you not take care of them?"

"Let the dogs die!" was the horridly inhuman answer. "We have had trouble enough with them. We should like to see them all, the whole race of them, dying in the same way."

The reader must understand that the Kurds of the province of Diarbekir have always been discontented and dangerous subjects, and that this feeling has increased since the late Sultan attempted to subdue them and introduce among them his new military system. They were taken by force from their villages and enlisted in the army. I remember having seen, during my first visit to the city, about two hundred of their young men driven in like cattle, their aged parents following, weeping and wringing their hands. The Kurds have a vague, undefined horror of the *Nizami jedid*, or "new order," and doubtless it has been a great misfortune to them. They have seen their villages invaded by recruiting officers, and their children wrested from them and forced into the army. The novelty of the thing has made the calamity seem more grievous. It was no wonder, therefore, that on the defeat of the Turkish army at Nezib in 1839, they arose to wreak their vengeance upon their oppressors, little reflecting that the anarchy which then existed must soon pass away, and that by such acts they were only laying up a long account against them-

selves, which they must settle when order returned. The Mussulmans of the city have contracted a strong aversion to the Kurds, or rather have strengthened that which has long existed. During the last two years the rains failed, and the crops were consequently cut off. The Kurds, driven from their homes by hunger, were compelled to fly to the town, and here no one was found who would have pity upon them. They died by hundreds in the streets, twenty or thirty dying daily. When the spring returned, many contrived to live on herbs and berries which they found in the fields, but still, at the time of my visit, from five to ten expired daily in the streets. The famine had been so severe, that they ate the most offensive things, such as dead cats and dogs, and even human flesh. How beings, in the shape of humanity, could stand by and see such events passing before their very eyes, without raising a finger to relieve them, I am at a loss to imagine. I had it from very respectable authority, that between four and five thousand had thus perished in the streets of Diarbekir—all of them Kurds. Some of the depopulated villages contained Armenians, but these had been cared for by their own people. Thus, at the house where I tarried, whenever the voice of a beggar was heard at the gate, if it was in Armenian, or asked alms "in the name of *Christ*," a servant was immediately sent out with money or provisions. If it was in Kurdish, no one took any notice of it. I was astonished at the hard-heartedness of the Christians. On the evening following that of my arrival, I was invited to dine at the house of a wealthy Christian merchant, where I met with several ecclesiastics of different ranks. The dinner was served in the open air, at ten o'clock, P. M., at the special request (as to the time) of my Armenian friend and myself, the fashionable hour being six o'clock, Turkish time, which would be, according to our computation, at this season, about one

hour after midnight.[1] As we were to start early on the morrow, we begged our host to show us Constantinople civility, and give us our dinner at sunset; but this was so exceedingly vulgar that he could not be brought to consent to it. With great difficulty we obtained a compromise, and the dinner was served at ten. The rich of Diarbekir are well-known for the luxuriousness and richness of their tables, for the excellence of their liquors, and, I am sorry to add, their *very* free use of them. On the present occasion we assembled soon after sunset, from which time till ten o'clock there was an incessant round of pipes, naghilehs,[2] coffee, and wine. The table was spread with a dozen different kinds of dried fruit, intended as a provocative to the appetite. Interspersed among them were goblets and vases filled with the rosy liquid. These, however, were only for show. By the side of the table stood buckets filled with iced water, and in them stood the vessels from which, ever and anon, the servants filled the glasses of the guests. Now and then one would perambulate with a smaller vessel and a waiter of cups, each holding hardly more than a large thimble-full of rakkee,[3] which he would administer to those who preferred such potent liquor. Think of such a ceremony continuing for six or even three hours. But the Diarbekirlees are said to be accustomed to it, of which we had very good evidence on the present occasion, for the quantity of wine and rakkee which was sipped without producing any visible effect, except perhaps to render the conversation a grain livelier, was astonishing, almost incredible. For nearly three hours it seemed to be the only employment of two or three servants

[1] The Turks, like all the Orientals, begin their day at sunset; that is to say, sunset is with them twelve o'clock. The hour varies, of course, with the changes of the sun.

[2] Turkish water-pipe.

[3] Turkish brandy, distilled from the juice of the grape.

to fill the wine-cups of seven or eight guests. How a party of men continuing in this way till one o'clock in the morning, could find after all capacity for dinner, or physical power to eat it, I was at a loss to conceive. Upon the whole, I did not like this specimen of Diarbekir society, far exceeding, as it did, some rather trying specimens which I had witnessed during my former visit. Least of all was I satisfied with the evident want of discernment in supposing that any other than a man of Diarbekir could stand such a preface to his dinner. My good friends (for in every other respect they seemed to be very respectable and worthy persons) were disposed to treat me as if I had undergone the same training with themselves, and possessed the same capability. In a word, they seemed bent upon my pursuing a course by which I should inevitably have lost my dinner, and been unfit for travelling on the morrow. It is the height of incivility to be backward on such occasions, for, like all Orientals, the people of Diarbekir judge of the pleasure which a guest takes in their entertainment by the quantity which he eats and drinks, and it is always easier to comply than to resist their tormenting importunities. But after carefully considering the matter, and balancing between the impropriety and the inconvenience of excess on the one hand, and the danger of offending my host on the other, I decided in favor of the latter, and by the aid of a young Greek friend present, who declared that it was not the custom of Franks to drink so immoderately, I was enabled to keep my resolution.

The dinner, when it came, was in the best style of Oriental profusion and display. I will not describe it, for I have wandered already far enough from my object in alluding to it at all—which was, to say that I introduced the subject of the poor starving wretches in the streets, in the hope that the clergy at least would second my appeal. But the result was that I found no sympathy from any quarter. Neither clergy nor laity could be convinced that it was their

duty to attend to any other than their own poor, and as for the Kurds, I evidently lowered myself in the estimation of the company by pleading for them.

And yet these Christian men had sorrows of their own, to which they were tremblingly alive. Many was the doleful tale which they poured into my ears of their recent persecution. While they were following the example of the Mohammedans in refusing even a cup of cold water to perishing men, the Mussulmans, impelled by some sudden burst of fanaticism, rose upon them and threatened to destroy every Christian in the city. They were seized and beaten in the streets. Some had their bones broken. Others escaped and hid themselves in secret places. Shops were broken open and plundered. Even Churches were wantonly entered and desecrated by the ruthless mob, and several Christians were murdered under their own roofs in cold blood. Men of note were hunted down like wild beasts, and some of them died of very fear. For several days there was a period of awful suspense. Not a Christian was to be seen in the streets. Every one lay hid in his lurking-place, fearing lest every moment might be his last. Unfortunately there were but a very few soldiers in the city, and these, in their semi-Frank dresses, were as much the objects of indignation as the Christians themselves. "You are the men," it was said to them, "who are sent hither to make us all Giaours." The Pasha, after a few fruitless attempts, declared himself unable to suppress the mob. At length he hit upon an expedient which succeeded admirably. He caused a report to be circulated in the city that Mohammed Pasha of Mossoul had been sent for, and was marching upon the city with a large force. The trick was successful. The infuriated Mussulmans shrunk back at the name of the terrible Pasha of Mossoul, and the Christians, half-dead with fear, began to creep forth from their hiding-places. I could discover no

other cause for this infamous outrage than sheer Mohammedan bigotry, in which the Mussulmans of Diarbekir are said to abound. While it continued, nearly twenty Christians fell a sacrifice to their fury. Among them was a very respectable Syrian merchant, who entertained me during my first visit for three days. When the affair came to be investigated, it was found that the principal leaders were among the most respectable Mussulmans of the city. One of them was no less a personage than the Kadi himself.

The Government at Constantinople acted on the occasion in a manner very creditable to itself. Peremptory orders were sent to Diarbekir that the Christians should be protected, and the offenders subjected to the punishment which their crimes deserved. Accordingly the authors of the outrage, about twenty in number, were seized and sent off on foot, under a strong escort, to the Pasha of Kharpout, to whom the province of Diarbekir is subject, but whether they ever received the reward which their flagitious conduct merited, I am unable to say. It is not an uncommon thing for such culprits in Turkey to escape unpunished, especially if they are Mussulmans, and the offence is committed against Christians. There is little of equal justice in the land, least of all in the provinces, and the Christians are generally the greatest sufferers. Their testimony is not taken against Mussulmans, while they are themselves subject to be harassed without cause, and are commonly the first objects of oppression. I know that there are exceptions to this statement, but I speak of the *general* order of things.

CHAPTER IX.

Respect for Franks.—Interposition in behalf of Eastern Christians.—Greek Hospitality.—Visits from Ecclesiastics.—Relations of the Native Papal Christians with Rome.—Meeting with an old Friend.—False Reports and true Reports.—Our Company.—Kurdish Village.—Escort.—Kurdish Bey.—Polite Robbery.—A useful Lesson.—Loose Friends.—Delays.—Present State of Mardin.—Decay.—Reaction of Reform.

THERE was one fact connected with the melancholy outrage upon the Christians of Diarbekir, related in the last chapter, which, if correctly reported to me, as I believe it to have been, is worthy of mention, as showing the respect and even fear with which Europeans were at that time regarded in some of the worst parts of Turkey. While the commotion was at its height and the native Christians were secreting themselves from the rage of their enemies, and Turkish soldiers were flying from the indignation which their half-Frank garbs brought upon them, several European, the people said English, travellers were in the city, and went freely about in their European dresses and hats, no one venturing to molest them. One or two years before, the same experiment under the same circumstances might have been hazardous. But the events of the last year in Syria, commencing with the bombarding of Beyrout, and ending with the reduction of Acre and the retreat of a Pasha whose very name had always been supposed sufficient to strike terror into the hearts of his enemies, have created a deep

and even extravagant impression of the skill and power of Europeans. It was a feeling of joy and hope to the Christians, of awe and respect to the Mussulmans. The former often ask why this power has never been exerted in their behalf. Perhaps it may yet be. The train of events seems fast verging towards it. But such an interposition ought not to be desired, excepting conditionally. The Christians themselves are not yet prepared for it. They are not yet ready to appreciate and improve the new state into which it would introduce them,—a state of greater freedom, of new responsibilities and privileges, which *they* only can use aright whose character is elevated to an equality with and a fitness for them. Let me not be misunderstood. No Christian man can look upon the present state of the Eastern Churches and reflect upon their long bondage of centuries, and see them still trodden down by the feet of Infidels, and not sigh for their relief. But let us not ruin the end by premature and over-hasty means. It would be vain to say that our Eastern brethren are fairly prepared to govern themselves; and as to ecclesiastical freedom, desirable as it is in itself, it might, if vouchsafed at the present moment, bring in an endless train of evils, and those evils the very ones which would most mar, if not wholly prevent, the great blessings of religious liberty. Many there are who would abandon their Churches forthwith, if they were now let loose from the strong hand of power. Ruptures and schisms without end would arise. Sects of seceders innumerable would spring up. Men of extravagant zeal and little knowledge would commence a destructive warfare upon the Churches in which they were baptized. Infidels would join with schismatics in overturning the foundations of the temple, and the Churches themselves, harassed by oppositions and embittered by misrepresentations, would be led to defend errors which now exist without a positive sanction, and to establish by decrees corruptions which are now floating

without order, without system, in the ignorant habits and practices of the people. Let philanthropists, then, of every class, beware. The evil cannot be successfully removed by the application of political remedies until the Churches are elevated in themselves by the gradual revival of sound doctrine and the restoration of primitive piety. *They* are the philanthropists whom the times demand, who are aiming at *these* ends, circumspectly, prudently, carefully.

Let no one say that the enslaved state of the Churches prevents all advancement. The case is not so bad as that. There is present and active progress, as much perhaps as can awaken hope without exciting fears,—perhaps I might say, more, for there are some who feel that there is already reason to fear.

I ought not to quit Diarbekir[1] without acknowledging my obligations to a very kind Greek friend, who received me into his house and showed me every attention in his power. It was a luxury which I had not known for several weeks, to go to bed in a civilized manner, for neither expedition nor the object of my journey, which required me to be as much as possible among the people, would allow me to avail myself of such appendages of comfort as a tent, bed, and other commodities usually esteemed necessary for an Eastern traveller. My friend's hospitality left me nothing to desire, excepting that the profusion and richness of his "good creatures" made more painful the contrast of misery and starvation in the streets.

Most of the visitors at the house were ecclesiastics. Some of them were men of grave and seemly manners, with whom it was a pleasure to converse. One in particular, a native Papal Bishop, who like myself was a stranger in the city, quite won my love by his quiet and unostentatious

[1] For a description of the city I must refer the reader to the Narrative of my first journey, Vol. II. pp. 294–299.

manners and the simple dignity of his conversation. He was one of those, of whom there are not a few among the native Papal Christians of the East, who understand well the relations in which they stand to Rome, and make a broad distinction between a bare acknowledgment of the primacy of the Pope, beyond which many do not go, and an unreserved submission to whatever emanates from Rome. He spoke freely of the conduct of a certain agent of the Pope, an Italian or French Bishop, whom he evidently knew only as a Bishop of the Europeans residing in the country, though, to my own knowledge, he put himself forth as having jurisdiction over all the native Churches subject to the Pope. Native Bishops acknowledging the Pope have often found this disposition to domineer, on the part of Latin emissaries, one of the greatest grievances of their situation. They little dreamed when they entered upon their allegiance, that they should ever be cramped in the exercise of their Episcopal office by the interference of men, sometimes their inferiors in ministerial rank, professing to act under the commands of the Pope. Contests and misunderstandings have not unfrequently risen, although the general policy of Rome has been of a character peculiarly adapted to prevent suspicion.

We left Diarbekir on the 3d of June, and on the afternoon of the 4th reached Mardin, nearly 60 miles distant, by the same route which I followed in 1838. At Argana I had met a Tatar coming from Bagdad, who gave a most terrific account of the state of the country between Mardin and Mossoul. The Governor of Jezireh was at war with the Pasha of Mossoul, and the Yezidees of the Sinjar mountains, those old plunderers of the desert, were in rebellion. This was the substance of the story, garnished with so many particulars of robberies, murders, and hair-breadth escapes, as gave an air of veracity to the whole. Accordingly we

had left Diarbekir with the expectation of meeting with even greater difficulties and dangers than I had been led to anticipate from the monstrous stories which I heard at Sivas. Before we were out of sight of the city, however, we were met by another Tatar, who had come from the same city over the same route. The account which he gave was not exactly opposite to the other, but very near to opposite. The Bey of Jezireh was *not* at war with the Pasha of Mossoul, nor were the Yezidees in rebellion. Travelling in the desert, however, was very unsafe, and he recommended that I should not attempt it without a strong guard. This Tatar was an old acquaintance, had been with me in two journeys in the interior, and was, I knew, a trustworthy man. I had never known a Mussulman for whom I had formed so strong an attachment. He had always seemed to me more like an inquirer into the truth of Christianity, than a hard-hearted infidel. Often had we conversed together seriously and sincerely about his religion and mine, and he was almost the only Mussulman that I ever saw, who believed Christianity more pure and elevating in its moral influence than Mohammedism. I was almost as glad to see him as if he were a brother. His honest, open face did me good, and I will confess the meeting relieved me of some anxiety, and so tended to make the rest of my journey to Mossoul more agreeable. Our party, however, was not a small one, for several Mussulmans from Diarbekir had watched our departure, and knowing that I had an order for guards, had joined themselves to us. One of them was, or pretended to be, a Turkish officer, who carried a bottle of brandy at his side, with which he was wont to arouse his sleeping courage. Another was a quiet old Mussulman of a very different stamp. He looked upon the dereliction of his brother in the faith with a displeased eye, and kept himself aloof from his society. Indeed, he was a pest to us all, for his courage, when aroused, was rather of the stormy sort, and breeded quarrels.

He fell out with one and another, until he had not a friend left in the company; so he was permitted to ride by himself, and finding no superior object to pick a quarrel with, he every now and then fell out with his horse. The poor beast followed the example of his betters, and did all in his power to get rid of him. At length he fairly succeeded, and stretched the superior brute, his master, upon the grass. There was not one who was disposed to aid in catching the quadruped and forcing him into such uncongenial society again. Who would wish to make even a beast companion to a drunkard?

We stopped the first night at Khanik, where we bought a lamb and roasted it whole, but the villagers stole it during the night and sent us off without a breakfast. A ride of two and a half hours brought us to the village of Avgour, or as it is sometimes called, Ali Bey Keui. All the people are Kurds, and, until of late years, they were all robbers by profession. It is said that their nature has not changed, and that they have only suspended business from prudential motives, since they lost their chief by a sudden and violent death. The physician who was with me was at that time in attendance on the Pasha who ordered the execution, and I learned from his account that the act was not precisely as I have formerly reported it.[1] It was even more sudden and summary. The Pasha arrived with a strong body of soldiers, and almost immediately ordered the chief to be seized and shot, which was done before he had time to escape, or even to suspect any design against himself. The people at once fled to the mountains, and returned, after the Pasha had departed, more peaceful and loyal men. The chief had left a young wife of fifteen or sixteen, who had now become the wife of a very young man, and he, in right of his marriage, chief of the village. We rode up to

[1] Narrative, &c., Vol. II. p. 292.

his house, the same where I had formerly spent a night, and found him sitting in the shade before the door. He was thin, and slightly made, and beardless as a boy, but erect in form, and dignified in his manners. He said little, but was very observant, and his quiet, serious, searching look was not at all calculated to put one at his ease with him. He seemed as if he wished to find out who and what you were, yet doubted and suspected every thing that you said. We endeavored to engage him in pleasant conversation, but he looked and answered with the same serious and retiring manner, as if he suspected some design in it. At length we opened our business, and told him we wished for guards to Mardin. He consulted for a moment with half a dozen old men who had come in and seated themselves at his side, and then answered that no guard was needed. The physician replied very plainly that we would not leave without one, and that the chief himself must be of the party. At this he started back and hesitated, but the physician followed him up and promptly rejected every other arrangement, throwing out sundry hints of serious consequences to himself if he refused, and alluding to the bouyouroultou of the Pasha of Diarbekir, which we had been careful to obtain. The young man, finding that he could not escape, ordered his horse to be brought, and retiring into the house, soon appeared again, armed with pistols, sword, and spear. He then ordered two of the old men to accompany him, and we all mounted and proceeded on our way. I was not a little astonished at the boldness and success of the physician's expedient, but it soon appeared that it was planned and suggested to him by the quiet old Mussulman in our company, who, while the little controversy was going on, sat still and said not a word. He well knew that the presence of the young chief would be a greater security than twenty horsemen, but as he himself lived in Diarbekir, and was often going to and fro, he did

not wish to have his own agency in the matter known to the chief, who might some day find an opportunity of repaying him for the trouble which he had given him.

Under this powerful escort we continued our journey free from alarm or fears, though we met with several parties of Kurds, whom, from their appearance, we would not have wished to meet alone. They all knew Ali Bey, the young chief, and seemed to have a great reverence for him. He always had something to say to them in Kurdish, with which they appeared satisfied, and went on their way. Ali Bey maintained the same imperturbable manner throughout the journey, eyeing one and another of us constantly, but saying nothing. Once, however, I detected him in close conversation with my servant, with his eye fixed on me. Shortly after, Basil rode up and reported that the Bey had been inquiring into the contents of our baggage, and had asked particularly whether I had any more such handkerchiefs as I wore about my head, and whether I had a watch. The poor boy was quite alarmed by the import of the questions, but I took them to be, as they doubtless were, only indications of that almost childish cupidity for pretty things which is universal among the Kurds. The youthful Bey was only thinking of begging a present.

When we reached the height two hours from Mardin, we came to a halt by the cold spring which gushes from the rock, and which every traveller who has quenched his thirst at it on a hot summer's day, will long remember. Here we were to take leave of our guards, the rest of the way to the city being by them reported perfectly safe. As we sat together by the spring, our Kurdish friends began, in a civil way, to ask for one little article and another, and before we parted from them, every tobacco-bag in the company had been emptied, my handkerchief had gone, and many other articles had changed owners. They took them without any thanks, while their eyes began to glisten with desire, excited rather

than allayed by what they received. There was no reason to fear them, because we were stronger than they; but their cupidity growing every moment more exacting and less respectful, we thought it best to leave them without ceremony, and bidding them a hasty adieu, rode away. The old Mussulman had quietly taken himself off as soon as he heard their requests for property, and was now considerably in advance. As soon as we came up with him, he gave us a gentle lecture for our imprudence, and said we should not have parted with a single article, (we had given them a handsome present in money for their services,) it was only a genteel way of robbing us, and to yield to it was only tempting them to proceed to less civil measures. I laid up the lesson in my heart, for I knew that the old man spoke the truth. A Kurd is not the only Eastern in whom a gift excites cupidity instead of gratitude. I am sorry to say, it is a common infirmity of Eastern character, and great as is the allowance to be made for it, at least in the case of Christians, indignant even as we may be at the infidel tyranny which has crushed manliness of sentiment and disinterested feeling, we cannot, as practical men, forget the fact, or neglect to estimate it in our plans and efforts.

All our companions from Diarbekir had come with us for the sake of protection, knowing that we had it in our power to obtain guards; but when we parted from the Kurds, there was nothing more to be gained from us, and every man made the best of his way to the city, leaving us to follow as rapidly as the physician's heavy baggage would allow. There was still a good deal of alarm among us with regard to the six miles of desolate country which lay between us and Mardin, and we thought our good friends who had had the benefit of our assistance thus far, might have given us theirs now that we had only each other to depend upon. But they unfortunately reasoned in another manner, somewhat thus: "There being no more guards, the best ex-

pedient (that is, for ourselves) is to hurry on as rapidly as possible to the city." They all abandoned us, therefore, even to the quiet old Mussulman. How perfectly Eastern again! We fared, however, none the worse for being left alone. As soon as our old friends saw us safely arrived in the city, those of them who intended to prosecute their journey to Mossoul began to court our society again, and inquire when we intended to leave.

I need not detail all the reasons which led me to depart somewhat from my original intention, and proceed immediately to Mossoul. The reader has little interest in knowing them. One was—and it was enough—that the season was already far advanced, and every day was increasing the danger of crossing the desert. If I was to visit Mossoul, the sooner the better. The people at the post-house, however, did not seem to have the same sense of the value of time. We were detained three whole days for horses, and kept on the alert by messages sent every few hours to the house to inform us that they were ready, and would speedily be at the gate. This would continue from day-break till about 9 A. M., when it was too late to start; and again from 4 P. M. till sunset, after which we could not pass the city-gates. When we complained, there was always some plausible reason ready, and when we did not complain, the next morning or evening would pass without any message.

Mardin had been transferred from the pashalik of Kharpout to that of Mossoul, since my last visit; the Governor that formerly ruled it, a son-in-law of Hafiz Pasha, had died on the field of Nezib, or, as others told me, of grief and mortification at the defeat; one other Governor had been put to death by the mob; a third had been deposed; and a fourth had just entered upon his office. By famine and bad government the town had decayed; houses then standing were now in ruin; the population had diminished; filth, and all

other signs of neglect and decay, had increased. I had before thought well of the place ; it now struck me most unfavorably. Then all was contentment and peace ; now all was complaint and fear. Many of the Christians had fled from oppression or starvation. The new Governor had just had a personal combat with his predecessor, in which, instead of appealing to arms, they settled their differences with their pipe-sticks. In a word, three years before, under the reforming rule of Hafiz Pasha, Mardin was following fast in the rapid progress towards European civilization which Sultan Mahmoud created, in appearance at least, all over the Empire. But that active and innovating spirit has departed, and Mardin, like many other cities, has felt the reaction. At the time of my former visit perfect security reigned ; now stories of midnight robberies and murders were current among the people ; and it was not thought altogether safe for foreigners to sojourn there long.

CHAPTER X.

Preparation for the Desert.—A sad Tale.—Arab Village.—Scene at Evening.—Our Company.—The Desert at Night.—Nisibin, site of ancient Nisibis.—Its present State.—Guard.—Route over the Desert.—The Orphan.—Moral Effects of the Famine.—Indifference of the Governors.—Journey by Night.—Depredations on the Villagers.—Search for Water.—Salt Lake.—The Heat.

We prepared ourselves for the desert with about thirty pounds of bread, a goat-skin of water, and large felts to shield us from the sun when we halted by day. Weary of waiting for post-horses, we engaged the jaded animals of a muleteer who had just arrived from Mossoul. We were to depart before daylight, and *of course* did not depart till after sunrise. If we had told our muleteer we should leave at midnight, we might have started at the time actually appointed. It is always necessary, in Eastern travelling, to predate in this way.

The horses with which we travelled had brought from Mossoul a Turkish Bey and his harem. They were from Bagdad, on their way to Constantinople. At present I had hardly the curiosity to inquire who they were, but a few weeks gave me an interest in them which has never ceased. On my return from Mossoul, while sitting one day in my room in the Monastery of Zafran, near Mardin, a woman entered, dressed in the style of a Turkish female of Constantinople. Her appearance at once attracted my attention, for I had

never seen the *yashmak*[1] south of the Euxine. After a very respectful obeisance, she spoke in the pure and sweet Turkish of the Capital. She said that she was a Syrian by birth, of the village of ————, near Jezireh, that she had been taken captive six or seven years before, by Rahvandouz Bey, in his sack and pillage of the country north of the Tigris. By him she had been sold at Mossoul or Bagdad, and had finally come into the hands of Ali Pasha, in whose palace she had served as a maiden of the harem several years, and was finally released when the Pasha heard that a firman had been issued for the recovery of all the Christians taken captive by the Kurdish Bey. Among them, besides herself, was a young sister of ten years, who had been sold to a Bey of Bagdad, and had now become an inmate of his harem. The Bey was the same whose horses I had taken from Mardin. As I was now going to the capital, the good woman begged that I would interpose for the release of her sister, saying, with many tears, that she was her only surviving relation, and that if she could not come back to her, she would herself go to Constantinople for the sake of being near her. I did not forget the commission, but my efforts were unsuccessful. The girl had been induced to profess Mohammedanism, and had become the wife of the Bey and a mother. After this change no firman could be obtained for her release, nor was there any hope that she would accept it if it could have been effected. What has become of the elder sister, I know not. I sent her intelligence of my want of success. Whether she is still mourning the loss of her nearest and dearest relative, or has sought her out among the thousands of the great city, I have never heard; but the incident of her sudden appearance before me at the monastery, and her message of sadness, have remained in my

[1] Turkish veil, worn by the Turkish and Armenian women of Constantinople.

memory among a long array of similar tales of distress which I have heard at different times in Turkey, and which often come back to remind me how many hearts in this broad world pine in secret, and how many sorrows remain untold in the history of our race.

At 8 A. M. the heat was so great that we were obliged to stop at Kherin, a Mussulman village three hours from Mardin. Along the road the peasants were reaping their barley, and in one place we passed a field of melons just transplanted, which covered about ten acres. At Kherin, which, when I passed three years before, was entirely deserted, I now found a thriving village of fifty families, all of which, with the exception of a solitary Chaldean, were Arabs. The women, as is common in the villages, were uncovered, and most of them were ornamented with a line of blue spots from one corner of the mouth to the other, passing over the chin.

As the day declined, the little village, which had been quiet under the noontide heat, presented a lively and bustling scene. The herds were driven in from abroad. The women, with their faces bare, and displaying the tin and bead bracelets on their wrists, were running to and fro, some engaged in culinary preparations for the evening meal, some bringing water from the village well, and some tending the babies. The old men were assembling on the roofs, where each family was spreading its beds for the night, for even at this early season (the 8th of June) it was more comfortable there than within doors. The houses were all of sun-baked earth, the roof consisting of timber covered with oak-boughs, straw, and earth, in successive layers. Out of doors was the oven, lined with burnt clay and heated with straw and sheep's dung; the baking being effected by plastering the thin cakes of dough upon the rounded roof and sides within.

We did not stop to partake of the good cheer which the

din of preparation promised, but packed up the remnants of a lamb which we had roasted, and started about an hour before sunset. Our company was now a large one. A few had come with us from the city, and others, who had been watching our departure for several days, followed us as soon as we passed the gates. Among the company was a Mussulman family, who marched a very little in our rear, closely attended by the master in person; and when we stopped, always encamped a few rods away from us.

Still and quiet we pursued our way over the desert, saw the sun go down into the plain just as it sinks into the calm ocean, and the daylight go silently out. Hour after hour stole by, and still we went on, on, on, with a measured, sober tread, over the boundless level. Several times we lost our way, and great was our astonishment when we came to a village that we thought was far behind us. Many leagues distant towards the Tigris, the plain was all on fire, the flames of which now rose and writhed and soared, and now gave place to a dark cloud of smoke, rising and rolling away in endless convolutions.

As the day broke, we found ourselves near Nisibin, where we halted till night came round again. This little village, the site of the famous city where James of hallowed memory lived, and the school of Christian sages attracted students from the distant East, is now a den of thieves. Kurds, Arabs, Christians, Jews, the offscouring of the cities and refugees from justice, have all taken shelter in Nisibin. Its great attraction is that it is free from taxes, (an exemption established by Hafiz Pasha, for the sake of enticing settlers,) and is too unhealthy for an honest man to live in. Such a spectacle of filth and ugliness as its one hundred and fifty houses presented, I thought I had never seen, even in the miserable villages of Turkey. Close by our tent lay a dead man, swollen and rotting in the hot sun, and there, to all appearance, he was to lie, like the carcass of a

horse, till the dogs devoured him. The villagers were passing to and fro, but no one noticed him. Where he lay when we arrived, he lay when we left.

We wished to have started at evening, but our guards were not ready till three hours after sunset. They came at last, fifteen stout men, armed with spear, and gun, and sword, and with them an unarmed guide, a black, fierce-looking Arab, that spoke hardly a word to the end of the journey. We had come thus far from Mardin alone, but the rest of the way was accounted dangerous. A quarrel had arisen between the Bey of Jezireh and certain soldiers of the Pasha, which compelled us to avoid the road, which lay in part through the country of the former, and strike for Mossoul, straight through the desert, where there was no path, nor water, nor signs of life. This would carry us into rather a dangerous proximity to the Yezidees of Sinjar, whose old habits of plunder it could hardly be hoped, were entirely abolished and forgotten in four years of professed but very doubtful loyalty.[1] There was also a report that a famous Arab chief, Soufouk Bey, had been plundering in that part of the desert, and might at any moment appear in our path. I suppose it was reports of this kind which chilled the courage of our party, for, when we started, not a man of all who had accompanied us from Kherin made his appearance, and, like the Pilgrim, we went on our way, and saw them no more.

We were destined, however, to have female society in our rude journey over the desert. One of our guards, who bore only a spear, had, in the place of other accoutrements, a Kurdish girl of 16, whom he carried behind him on his horse. He had found her in Nisibin perishing with famine,

[1] These inveterate robbers of the desert were subdued in their own mountains by Hafiz Pasha, during the summer of 1837. See Narrative of a Tour, &c., II. p. 266.

and was now taking her to Mossoul to make her his wife. I was disposed to believe him, for he treated her with kindness all the way, and gave her the best morsel to eat, and spake gently to her when she was weary. She had no friend but him in the wide world. Father and mother, brothers and sisters were all gone; and he, a stranger, had taken her to him, to protect and comfort her. Sweet everywhere in this sorrowing world is it to see the kindlier sympathies of man's nature in exercise, but nowhere more sweet than in the desert, and among rude and barbarous men. The girl, too, was modest and well-looking. She rode apart from the company with her companion, and carefully concealed her face from the gaze of others. I thought it was also a redeeming trait in the rough character of our guards, that they did not attempt to intrude upon their comrade, but left him with his charge to pursue their way as they pleased.

It was one dreadful feature of the famine that had lately depopulated the villages, that it dissolved the ties of nature, kindred and morality. Parents sold their daughters for a morsel of food, and girls who had lost their parents sold themselves for nothing to any body who would support them. During the whole of these distressing scenes, the Turkish Governors seem never to have dreamed that they had any interest or concern in relieving the wants of their starving people. I thought of appealing to the fat Pasha of Diarbekir, a monster of a man, whose circumference was equal to his longitude, but every one told me that it would be useless, so I desisted. In fact, the Turks seemed to think it a good opportunity to get rid of bad subjects, and it was vain to urge the claims of humanity against their peculiar views of state policy.

After a sleepless day at Nisibin, we travelled all night over the desert, crossing before midnight three little streams, from one of which we frightened a herd of wild hogs, that scampered away in the dark, while into another we only escaped,

by the superior instinct of our horses, from plunging ourselves. Before 1 A. M. we judged by the baying of dogs that we were passing near some village, and soon after, we came upon a field of barley, ready for the sickle. Here our guide ordered a halt, and every man excepting myself dismounted, and coolly taking off his horse's bridle, let him loose into the barley. I pleaded, remonstrated, and, as one must sometimes do with Easterns, stormed, in vain. The guards coolly replied that the horses would not eat enough to make the difference perceptible. I remained some time upon my horse, heartily wishing that the dogs would come after us. But their barking sounded no nearer, and at last ceased, when the guards quietly laid themselves down and went to sleep. Seeing resistance useless, I dismounted also, and gave my horse to the muleteer, who quickly set him to work with the others. According to our contract, he was to provide fodder, and he would not allow me to dictate to him the mode of doing it. I laid down upon the ground, but was so vexed that I could not sleep; so I consoled myself as well as I could, with eating bread and cheese. After an hour I walked over the ground. There was hardly a stalk of barley left standing. Thirty hungry horses had been employed upon it for an hour. What had not been consumed, was trodden down. I thought of the dismay of the poor villagers when they should come to look after their harvest; and yet a kind Providence, that watches over all, had permitted us to come and destroy the hard-earned produce of their toil. I called up the guards, and pointed to the very "perceptible difference" that we had made in the appearance of the field. The only conclusion which they drew from it was that their horses had had enough. I had thought that they would be frightened when they saw what they had done, but they appeared so cool about it that I began to suspect that the villagers who owned the field were Christians. There are some Syrians in this part of the desert.

We were following no path, and were therefore obliged to trust solely to the sagacity of the guide. I know not how he calculated, but I kept my eye ever and anon upon the stars, fixing the cardinal points by the polar constellation. Judging from that faithful monitor, whose presence, with that of all his sister constellations, has often in the long weary nights been to me society, our course was by no means straight forward. Without any imaginable cause, our guide led us hither and thither, to the right and the left, the north and the south. Perhaps he was asleep. I told him we were wrong, but he was the guide and could do as he pleased. When morning broke, he looked round after the *tels*, or mounds,[1] and professed to guide us by them. His business was to lead us to water, but he went to sleep, and his horse went on, and continued for some time to perform the duties of his master before we discovered under what guidance we were. He, the master, was evidently bewildered, and kept us wandering to and fro with the hope of finding water somewhere. At length he brought us to a lake, whose waters were saline and undrinkable. The water had receded, and left a strong mineral deposit on the shore. All around were tracks of wild hogs, and a few birds were there. All the rest was barren, cheerless desert, covered with dry, yellow, prickly shrubs, scorched and baked by the sun. We stopped here two hours, for no other purpose that I could discover, but to look at the lake and wish that we could drink of it. When we approached it, the guide declared it was the very water he was looking for, which agreeable announcement had induced the muleteer to throw off his loads, and when this was done, it was hard to persuade him that we were

[1] The desert is dotted in different places with these singular mounds, which appear to be artificial.

not encamped for some hours. But the terrible heat, which seemed to come down with tenfold intensity upon the light soil and white deposit about the lake, and the impatience of the horses for the water which they could not drink, sickened us all of the thought of staying there till evening. Indeed, it was only a little less evil to move than to stay, for the sun poured such merciless rays upon us that it was hard to bear them any where.

CHAPTER XI.

Encampment at Night.—Boar Chase.—Repast.—Night March.—Search for Water.—The Sinjar Mountains.—Conflagration.—Sudden Departure.—The Gazelle.—Robber's Watch Height.—Camel caught.—Road lost.—Peasants.—Their Timidity.—Its Cause.—Abou Maria.—Retrospect.—Last Day.—Reception in a Skeikh's Tent.—Reach the Tigris.—A Nap.—The City.

We left our encampment by the lake, and after various meanderings and turnings, came at length, perfectly exhausted, to a little pool of water which the rushes had kept from drying up. It was all that remained of the spring rains, and a few more days would have sufficed for its disappearance. We sat by it for a time after quenching our thirst, and felt it to be a real luxury to repose in the green fresh grass on the edge of it. We were loth to leave it, but our way was long, and we were compelled to travel yet farther in order rightly to divide our stages. So we started again, and in about an hour came to the water which the guide had been in quest of, and which was a little stream running down from Haznaour on the road from Nisibin to Mossoul. It ran in a deep gully which it had worn in the soil, and, though narrow and insignificant in appearance, was not easily approached with our heavy baggage horses nor easily forded. We succeeded, however, in crossing it, and in two and a quarter hours more, came to a green spot where there seemed to be both grass and water. The one necessity was as great as the other, for the muleteer, reckoning upon finding grass, had

laid in only a small stock of barley, while the guards had none at all. We thought it best, therefore, to encamp for the night. The day was far spent, and most of the party were weary with our long march. Still another circumstance helped us to form the same resolution. Just before we reached the place, we started up a herd of swine, some twenty in number, with nearly as many young. In a moment, the whole party, excepting only the Kurdish girl, her lover and myself, started off in pursuit. It was a brisk and stirring scene. The Mussulmans were intent only upon adventure, but our party had the nobler purpose of getting a dinner. The hogs, however, had the advantage of the jaded horses, and being themselves very fleet of foot, they soon outran them. Our party were about abandoning the chase, when they saw that several of the young ones were left behind, and were running off in another direction. This renewed the sport, and at length, with much ado, they succeeded in killing two and taking another alive. The little things ran and turned with a celerity that quite surprised me, who had never seen any others of the race than their quiet and sober brethren of the sty. They proved, however, to be real pigs, and we promised ourselves the luxury of fresh pork in the desert. But here a difficulty arose. The guard, being Mussulmans, would not touch the unclean creatures with one of their fingers. We next applied to the muleteer, but he was of the same faith, and quietly turned away, saying, "What have I to do with pigs?" We were thus left to our own resources, and with the aid of our servants, completed the task. The question then arose, how they were to be cooked. We begged the guards to lend us a ramrod for a spit, but even this they refused. So we were compelled to put the meat on the fire, and let it roast as it might. The guards looked at us with half-averted eyes as we partook of the delicious morsels. One of the party confessed that he had drunk wine, "but never," he said, "have I committed

the abomination of eating a pig." Some Armenians, though Christians, are of the same opinion,[1] but my companion, the physician, was not one of them, nor did his fellow-traveller or his servant seem inclined to the Mohammedan dogma, though they also were Armenians. Basil was a Greek, and knew of no cause for scruple upon the subject. So we all ate heartily, although the meat, for want of salt, seemed very fresh, and we had nothing to supply the place of vegetables but a crust of our dry bread and a bit of cheese.

The little pig that we took alive was tied by the hind-leg, and let loose into the reeds, from which he would ever and anon, at short intervals, make an attack upon our encampment, grunting and running headlong into the midst of us, and biting right and left. I interceded for his release, that he might go in search of his mother, but the Mussulmans thought it best to slaughter the unclean creature; whereupon the physician showed his dexterity by unsheathing his sword, creeping up to the pig, and striking his head off at a blow.

By this time the whole herd had appeared again in the distance, and we set the guard to watch their movements. They wandered about as if in quest of their lost ones, and a straggler from the herd came so near that one of the guard took a long shot at him without effect. The monstrous animal turned leisurely round, and went back to his comrades. As soon as the darkness set in we began to load our horses. The place of our encampment afforded but little water, and we almost drained the reeds dry before we departed. We had a long march before us ere we could

[1] This is particularly true of the Armenians of Cappadocia, and, as among the Syrians, who hold the same, it is doubtless a Judaizing opinion received from Apostolic ages. The Syrians positively prohibit the use of swine's flesh, and I have known their Patriarch to threaten with ecclesiastical discipline some who had violated the law. It is singular, if the Nestorians are of the Ten Tribes, that *they* have no such scruples.

reach water again, and some of the party were affected with serious apprehensions that the hogs which, as long as we could see them, had been gradually approaching us, would come upon us in the night and wreak their vengeance for the slaughter of their young ones, whose blood had stained the grass around us, while one of them lay dead at our side. We, therefore, started about midnight, and although nothing was said about hogs as the motive for departure, I have no doubt that some of us were considerably relieved at the thought of escaping an encounter with twenty enraged animals as large and powerful as bears, and much more ferocious.

It was the night of the 10th–11th of June, and within a few days of the summer solstice, yet the air, which had been so oppressive during the day, was now cool and refreshing, and towards morning even uncomfortable. There must have been a change of 50° in the temperature, within twelve hours. At two or three o'clock P. M. it was almost too hot for flesh and blood to endure; before midnight it began to be cool, and near morning, cold. The heat was not altogether in the direct rays of the sun, but as much perhaps in the powerful reflection from the light arid soil of the desert. To-day (June 11th) it was somewhat moderated by a strong wind. Moreover, we had now reached higher ground lying out from the Sinjar, and were close at the foot of those formidable mountains. Our guide had again mistaken his course, and during the night had been travelling in a direction due south. At day-dawn we rectified our mistake, and continued until we encamped at two P. M., making a march of fourteen hours, during which we did not alight or stop. The heat, though less than yesterday, was sufficiently intense to be very uncomfortable, and man and horse were ready to drop with fatigue and thirst. Scouts were sent out in every direction in search of water, but returned unsuccessful. We ascended every mound and

went down into every hollow in vain. All around was one broad, sterile plain, scorched and seared by the rays of the burning sun. Some of the party wished to stop for repose, but I would not listen to the suggestion, for fear that if our horses once laid down, they would never rise again. I rode forward with one of the guard in the direction prescribed, and, after some hours' search, succeeded in finding a little water in a ditch overgrown with reeds. It was warm and muddy, and full of insects, but nevertheless it was *water*, and we hastened back to give the news to our famishing friends. They received it with exultation, and the poor beasts, as if aware of what was in store for them, readily obeyed their drivers, and started off at a new pace. We were soon at the spot, and, without waiting for precedence, every man and horse went down on his knees to drink. But little of the water which had filled the ditch was left, and this little was fast evaporating in the heat. There was barely enough to satisfy our present necessity. Had we come a day or two later, we should have found none. One heart at least was grateful for the God-send. It was as timely a blessing as if it had been brought by miracle from the flinty rock.

We were now close to the foot of the mountains and near the barley-fields of the Yezidees. Above us could be descried several villages, and a building which, the guard informed me, was a place of pilgrimage. The heights were covered with the vine, the fig, and other fruit-trees, whose dark green foliage presented a strong contrast with the sun-burnt hue of the desert. Water abounds in the mountains, and we had determined, if the desert failed us, to ascend to the nearest village for a supply. Happily we were saved the necessity, We quenched our thirst among the reeds, and ordered our servants to light a fire and prepare coffee. For this purpose they cleared a spot of the dry herbage, and proceeded with all due caution lest the fire should commu-

nicate to the desert. But our precautions proved in vain. A spark in some way caught the adjoining shrubbery and burst into a blaze. In an instant all was commotion. Our tents were pulled down, and every man seizing one of the felts of which they were composed, or a carpet, or a horse-cloth, began to beat the fire in. We were twenty active men, working with all our might; when the alarm was given the fire was not more than a yard or two broad; on one side too was a ditch it could not pass; and yet with the greatest ado we succeeded in quelling it. It spread with the quickness of lightning, and a very few minutes would have sufficed to carry it into the ripe grain. "If it reaches the barley," exclaimed the guard, "the Yezidees will come upon us and kill every man of us." This was a very animating consideration. Another, still more pressing, was, that before it reached the barley, it would consume our own baggage. And yet there was one man Mussulman enough to sit still and say, "It is God's work; I will not interfere with it." His fatalism would soon have been put to the test, for if the fire had advanced a few yards farther, he would have been excited to activity or burnt where he sat.

The great smoke which rolled off from the burning brushwood alarmed us so much with the fear of alarming the Yezidees, that though we had hardly composed ourselves to rest, we thought it best, with the advice of the guard, to mount and away. Our horses were speedily laden, and we were soon marching again in the heat of the day. On the road, one of the guard found a young gazelle, which was sleeping on the desert. As we came to it, it turned upwards its deep black eyes, and bleated as if expecting its mother. It was too young to run away, and I carried it before me on the saddle, having spread under it my cloak for a bed. Its soft look and timid voice so won upon me among the barbarous sights and sounds of the desert, that I determined, if possible, to save it and carry it back to be the

companion of a little boy in Constantinople. But he was not destined to receive the present. We stopped at sunset and lighted our fires in a little dell, where we found a spring of delicious water, which, collecting in a basin hollowed in the rock, and overflowing its brim, glided off into the valley. Here we stopped two hours, and when we mounted again I asked after the gazelle. The guards had killed, cooked, and eaten it, and now alleged in excuse that it could not have lived without milk, and we had none to give it. I was compelled to be content, and we went on our way.

About one hour before we reached this valley, we had passed a lofty mound on the left, standing out like a solitary sentinel guarding the approach to the heights. On the top was an enclosure, intended, as the guards said, to secrete watchmen or robbers. In former days, when the hills were independent of foreign sway, news of an enemy or booty moving over the desert, used to be given by signal from this mound, and was afterwards repeated from summit to summit along the heights. Then came the mustering and the foray, the sudden attack upon the caravan, as if of men rising out of the desert, the skirmish, the plundering, and the return. We looked up to the stone wall which formed the enclosure. All was silent and deserted. We blessed ourselves that the former times had gone by.

The valley supplied no grass. The water from the rock gave life only to tall green rushes. Our horses had eaten nothing since yesternight, excepting a small allowance of barley, which in Turkey takes the place of oats, a grain little known. We were forced, therefore, to resume our march, although we had travelled eighteen hours with only one brief interval of rest. During the day, one of the party had caught a camel that had been let loose apparently from the Pasha's camp, which had lately passed this way on its route to the Euphrates. The animal still showed marks of hard usage, but had sufficiently recovered his health and

spirits to be very refractory and turbulent. As we left the valley, he broke loose from his keeper and started for the desert. The guide must needs join with the others in pursuing him, whereby we lost our way, which was of far more importance than the camel, and wandered about in the dark until we struck a road going to Tel Afar, an Arab village south of our route. We had intended to reach Kassi Keupru, on the main road from Mossoul to Nisibin, but having found a beaten track, we were loth to leave it. After three hours' ride, we found to our great joy both grass and water, and stopped till morning.

At early dawn we were on horse again, and keeping the Tel Afar road, the sight of a cultivated country, with wheat fields and reapers, soon greeted our eyes. I should rather except the latter, for as soon as they saw us they left their sheaves and fled. I was ready at the moment to pour a lamentation over their misery. Poor peasants: how sad and insecure their state! They reap their fields with trembling, and fly at the sound of the passing traveller. They know no peace. The hand of civil power oppresses them, or the robber of the desert wrests from them their hard-earned pittance. But wait a little, and you will hear another tale. Six months later and this same village is depopulated, and its inhabitants carried away by force, on account of their crimes. They are found to be leagued with the Arab plunderers of the desert, and their walled village is the mart where the ill-got gains are bought and sold. By order of government they are broken up and dispersed like a gang of thieves. Their fear when we approached, was it indeed the terror of the oppressed innocent, or the trembling of conscious guilt? From our appearance they might take us to be Pasha's men, (as in truth three-fourths of the party were,) and these are the very last people they would wish to meet with.

We did not visit their village, but, leaving it to the

right, went off over the hills to Abou Maria, a small village only one hour distant from Kassi Keupru. Here we were kindly received by the Sheikh, or head-man, who killed a lamb in honor of our arrival, and set it before us stewed in onions, with a dish of rich yo-oort for dessert.

This was the fifth day since we left Mardin, and our journey had been at least more pleasant than we had anticipated. The heat, though severe, had often been moderated by refreshing winds, and the nights had been deliciously cool. We had suffered chiefly from want of sleep, (I had not slept an hour for four days,) and this, with the glare of the sun upon the desert, had rendered me almost blind. My face, too, had literally baked; so that it cracked open, and the blood oozed out of the fissures. To-day there was no wind, and the air was as the heat of a furnace. We hung upon our horses like wilted leaves, and as we travelled on through the noontide hours, drooping and exhausted, no one had strength or spirit to speak. Silently and sadly, therefore, we rode up to the Sheikh's tent, (for he with all his people had abandoned their houses, and were living in tents,) and dismounted before his *selamlik*.[1] Here, too, we sought in vain for sleep. The Sheikh, and half the people in the village, must be entertained, and when they were gone, the fleas, whose nature it is to commence their antics as soon as the traveller lies still to rest, would not give us a moment's repose.

At sunset we mounted again, cheered by the thought that it was our last stage. The Sheikh conducted us half an hour upon our road, and departed with a handsome present, slipped into his hand and received as if it were unawares. Nothing occurred to interrupt our journey, excepting a hurricane of wind and rain, with lightning, which

[1] That part of a house or tent devoted to men, in distinction from the harem or place of the women.

compelled us to dismount and hold our horses by the bridle for two long hours. The scene was most terrific and sublime. Now we were involved in thick darkness, and anon, in the twinkling of an eye, the heavens and the desert were lighted up with a blaze of glory, which as suddenly disappeared, leaving us again in utter obscurity. I had my baggage horse placed to windward, and sat down under my own horse's belly till the storm had passed. It continued two hours, and then subsided. The pale moon began at length to creep out from the thick clouds by which she had been completely hidden, and to shed her light upon the ragged masses of vapor which sped by her with the rapidity of the whirlwind. At daybreak we were upon the banks of the Tigris, an hour or two distant from Mossoul. I could withstand it no longer, but dismounted, threw myself upon the ground, laid my head upon a stone, and for one sweet hour slept profoundly. When I awoke, the sun was up, and its rays were playing upon the breast of the stream. Most of the party had mounted and gone forward on their way. The physician was still asleep, and the old muleteer watching beside us, half asleep himself. We roused the doctor, mounted, overtook our party, and went with them to the city.

CHAPTER XII.

The English Church at Mossoul.—State of the Christians.—Divisions.—State of Learning.—The Nestorian and Chaldean Churches.—History of their Separation.—Subjection of the latter to the Pope.—The Nature of Romish Innovations.

As soon as we entered the city, I went at once to the British Consulate, and on opening the gate, was greeted by the Vice-Consul himself. I had written to him early in the spring, promising to be in Mossoul, Deo volente, by the middle of June. It was now the thirteenth, and though my journey had been interrupted and hindered, and I had been driven out of my way, I was here true to my word. It was Sunday morning, and every thing within wore that quiet, Sabath-like appearance which I had always associated with the holy day. How refreshing to turn from the sterile desert, the noontide heat, the rude faces of my Arab guard, to such a scene as this! How glad was I to doff my soiled and stained travelling gear, and be once more a Frank among Franks! A few hours' repose were allowed me, and then we gathered in the library, and, though hardly exceeding the two or three who may claim the promise, we offered our worship in the faith that our blessed Lord was in the midst of us. Above us floated the cross of England, high waving over dome and minaret, giving at once all the protection that human strength can afford, and showing far and wide the badge of the faith in which we worshipped.

This is thy glory, England. *In hoc signo vinces.* What are the conquests of thine arms if they carry not with them the conquest of thy faith? Better far that thy sun go down in darkness, than that thou be disobedient to Him whose sign thou bearest. Bind, then, thy strength to the cross. Wherever the arts of peace or the voice of war lead thee, bear this thy sacred sign with thee. Let it sanctify thy victories. Let it guide thy sway. Gather under it thy children wandering in all lands. Lift it high where idolatry and superstition reign. So shall there be to thee a memorial unto many generations. So shall thy name and thy power be linked with what is enduring and immortal. All else will perish; *be true to thy sign.*

When the flag of England was first raised upon the consulate at Mossoul, the whole city were gathered upon their roofs to witness the sight, and remained there most of the day gazing upon the novel spectacle. The Christians were filled with wonder and admiration at the appearance of the cross floating in mid air, while the Mussulmans, enraged at the sight, went to the Pasha and complained that it was soaring above the crescent on a mosque that stood close by. Great was the joy of the Christians when they saw the emblem of their faith thus exalted, and much they wondered at the power which could elevate it in the very midst of Mohammedanism. For many a long age of oppression their eyes or the eyes of their fathers had not been cheered by such a sight; the cross had humbled itself before the crescent; their religion had been associated in their minds with degradation and captivity; when suddenly they behold its despised badge unfurling and floating on the sky triumphantly, in the face of its enemies. Is it to be wondered that from morning till evening they sat gazing upon that joyous emblem, and can it be doubted, that when the sun went down they slept with a new sense of security and peace?

The state of the Christians in Mossoul is not essentially different from what it was at the time of my first visit.[1] Their number has rather diminished than increased. Time was when their twelve Churches were crowded with worshippers. Half of them are now shut and the grass is growing at the door-stone. The Syrians have four, the Church of St. Thomas, which is the Bishop's Church, the Church of Mahoudeni, and two Churches of St. Mary. Of these, two only are occupied, and these two are divided between the two parties, Syrians and Syrian Papists. The walls, which were built by royal order in 1837, were thrown down by royal order in 1838, and by royal order built again a few months after. They now stand in the middle of each Church, a dividing wall between the two parties, who worship as enemies under the same roof where their fathers assembled in peace and love. Then no foreign intruder had entered their peaceful fold. Now they are divided, torn, weakened, preying upon and devouring each other. When they worship it is no longer before one altar, but with a wall between them, as if jealous of each other's sacrifice. Their two Bishops grew up together as brothers, read together, talked together, prayed together. Now they are leaders of hostile bands. The Syrian Papists are seceders from the Syrians, and though we must acknowledge that they have gained thereby, in that they no longer reject the Council of Chalcedon and receive the orthodox phraseology respecting the nature of Christ, yet the act of allegiance to a foreign Bishop is itself a violation of ancient Canons on their part,[2]

[1] See Narrative of a Tour, &c. Vol. II. Chaps. XIX. XX. and XXI.

[1] It is even a violation of the Canons of the Council whose decrees of faith they have received in contra-distinction from the Syrians, who reject them. "Let not a Bishop go into another city not belonging to his jurisdiction, to ordain any one, or to constitute Priests or Deacons for places subject to another Bishop," &c. Can. 22 of the Council of Antioch, A. D. 341, confirmed by the Council of Chalcedon, A. D. 451, Can. 1.

and of unwarranted usurpation on the part of their seducers.

The two Churches of the Syrians have six priests, all of them from the lower walks of life, and none of them trained for the priestly office. Two were weavers, two tailors, one a farmer, and one a carpenter. From these occupations they entered almost at once the sacred ministry. Their Bishop, only a few years before his consecration, was laboring as a cotton-printer. It is easy to suppose that the man of God thus entering the holy office, cannot be very thoroughly furnished for his work. And so it is to a very great, a very lamentable degree, in all the Eastern Churches. One might now search in vain among the Syrians for the schools of Nisibis, or Edessa, or for a James of Saruj, a James of Nisibis, a John of Dara, or an Ephrem. The present Patriarch has shown a laudable desire for the education of his people, and has labored to establish a school in every town and village under his jurisdiction. But the difficulty has been to find either teachers or books. From the state of the clergy, one may safely infer the state of the people. And as for books, a modern literature is wholly wanting, and the ancient literature is in a very decayed condition. Copies of the Syrian Fathers are rare, and the ability to multiply them by the expensive process of transcription is gone. The people are too poor to buy them. The price of a book of 200 pages, which a Syrian deacon had transcribed for an English clergyman, was $25; and the price of a copy of the Bible, at the same rate, would be, I suppose, not less than seventy-five or a hundred dollars. It is no matter of wonder, therefore, that hardly any books besides those containing the offices of the Church, are ever transcribed.

Next comes the want of teachers. There is only here and there a man, even among the priests, who understands the ancient language in which the Church books are written, and although I know every one who is considered a learned

man among them, I can enumerate only three or four who are good scholars in Syriac.

Add to this the utter destitution of all branches of knowledge, art, science and literature, whose rich treasures have been opened upon the Western World since the revival of learning, and you behold a want deeper than that of the darkest ages of Europe. Then learning still shed its light in cloistered retreats, while there is not now to be found in town or village, in church or monastery, among the Syrians, a Christian sage who is thorough master of his own Bar Ibri, or is working out the rich products of his own mind.

Under such circumstances the schools of the Patriarch have succeeded but poorly. The best of them are in Mossoul, where they have enjoyed the patronage of a wealthy Armenian, the banker of the Pasha. One of these is under the direction of a friend of mine, a Syrian deacon, who is esteemed one of the best Syriac scholars in the nation; and yet the schools present no higher advantages than learning to read the Syriac character without understanding it, an equivalent knowledge of Arabic, which is better understood because it is the common tongue of the people, and penmanship. Grammar, geography, arithmetic, the natural sciences, history, mathematics, philosophy, the useful arts, polite literature, ecclesiastical and even scholastic learning are well nigh unheard of and unknown. Nay more, the fountains of religious knowledge are shut up, and its fertilizing streams cut off. A child is taught to say the Creed and the Lord's Prayer, and even these he does not always understand, while the vast field of religious faith and duty is left untrod. What a deplorable deficiency! What a truly awful destitution!

There are in Mossoul three divisions of Christians, *Chaldeans*, *Syrians*, and *Syrian Papists*. The first and last are adherents of the Pope, and together are more numerous than the *Syrians*, who are ecclesiastically called *Yacobi*, or

Jacobites,[1] but the justice of the title may be doubted. The *Chaldeans* are the old Syro-Chaldean Church, deriving its succession from the Metropolitans of Seleucia and Ctesiphon. This Church generally embraced the cause of Nestorius, and so continued until about the middle of the sixteenth century, when the oneness of the Church was broken by a dispute about the succession to the Patriarchate, and two Patriarchs were eventually created. One of them, whose successors hold the name of *Mar Shimon*, obtained jurisdiction over the Syro-Chaldeans, or Nestorians, of Kurdistan and the neighboring district of Ourmiah, in Persia. The other, whose successors assumed the official title of *Mar Elias*, obtained the old Patriarchal see of Alkosh, near Mossoul, and held jurisdiction over the Nestorians of Mesopotamia and the southern borders of Kurdistan. Things remained in this state, the two Churches still one in faith though under distinct heads, until about sixty years ago, when the last Patriarch of Al Kosh was induced by violence and bribes to acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope. The way was thus opened for the gradual subjection of nearly the entire Church of Mar Elias to the sway of Rome. I had always supposed that the work had been completed, and that now there remained none of this Church who still adhered to their old faith and rejected the papal supremacy. I had been so informed by every one, in my former journey through the country, and I conveyed the impression to others in the Narrative of my Tour.[2] But I was myself the first to discover the error, for on my return from Mossoul, the present year, I took the route north of the Tigris, where I found a large remnant of Nestorians of the Church of Mar Elias who still retain their former faith and have not come under the

[1] Followers of Jacobus Baradaeus, (Yacoub Bardani,) who revived their Church in the 6th century.

[2] Vol. II. 229, Am. Ed.

Papal jurisdiction. Later investigations have also shown that there are still others in the province of Bahdinan, North of Mossoul. These are quite distinct from the Nestorians of the Church of Mar Shimon, which still adheres entirely (excepting a few seceders in the district of Salmas, in Persia) to the old position which it has maintained since the separation of the 16th century. There are, then, the Nestorian Church of Mar Shimon, (sometimes called Chaldean;) the Chaldean Church of Mar Elias, (sometimes called Papal Chaldean;) and a remnant of the latter who have never acknowledged the Pope, and still remain Nestorians.[1] These last are without a Patriarchal head, but have a Bishop of their own who resides in the mountains not far from Jezireh.

Upon the demise of the late Patriarch, Mar Elias, who had held the office more than half a century, and died in 1838, at the age (as was commonly reported) of 120 years, the office should have descended in regular succession to his nephew, who was living at Al Kosh, and whose baptismal name was Elias.[2] But the Pope had otherwise ordered, and the office was conferred upon another Bishop, who was a native of Salmas, in Persia, and had never been connected with the Church of Mar Elias until he was elevated to its Patriarchate. He was one of the few seceders from the Church of Mar Shimon, and had been educated at Rome, under the eye of the Propaganda. Immediately upon the death of the Patriarch he was declared his successor by virtue of an order from the Pope, and entered upon the duties of the office. He is now the only acting

[1] Some English writers speak of the Church of Mar Shimon as *Chaldean*, and that of Mar Elias as *Papal Chaldean*. I do not dispute the justness of the distinction, but prefer to use the terms common in the country, and call the former *Nestorian*, and the latter *Chaldean*.

[2] Both in the Nestorian and the Chaldean Church, the Patriarchate has been for ages hereditary, descending from uncle to nephew, the Patriarch himself being confined to a state of celibacy.

Patriarch, although the regular successor, Bishop Elias, has never ceased to claim the dignity. Another act of unjustifiable interference on the part of the Pope has been the change of the official title of the Patriarch. Until now the name of *Elias* has descended from age to age, the honored appellation of each succeeding Patriarch. It is now removed, and the present incumbent is dignified with the title of *Mar Nicolas.*

These several acts of unwarranted usurpation (for less they cannot be called), are as contrary to the relations which the late Patriarch had wished to maintain with the Pope as they are to ancient canons. He was induced to the allegiance by violence. His firman of investiture was taken away from him secretly, and withheld until he would submit. He was alternately threatened and promised. At a later date he was imprisoned and his life put in jeopardy by the intrigues of his enemies; and finally, in his old age he was conveyed from his see to Bagdad, and kept in the house of the Vicar Apostolic, that he might there end his days, and the change in the succession be more easily accomplished. And yet the Patriarch never acknowledged the Pope as any thing more than the first Bishop in Christendom, and never conceded to him the right to interfere in the internal jurisdiction of his Church. Had he done so, it could not have been valid against the authority of ecumenical Canons acknowledged by both parties, and without the consent of the other Bishops of the Nestorian Church, which to this day has never been obtained. On the whole, the history of this secession forms one of the darkest pages in the great drama of papal usurpations, and shows but too clearly that the ancient spirit of Rome can still manifest itself where there is nothing to check its natural and appropriate development.

The acting Patriarch, Mar Nicolas, was absent from Mossoul, on a visit to his own country, so that I had no op-

portunity to judge of him from personal acquaintance. By some of the native Christians, he was represented as devoted to pleasure; by others, as concealing under this guise an active and intriguing spirit. He had lately received £500 from the Lyons Society for the Propagation of the Faith, and some were ready to predict that the money would never come out of his pocket for any purposes but his own enjoyment. These things were chiefly said by Chaldeans, and some allowance is to be made for the fact, that many of them were offended at what they called the obtrusion of a foreigner upon them. Great differences of opinion were prevailing as to the legality of the act and the right of the Pope to require their submission. Some were ready to sanction any thing that came from Rome; others acknowledged the primacy of the successor of St. Peter, but protested against the corruptions of the Latin Church; while others still rejected the connection altogether. "I denounce him," cried one in the bitterness of his zeal against the Pope; "what business of his to send his minions to break up the ancient order of our Church, and require us to bow to his pleasure? Who gave him authority or dominion over us? For one, I will none of him."

Had the Church of Rome been truly primitive and Catholic, there might have been nothing in this change that we should not have rejoiced in. It were truly a noble design to restore the Nestorian Church to the communion from which it has been so long an alien. It were worthy of Christian men to seek these early wanderers, and, by gathering them again within the fold, to heal the first abiding breach in the ranks of the Christian army. It were a glorious deed, the brightest triumph in the course of ages. But has it so been? The Roman Church began with no offer of Catholic union, but with tyranny and usurpation. Her thought was not to extend the faith or obey the command of Christ, but to aggrandize the Pope. She spoke

not first of the council of Ephesus, but of the supremacy of St. Peter. She addressed them not as those who might prove to be brethren, but got possession of the title-deeds of their Patriarch, and forced him to submission to escape ruin. Her first and last demand was—Acknowledge the Pope. This point gained, the wedge was in. Always advancing, never retreating, sometimes by promise and sometimes by threat, she has succeeded in subjecting the Chaldean Church to her unlawful sway.

And how has she used her power? Has she trained the Chaldeans in the primitive faith? Has she filled them with knowledge? Has she made them upon the whole a more Catholic and purer Church? They have been taught to receive the Third Ecumenical Council, and this we acknowledge in itself is well. But even this teaching has been confined to a few, who give to it no very intelligent assent, while the mass of the people know of no change from their former position except that they now acknowledge the Pope. Beyond this, the Chaldean Church has been made less Catholic by making it less primitive. *The* effort has been to introduce corruptions unknown before. The use of holy water and the rosary, and a multitude of other ceremonies, what effect could they have but to turn away the minds of the Chaldeans from the great truths of Christianity in which they were already but too imperfectly instructed, and render them satisfied with an unspiritual and pharisaical service? There have been introduced among them vain and idle superstitions, whose only result has been to debase the purity and simplicity of their worship. They have been taught to pay adoration to pictures and images, and to convert their ancient reverence for the Saints into the idolatrous worship of the Blessed Virgin. The following is only a specimen of the means resorted to, to degrade their religion and assimilate them to the Church of Rome. For several years past, there have been brought to Mossoul, pictures of the Virgin,

printed on calico, and intended to be hung about the neck. Those who wear them are taught, that the man dying with one of them upon him will be rescued from Purgatory, and conveyed to Paradise on the following Saturday, and if he dies on Saturday he will go immediately to Heaven. There are intelligent Roman Catholics even who know such things as these to be wicked superstitions, and who will lament as well as we that they should be introduced among a simple and credulous people, to degrade their religion and endanger their souls;[1] for what could be a more effectual patronage of sin, than to teach that, whatever may have been the character of the life, the wearing of this boasted charm will save the soul?

It is implied in what I have just said, that the doctrine of *Purgatory* is taught,—a doctrine formerly unknown to the Chaldeans, destitute of all title to Catholicity, and among uninstructed men, like the Chaldeans, destructive to the self-denying duties of religion. It is unnecessary to enlarge the list. The Chaldeans, as a body, are as ignorant of the Catholic verities, as destitute of an educated clergy, and of sound religious instruction, as they were before their union with Rome, while their worship has lost its former purity, and their minds are degraded by idle superstitions. Over these things we mourn. We grieve to see a Christian Church thus acting towards a wandering sister, and we wait with patience and hope for the day when some other more faithful member of Christ's body shall seek a restoration of unity in the spirit of primitive times.

[1] A Roman Catholic gentleman, with whom I fell in company in my travels, said to me one day, "I am a member of the Church of Rome, but I must say that I am grieved to see the means resorted to by our priests to extend the sway of our Church in these countries." He was alluding to such means as these. I must add that the pictures were sent from *Rome*.

NOTE.—In what I have said in this chapter, I do not wish to be understood as expressing a final judgment upon the question whether the Nestorian Church of the present day is guilty of heresy. All the evidence which I have received goes to show that it is not, but I will not pretend to form a judgment on so important a point without maturer investigation. One thing, however, seems clear, which is, that they ought not to be received to communion while the matter remains doubtful. Neither are they to be denounced as heretics. The subject demands inquiry, and, if it can be attained, an authoritative decision. The argument of Palmer[1] appears insufficient. It is a begging of the question to say that they have "never forsaken their errors." The very question is, whether they hold the errors imputed to them. If they "have never been restored to the communion of the Catholic Church," it may be that they seek a restoration. I am inclined to believe that they do. If they have "never acknowledged the errors of their founders," and "anathematize the synods of Ephesus and Chalcedon," it may be, as Nestorians have often declared to me, that they do not believe that Nestorius and his coadjutors held the error imputed to them, and that, therefore, the judgment of the Council against them was unjust and irregular. Supposing them to be wrong in all this, it proves them to be in "error of fact," but not in "heresy."[2]

[1] Treatise on the Church of Christ, Part I. Chap. XIV.

[2] Ib. Part I. Chap. V. Sec. III.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Tomb of Daniel.—The Population of Mossoul.—Syrian Villages near Mossoul.—Localities of the Syrian Population.—Reflections on my work.—Opposition of Papists.—Their Treatment of us.—Need of a distinctive Presentation of the Church.—Departure from Mossoul.—Self-Denial in the Missionary Work.—The Pasha of Mossoul.—His Expedition against the Arabs.—Preparation for the Journey.—The Plain of Nineveh.—The Tomb of the Prophet.—The Fast of Nineveh in the Nestorian and Chaldean Churches.—Telkef.—Monasteries of Raban Hormisd and St. Matthew.—El Kosh, Birthplace of Nahum, the Prophet.—Comparison of Christians and Mohammedans.—Yezidees.—Arab Village.—Arrival at Zakho.

From the Christians let us turn, for a moment, to the Mohammedans. Just before my arrival in the city, a great stir had been excited by the supposed discovery of the grave of the Prophet Daniel. A Mussulman, in his dream, had been informed by an apparition, that there was a prophet lying buried in the midst of the city, whose spirit was uneasy at the dishonor done to his tomb. The sleeper inquired the place of his burial, and was conducted by the ghost to an open square in the city, where the people were accustomed to throw their rubbish. Here the spot was pointed out, and the apparition vanished. The next day the Mussulman published his dream, the people collected at the spot, and on digging, came to something like a coffin. Information was given to the Pasha, and he was requested to send to Constantinople and obtain a firman for building

a tomb over the remains of the prophet. He replied that he thought the evidence insufficient, and required that they should first open the coffin, and see whether there were, indeed, the remains of a man within. The coffin accordingly was opened, and they found nothing. In the meantime, many others began to dream about the matter, and he who first had the honor of a revelation on the subject dreamed again, and saw the prophet standing before him, who informed him that, on account of the unbelief of the Pasha, he had conveyed himself away from this wicked city, and would not return. The search was then given up. The tomb was believed to be Daniel's, on the strength of three or four letters, which together made his name. One who saw them, told me that they were in the Hebrew character, but were not in juxtaposition, being evidently a part of an inscription which had been obliterated by time. The Christians were, at first, jealous of this Mussulman honor to an Old Testament saint; but some among them had heard that the prophet Daniel was buried at Susa, and that his tomb is seen there to this day. So they laughed in their sleeve, at the Mussulmans, and let them go on hunting for their prophet.

But let us return to the Christians. The Syrian population of Mossoul and its district is not large. There may be in the city 4000, of whom at least 1500 are *Papal* Syrians. There are also about 2000 Chaldeans, making in all a Christian population of about 6000. The Mussulmans probably exceed 12,000, and the whole population, including Jews and a few others, may be reckoned at 20,000—a great reduction, indeed, from the immense population, some 120,000, which was once crowded within its walls. Famine, the plague, and oppression, have destroyed or scattered thousands. The Syrian villages of Mossoul are, 1, Karagosh, containing ten Syrian and one hundred Papal

Syrian families, besides the monastery of Mar Behnam, now deserted, and nine Churches, one a ruin, and the other eight divided equally between the Syrians and the Syrian Papists; 2, Batoli, formerly a Bishop's see, now containing a hundred and seventy Syrian and thirty Syrian Papal families and two Churches, of which each party holds one; 3, the villages of Bahshika and Bahzan, at the foot of the mountain on which the monastery of St. Matthew stands; they contain together sixty or seventy families, all Syrian, excepting one, a Syrian Papal Priest who had lately been sent thither as a missionary, by the French consular agent at Mossoul; 4, Kop, a small village on the other side of the mountain, containing thirty families, all Syrian. These are all the Syrians in the district of Mossoul, of whom I could learn. To the South there are none, excepting a few at Bagdad, who have removed thither from other places. My old host, Mutran Isai, the Syrian Papal Bishop of Mossoul, was now absent in Bagdad, having gone thither, as was reported, to build a Church for his sect. There are probably no more than four or five Syrian families in that city. The mass of their population is to be sought for to the West of Mossoul, in the mountains of Tour and Kurdistan, and to the South, in the districts of Aleppo and Damascus.

On Sunday, June 20th, I read morning prayers at the Consulate, and administered the Sacrament of Holy Communion to the family. The objects of my visit were now accomplished, and I prepared to leave on the 22d. The day before, I had made the following record in my journal. "The week has now closed, and my work at Mossoul is nearly completed. The few days of my sojourn here have been the most interesting of my life. Great events have transpired, of which the issue is still in the hand of God. That issue, I doubt not, will be for his glory, whatever may be the designs of men. For the humble part which I have been permitted to bear, I offer my fervent thanksgivings.

For the wisdom which, I trust, has guided me, for the faith which has sustained me, and for the success which has crowned my labors, I render all the praise to Him from whom I have received all. In his strength I will still pursue my way. Without counsel, I will look to Him for guidance. Deprived of human companionship, my fellowship shall be with the Father and with the Son. Called through paths of danger, I will walk under the shadow of the Almighty. Oppressed by noontide heats, I will comfort myself in His love who is to me as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Thus, divine grace assisting me, I will go through this work. Hope tells me that I shall be spared to finish it, and Faith assures me that its issue will be unspeakably glorious for the Church of the living God."

I should have been glad to have added that the work had been without opposition, but in truth my Syrian Papal friends did all in their power to injure it. Most of their priests called upon me, but it seemed to be with no good intention, for they went away and fabricated all manner of evil reports against me. One testified that he saw me recording the names of all the Syrians in the city, and was present when the principal Syrian ecclesiastic put his seal to a paper delivering over the whole Syrian Church to the English. Prodigious excitement prevailed. The falsehood just mentioned and some other idle reports were put together in a letter and sent to the French Consul at Bagdad, to be by him despatched to the French Ambassador at Constantinople. The principal actor in the business was a papal Syrian, the Mossoul agent of the Consul aforesaid. He was sent for, and made to understand so clearly the foolish nature of the reports with which he had filled his despatches, that he became exceedingly ashamed and alarmed at his own credulity, and promised to send off another letter to contradict the former. Whether he did so or not is a matter of little importance to any body but himself, as he is the

only one likely to suffer from his own folly. It might be amusing to others to see a whole train of diplomatic agents set on fire by an idle story, but it could hardly be agreeable to himself to have it discovered that he had, through overhaste and youthful zeal, led his employers into a race for a jack-o'lantern. He and his advisers might have ventured to reflect that it was possible for a man to be doing good to others without doing injury to them, and that it was possible for good to be done from higher than political and worldly ends. And, on the other hand, those who protect them must not be surprised if they are sometimes frightened by the bugbear which their own emissaries have created. I refer to the Latin priests, who seem to think that their designs among the Eastern Christians cannot be accomplished without traducing the English[1] Church and nation. My meaning will be made clear as we advance. I will only add here, that most of the stories which are so diligently circulated by Papal missionaries, would have no tendency to injure us if our ecclesiastical character were better known. But when the Eastern Christians are suffered to believe that the "English," in the comprehensive sense in which I have just used the word, are, as a body and altogether, destitute of the Episcopacy, reject Infant Baptism, &c., we must expect to suffer in the estimation of the Oriental Communions. They regard these things as essential parts in the fabric of Christianity. For us, therefore, the first condition of usefulness, under God, is to make ourselves known in our true and distinctive character.

I cannot leave Mossoul, without expressing my obligation to the excellent Consul and his lady, for the kindness which made my brief sojourn a season of delightful repose

[1] I have here and elsewhere in the course of my narrative, used the term "English" as it is commonly used in the interior of Turkey—to wit, as including both English and Americans without distinction.

from the toil and fatigue of my journey. The comfort and sweet charities of a Christian home, after so many weeks of lonely wandering and consorting with rude men, were like water in the desert to the thirsty traveller, refreshing at the moment, and ever after fondly remembered. It is when deprived of our blessings, that we best estimate them, and it is when they come again after an absence, that we most enjoy them. I have found, however, that pleasant as are the good things of earth, and grateful as is the possession of them when Providence places them in our way, they are by no means necessary to happiness. On the contrary, the most calm and quiet enjoyment of life on which I can look back, has been when most completely divested of them. Those hours return most gratefully to the memory, as having been the most pure in their sources of pleasure; the most peaceful; the most chastened, subdued, and simple in their faith and hope. Alone with God; human dependence forsaken; all persons and things valued on earth, out of sight; thrown upon the consolations of duty; feeling the nearer presence of heavenly things, more realized, more esteemed as they come in to fill the void that earth has left; all this is the foundation of a peace to which, in after life, the mind recurs as the most wise, the most satisfying, and the most profitable of the experiences of life. Would that we who serve Christ and the Church, might so learn this that we should not shrink from a higher style of duty than the world pursues, but be truly more primitive in the self-sacrificing nature of our obedience. Then might we hope for conquests also primitive, whether among the heathen, or in the promotion of knowledge, piety, and unity among the dissevered members of the body of Christ, or in the gathering and saving of the scattered sheep of our own folds. Our reward, though small, is equal to our labor. The more we carry of our ease and comfort into the battle-field, the more effeminate will be our efforts, the more meagre

our victories. The cross, and nothing but the cross on earth, the crown, and nothing but the crown in prospect—would that there were some of us who would enter the strife with such watchwords as these; free from every thing that would trammel them in God's service; prepared by holy discipline and freedom from earthly care, for posts of danger and toil; with nothing left to sacrifice but their own bodies, and these presented "a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God.[1]"

By friends at Mossoul I was well supplied with letters for Governors and ecclesiastics on the route, as well as to the Patriarch at Mardin. The Pasha was then absent on an expedition of which no one knew the object. He had been heard from, marching towards the Euphrates, and there was a vague report abroad, that he was going against the Pasha of Damascus. The whole design appeared afterwards to be, to punish some of the refractory Arabs of the desert, an expedition in which, at this season, he was likely to lose more men of his own, than to kill of the fast-flying denizens of the desert. It shows, however, the bold and energetic character of the man. His *Divan Effendisi* (Chancellor) was ruling in his absence, and from him I received a letter to the Governor of Zakho, the last town in the pashalic of Mossoul, North of the river, directing him to show me every needed attention, and to forward me on my way to Jezireh. He also appointed a *Mehmandar* (Hospitaller) to accompany me as far as Zakho.

Every thing being ready, I took leave of my friends at the Consulate and several of the clergy who had come to bid me farewell, and rode out of the city late in the afternoon. We crossed the ruined bridge to the East, and then pursued our way over the plain of Nineveh, and afterwards over a low, uneven country, to the village of Batana, four

[1] Rom. xii. 1.

hours from Mossoul. The whole plain of Nineveh, which is about four miles long and a mile broad, seems hardly large enough to have been the site of that great city in which there were "more than 120,000 persons who could not discern between their right hand and their left,"[1] which was "an exceeding great city of three days' journey,"[2] unless we suppose it to have extended over the hills to the East and North. Some of my Syrian friends, to whom I proposed the difficulty, suggested that the three days' journey might mean that it required so much time to go through every part of the city, and that Jonah's "entering into the city a day's journey,"[3] meant that he travelled about in its streets a whole day, proclaiming the awful message intrusted to him.[4] The plain is now waste and desolate, according to the prediction of Zephaniah: "He will make Nineveh a desolation, and dry like a wilderness. . . . How is she become a desolation, a place for beasts to lie down in." (Zeph. iii. 13, 15.) Excepting a few fields of grain near the river, it seemed to be entirely barren, and the only signs of life

[1] Jonah iv. 13.

[2] Ibid. iii. 3. "Whose merchants were multiplied above the stars of heaven, and whose crowned ones were as the locusts." Nah. iii. 16, 17.

[3] Jonah iii. 4.

[4] This explanation may have been taken from their own Mar Ephrem, who says (*Commen. in Jon. in loc.*) that the three days' journey is not to be understood of the circumference of the city, but of the time necessary for the preaching of Jonah to pervade it. If applied, however, to the circumference, the account agrees very well with that of Diodorus Siculus (l. II.) who describes it to be 480 stadia, or nearly 60 miles, which is three days' journey for a caravan, the common mode of computing distance in the East. Gibbon, therefore, might have spared his sneer at the scriptural account. (*Decline and Fall*, Chap. 46.) The only difficulty is in finding a place for so large a city in the plain opposite Mossoul. The difficulty, however, is removed by supposing the city to have extended to both banks of the river, like Bagdad, and this will also reconcile the account of those ancient writers (chiefly Mussulman) who describe Nineveh as standing on the right bank. See also Nahum ii. 8.

were five or six miserable looking peasants who were reaping the grain. On a mound near the centre of the plain stands the tomb of the Prophet Jonah, and around it is gathered a little hamlet, called also from his name, *Nebbi Yonan*.[1] How little could the proud inhabitants of the great city have dreamed that the only relics of their glory should one day be a few scattered fragments of buildings covered by the soil, that the only monument to mark its site should be the tomb of the prophet who denounced its woes, and its only population a few poor families gathered about his burial place. The tomb is in the hands of the Mussulmans, by whom the prophet is greatly revered. They say of him that he remained *forty days* in the belly of a fish, and that this occurred *after* he had left Nineveh, whence he fled in shame and confusion, on account of the non-fulfilment of his prophecy.[2]

The city was destroyed 600 years before Christ, and of course has no place in the records of the Church, excepting to give its name to a Metropolitan and an Episcopal see of the Chaldeans. This was also removed about A. D. 820, and the see was united to that of Adiabene, or Assyria, by the Catholicos, Joshua Bar Nun.[3] There is still a fast observed both in the Nestorian and the Syrian Churches, which is called the Fast of Nineveh, and which is supposed by the people, and even by the ecclesiastics, to be commemorative of the great fast of their ancestors, at the time when Nineveh was to be overthrown. But according to Asseman,[4] it was first instituted by Sabarjesus, Catholicos of Seleucia, at the close of the 6th century, and the original object of it

[1] *Prophet Jonah.*

[2] The prayer of the prophet, which they report him to have made while in the fish's belly, is given in the Koran, and is esteemed by the Mussulman Doctors as possessing peculiar sanctity and efficacy.

[3] Ass. Bib. Or. III. 344.

[4] Ibid. II. 413, 426.

was to invoke God for the cessation of the plague, which was then ravaging the land. It was afterwards ordained to be perpetually observed, and the name of Nineveh was given to it, as descriptive both of the occasion on which it was established and the severity with which it was to be kept. If this is a true account of its origin, which I should be inclined to doubt if it were not supported by respectable testimony from ancient writers, we must suppose that it was adopted by the *Syrians* on account of their being involved in the same calamity, and that they, like the Nestorians, thought it worthy of being perpetually observed. The fast occurs about two weeks before the Great Fast of Easter, and continues three days, during which time some of the people, and still more of the clergy, neither eat nor drink.

Three hours from Mossoul we passed Telkef, a large Chaldean village, containing apparently a thousand houses. Some of the people reported that it formerly held 3000 families, but it is now partly in ruins. Several large Churches were visible, more conspicuous in size and position than they commonly are in Turkey. The country around, as it is throughout this region, was destitute of trees, and the soil dry and parched from the summer heat. On our right was the mountain of Makloub, with the monastery of St. Matthew (now uninhabited, but formerly the seat of the Syrian Patriarchs, and still nominally the residence of the Muphrians) in view. In front of us rose the dark range of mountains, on which stands the monastery of Raban Hormisd,[1] the patriarchal seat of the Chaldeans. At the foot of the mountain lies Alkosh, or Elkosh, the birth-place of the

[1] Built by the Monk (Raban) John Hermes, or Hormisda, a native of Persia, about A. D. 630.—The monastery of St. Matthew is more ancient. In 629 certain privileges were granted to it by Athanasius, Patriarch of Antioch. Its Metropolitan was allowed to have the first place after the Muphrian, whose seat was in the same year established at Tekrit, on the Tigris, below Mossoul. *Ass. Bib. Or.* II. 419.

Prophet Nahum, whose tomb is still seen there. It was he who predicted the downfall of Nineveh, long after the preaching of Jonah, and one hundred years before its destruction, during the interval between the overthrow of the monarchies of Israel and Judah. We can imagine what hope and comfort his predictions must have given to the captive tribes of Israel, when they heard the words of his sublime and glowing prophecy, in the land of their conquerors. Others, however, have supposed that he was born at Elkosh, a small village in Galilee, of which St. Jerome relates that he saw the ruins, and that his tomb was afterwards seen at Bethogabra, a village near Emmaus. But the account which I have given, appears to have the best claims to belief, as it has been from ancient times, and is still the universal tradition of both Jews and Christians in the land of Assyria. The title of the prophecy is—"*The burden of Nineveh—The book of the vision of Nahum, the Elkoshite.*"[1]

At dark we reached the village of Batana. The people, who were Chaldeans, received me kindly, spread a bed for me on the roof of a house, and provided an excellent dinner. Half of the houses in the village were in ruins and uninhabited. Their occupants had fled to seek in other districts a more secure and quiet home. The people said that the cause of it was oppression, and complained bitterly of the taxes which they were compelled to bear. I liked the appearance of these Chaldeans and of all that I saw, more than of most other Christians in Turkey. They seemed to have more of manliness and natural intelligence than the peasantry of Asia Minor, which, however, I attribute not so much to any intellectual or moral superiority as to the fact that, until within the last ten or twelve years, the peasantry of Assyria have been less subject to tyranny and extortion. This, I believe, is every where the cause of the low estate of

[1] Nahum, i. 1.

Christianity in Turkey; and accordingly it will be found that the degradation of the Christians is in exact proportion to the civil oppressions which they suffer. Thus the Nestorians of Kurdistan, who have hitherto been free, are superior in point of character to the Christians of European Turkey, and these are superior to the Chaldeans, who in their turn are superior to the Christians of Asia Minor; and the degrees of oppression which these different bodies have suffered have been generally in the same proportion. The Nestorians of the Mountains have been independent of all foreign rule; the Christians of European Turkey, composing, as they do, the majority of the population in that country, have always been able to maintain a position nearly equal to that of their Mohammedan masters, while the Chaldeans, though more oppressed in the main, have been in a far better condition (both on account of the strength of their population and on account of the milder prejudices of Mussulmans in those parts) than the crushed and down-trodden Christians of Asia Minor. If things continue as they now are, the Chaldeans will become as completely degraded as the latter, and the Nestorians, who have recently come under Mohammedan sway, will gradually lose those manly qualities which have hitherto distinguished them. In order to effect a just comparison of the relative influences of Mohammedanism and Christianity upon a people, the two should be placed in a state of civil equality. In such a condition, I, for one, would cheerfully stake the whole character of our religion upon the result. But as things now are, nothing can be more unjust than the hasty judgments of some of our Western travellers, who seeing in certain parts that Mohammedans are really superior to Christians in dignity of character, in hospitality, and other social virtues, rashly infer that their religion is as beneficent as Christianity. It is true, indeed, that, in its present low estate, the influences of our holy religion in the East are in a great measure lost through

want of instruction; but even this is owing mainly to the tyrannical sway of Islamism, which at once degrades the mind and cuts off the means of improvement.

June 23. We started again at day dawn. My guard consisted of only four men. The number was an indication of the strong-handed government which rules the province of Mossoul. Were the same government more attentive to the wants of the people, and more limited in its exactions, it would be a model of good rule for such a country, where severity is necessary to curb the lawless spirit of the people and secure safety. We passed Teleskof, a third and large Chaldean village, one hour from Batana, and in two hours more we reached Hatara, a village of the Yezidees. They appeared to be one of the most flourishing communities that I had seen in my journey. The men were stout and well-looking, and the women had an erect and open bearing, and a free, bold gait, which struck me at once from its contrast with the Christians, who were evidently frightened at the appearance of men from the Pasha, and whose women, though, like the Yezidee females, open-faced, were less comely, and more timid in their demeanor. The men of Hatara wore dark-colored turbans of striped cloth, and the women had a covering upon their head, which came under their chin, and another bound round the forehead. They treated us with the greatest kindness, and, at the same time, with an appearance of ease and cheerfulness which was the more pleasing, because uncommon. The men sat and talked with us, while the women busied themselves in preparing for us a nice breakfast of bread and milk, eggs and yo-oort, and other products of their rural toil, for which they seemed to think themselves amply repaid by a taste of my Turkish coffee. I did not, however, depart without remunerating them for their hospitality with something more substantial, which they received with many expressions of thanks and wishes for a good journey. I was altogether

well pleased with my interview with these reputed devil-worshippers.[1] Their houses also were better built than those in the villages which I had passed, being thatched and more regular in their construction. On the outskirts of the village was their burying-ground, in which I noticed two large tombs of a peculiar form and appearance.

Our next stage was to Faidah, two and a half hours from Hatara. Here the people were Arabs, living in their tents about a quarter of a mile from the village, and a more poor and miserable population I have seldom seen, even in Turkey. They were dirty, their tents were thronged with vermin, and their children were running about in the hot sun entirely naked. Nevertheless they treated me well, and in particular showed one very acceptable specimen of good manners in not intruding upon me all the day, by which I had an opportunity to sleep. The Tigris was visible from the tents, about one hour distant to the Southwest, and beyond it a range of hills running parallel with its course. We had arrived before 9 A. M., when the heat was not yet intense, but towards noon it increased, and a sirocco from the Southeast was blowing upon us all the day, like the hot air of a furnace.

At nine o'clock, Eastern time, that is, three hours before sunset, we mounted again, and came in four hours to Mandan, a Kurdish village, where the people, taking us to be Pasha's men, were at first disposed to give us a sullen reception. But on learning that I was a Frank, they treated us hospitably, gave us a good supper and lodgings till midnight, when we started again upon our last stage to Zakho. My Mehmandar, Reshid Agha, had left us at Faidah, and taken two of the men with him, leaving only one, who told us as we left the village, that Reshid and his two compan-

[1] I have given some account of the religion of the Yezidees in my Narrative of a Tour, &c., Vol. II. p. 317, Am. Ed.

ions would follow immediately. But when we reached Mandan, we were informed that he had made a diversion to collect the Pasha's taxes, and would overtake us at Zakho. Fortunately there was no need of his protection, for we made our way unmolested to Zakho. Four hours from Mandan, and just as day was dawning, on the morning of the 24th, we left the low country over which we had been travelling, and entered a mountain range where we toiled slowly on for two weary hours, and then descended to another plain beyond, where Zakho stands on an island in the Khabour.

CHAPTER XIV.

Zakho.—Its District.—Taxes.—Evils of the Farming System.—Call from the Agha.—A young Syrian.—Bankers.—Presents.—Guard.—Provincial Quarrels.—Bridge over the Khabour.—Fording a River by Night.—Chaldean Village.—Reception at Night.—Sleeping on Roofs.—Hadid.—Bitouna.—The Province of Jezireh.—Its Government compared with that of Mossoul.—Harvest.—Chaldean and Nestorian Villages.—Town of Jezireh.—Reshid Pasha and his Wars.—Attack on Jezireh.—Crossing the Tigris on a Raft.—A Chaldean Host and Hostess.—Description of Jezireh.—Chaldean Bishop.—Chaldean and Nestorian Population of the Province.—Nestorian Bishop.—Syrian Bishop.—Papal Proselytism.

Zakho, a place famous in the later history of these countries, stands, as I have said, upon an island in the Khabour. The entrance is by a narrow bridge at the head of the island, which is the only means of communication with the town, and at the same head of the island is the old citadel, which was once a stronghold, but is now in a ruinous and dilapidated condition. The whole town, indeed, is in a similar state, and the people say is only a remnant of what it once was. There are not more than one hundred families in the place, and of these only five were Syrian. A part of the remainder were Jews. The town, however, is the head of a district which is said to contain three hundred villages, but many of these are heaps of ruins. The Governor, one Ibrahim Agha, farms the district for 300,000 piastres, (about 13,000 Spanish dollars, or £2,775,) which he replaces with interest, in his own pocket, by such

means as he pleases. This is the curse of the farming system. The district of Zakho, with a nominal tax of 13,000 dollars, is doubtless paying one of eighteen or twenty thousand. The town and the whole region afford a sad demonstration of the evil of the system, which is gradually reducing the productive power of the country, diminishing population, repressing agriculture, and rendering every year the burdens more onerous to the people as they come to be borne (without being themselves diminished) by a constantly decreasing population. The Pasha will expect the Governor to give as much this year as he did last, and the Governor is compelled to press each year harder to obtain the amount and his own gains. A policy more surely ending in ruin could not be devised.

Ibrahim Agha called upon me at my lodgings, which were, as to their ruinous state, a miniature of his own at the castle. The whole front of the room in which I sat had fallen down, and left an uninterrupted view of a cattle-yard without. The Agha was barefooted, according to the approved fashion of summer-dress in this country, and his shirt and drawers had no pantaloons over them. At the same time his head was bound about with an enormous turban, fold upon fold of coarse muslin. He sat half an hour, while I endeavored to instruct him in the rudiments of geography from a large map which I had before me. But he could get no idea of its meaning, and was totally confounded at seeing Constantinople only three feet distant from Mossoul. He could not discover the art of contracting towns and cities into points, or making seas and rivers flow on paper. He evidently thought it some species of magic, and looked from the map at me with a ludicrous air of bewilderment and suspicion.

Another of my visitors was a very gayly dressed Syrian, an agent of the Pasha's banker at Mossoul. He was here to collect his master's debts out of the revenues of the prov-

ince, and I confess his handsome dress prepossessed me against him when I thought of the miserable beings from whom the means of luxury came. But this was no fault of his, excepting as he was the instrument of collecting the exactions of others. The bankers prey upon the Pashas, the Pashas prey upon the rulers of districts, and these last prey upon the people.

The young Syrian, however, was profuse in his attentions to me. He had already heard of my visit to the city, and gave me some proof of it by telling me what I had been doing. He had heard it from his master, the banker, who had been one of my best friends, and who, notwithstanding the nature of his business, was kind-hearted, intelligent, and generous. He had himself been supporting two respectable schools among the Syrians, and had entered with great readiness into all my plans for their welfare. He was an Armenian from Constantinople, but unfortunately one of those whose faith has become unsettled by skeptical views. He used to say to me, "These people are orphans. No one looks after them, no one cares for them. They are reduced by oppression and impoverished by extortion. Do them good. They can make you no return; but your reward will be in Heaven, *if there is one.*" With much intelligence and shrewd knowledge of the world, Agha S. betrayed a singular complication of motive. He seemed to take great pleasure in doing good, while he was a doubter on all the great points of religion, and quite denied the overruling providence of God. He had no very favorable opinion of the sincerity of men, and yet he was befriending the Syrians with much zeal. In the same breath he would abuse them as miserable fellows, and propose some important measure for their welfare. All this made me suspect that he was acting under instructions, as he was the agent of an eminent banker in Constantinople, whose zeal for education had led him to establish in the metropolis a semi-

nary of a high order for the benefit of Armenian youth, which he was supporting entirely from his private purse. He too was another eminent instance of an honest, upright, and benevolent banker, but he has since fallen under the charge of fraud, from the Pasha of Mossoul, (who probably took this way of settling accounts with him,) and has been banished from the city.[1]

The young Syrian at Zakho did all in his power to make me acquainted with the town, and then inquired what further he could do for me. I begged him to procure for me horses that I might get away out of the town, for every body appeared very miserable in it, and it was only with great difficulty that I could obtain a single article of food. The danger of starvation appeared so imminent that I determined to fly from Zakho, and seek for something to eat in the villages. The Syrian hired mules for me, as there was no post-house in the place, and when I departed accompanied me out of the town on a noble, spirited horse, which, besides himself, was the only well-looking creature that I met in Zakho. Upon our parting, I gave my Syrian friend a present, in acknowledgment of his kindness. He received it with great apparent reluctance, saying that he was ready to serve me to any extent, for the good I had done to his people. I had taken care, before leaving, to send a small present to the Agha in return for his call, by the hand of my servant. The custom on such occasions is for the receiver to reward the bearer; but Basil returned, saying, that the Agha looked so miserable in his tumbling-down castle that he would not receive the ten piastres which he proffered to him. Ibrahim Agha gave me a guard of three men to go as far as a river two hours from Zakho, which forms the boundary between this district and that of Jezireh. On

[1] Since this was written, the Pasha has died, and the banker has returned to Constantinople.

account of a misunderstanding between the Bey of Jezireh and the Pasha of Mossoul, the Agha gave strict injunctions that his men should not enter the territory of the former. And yet all these rulers are alike subjects of the Sultan, and their hostile districts are different provinces of his Empire.

On going out of the town by the same way that we had entered, we were compelled to go up along the Easterly bank of the river in order to find a bridge to convey us over the stream. We came to one about ten minutes' ride above Zakho. It was a solid and handsome stone structure worthy of a better looking town. The river is here about a hundred or a hundred and fifty feet wide. After passing the bridge, we resumed our course Westward, adown the right bank of the swift-rolling stream. In two hours we reached the river before mentioned, which is a tributary of the Khabour. Here we found neither bridge nor ferry boat. The guards advised me to wait till morning at a village of tents close by, but my anxiety to proceed made me determine to attempt the ford. Fortunately it was not entirely dark. A young moon descending in the West was shedding its feeble light over the stream. The chief of the village and two stout lads accompanied us as guides. The latter stripped themselves upon the bank of the river. One took my mule, and the other the animal which carried my luggage, while I mounted a strong horse which had been brought from the village. Thus prepared, we plunged into the river, the village chief leading the way. The stream at this point was deep and rapid in two of the four branches into which it was divided. The others were very shallow. The people say that in spring time it is impassable. The horses plunged about upon the rocky bottom, and for a time it seemed doubtful whether some of the weaker animals would be able to stand up against the torrent. The quiet light of the moon and the perfect silence of the company

struck me in contrast with the rush and bluster of the stream, and made the scene for a moment singularly impressive. The silver light twinkling upon the fretting water, seemed to be wooing it to calmness and peace. So do the still small voice and the gentle influences from Heaven fall upon the troubled stream of human life, and seek to win it to quietness and trust. Would that we might heed them, and in these days of strife and opposition, learn in patience to possess our souls!

We crossed the river in safety, and having taken leave of our village guides, pursued our way for about an hour to the Chaldean village of Tel Kabin, in the district of Jezireh. The men from Zakho had consented, with some persuasion and demur, to accompany me hither, rather than leave me to find my way alone. When we arrived, the whole village was drowned in sleep. The guard shouted, and instantly every roof was bristling with men, and a hundred dogs began to bark furiously.

A strong voice demanded, "What do you want?"

"Lodgings," cried the men of Zakho.

"We have none," was the stern reply.

"There is a *Balyos*[1] with us," answered the guard.

In an instant the scene changed. The word passed from mouth to mouth. Several shouted a hearty welcome. Some descended from the roofs, all armed, as I observed, with guns. Some took the horses, others helped me to alight, and three or four almost took me upon their shoulders, and carried me up to the roof. The chief spread a carpet and seated me upon it. The young men brought up the baggage and stowed it nicely about me, while some twenty gathered round in their shirts and sat down to talk. They provided me with such food as the hour permitted,

[1] A title given to official personages, and sometimes to Frank travellers.

and we sat talking until one after another had stolen away to his bed on some adjacent roof, and I remained alone with the chief. This fashion of sleeping upon roofs is a great luxury in a country where the air is balmy and dry, to say nothing of the deliverance from vermin, which swarm in the apartments below. A friend of mine used to inclose himself in a bag and draw up the strings of it about his neck, and he recommended it to me as an effectual security against fleas, lice, and other specimens of entomology which abound in the interior. But I could never bring myself to forego the use of arms and legs in a country where they are sometimes necessary upon a sudden. Better "to bear the ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of." The fact of a man's being ready sacked would be temptation enough in some parts of Turkey for the people to throw him into a river.

Our meal and our talk done, we lay down and slept quietly till morning, when the villagers sent me away with two men on foot, who, they said, would conduct me to the village of Hadid, an hour distant, where I could find horses for them. There were no horses at Hadid, a Mussulman village, and we went to another, called Bitouna, a few minutes' ride to the East, wheret he Agha resided. He received us well, and gave us a good breakfast to begin the day with, but he laughed at the idea of travelling with guards in the well-governed district of Jezireh. "Put your gold on your head and go your way," he said; "nobody will injure you." He gave us, however, a man to show us the road, who turned out to be a beggar that had left his wallet to come with us. He was so slow in his motions that I soon sent him back to his profession, and we travelled the rest of the way alone. The merry Agha of Bitouna was right; there was no need of guards. The peasants were scattered all over the country, reaping their grain. Women and men were all at work, and seemed happy and cheerful in their labor.

The products of their fields were wheat and barley, with here and there a patch of Indian corn, not planted in hills, but growing in single stalks. We passed also two fields covered with the tobacco plant. Last year there had been a scarcity in the region, but this year the crops were extraordinarily abundant. The whole land appeared to be rejoicing in the fruits of its toil. I marked at once the striking difference between the districts of Mossoul and Jezireh. There every thing wore an aspect of gloom and decay. The villages were half ruined, and the people timid and heart-broken. Here every thing seemed thriving and prosperous, the people comparatively contented, and the land yielding its increase to their willing toil. The sight convinced me that it is possible to combine here the two great features of government which the country requires, severity and justice. The Pasha of Mossoul is severe, but his rule is too exacting and oppressive upon the property of his subjects. The Bey of Jezireh is both severe and ordinarily just.[1] At least he does not oppress his people with burdens which they cannot bear, and they in return boast of that sternness of judgment which makes the province as quiet and peaceful as any country in Europe. It is only a few years since it was governed by rebellious chiefs, and the whole land was a den of robbers. Now, as my good friend of Bitouna said, one might put gold on his head, and go where he pleased.

The whole land from Zakho to within about three hours of Jezireh, a distance of about 35 or 40 miles, is an extensive plain country, and evidently bears a considerable population. One of the Christian villages I have already men-

[1] I say this, not forgetting his horrid character as a persecutor of the Christians, for he is the same Bedr Khan Bey who led the Kurds in the massacre of the Nestorians in 1843. He is a bigoted and ferocious Mussulman, but I have never heard any well-grounded complaints of exaction upon the property of his subjects.

tioned. Two others are Takyan and Ghirkeh Badrou, the former Chaldean, the latter half Chaldean and half Nestorian. These last were the first of whom I heard as belonging still to the ancient Nestorian Church of Mar Elias, not having, with the great body of that Church, acknowledged allegiance to the Pope.

The heat was not extreme until the middle of the day, when we began to suffer from the rays of the sun. But we had fortunately entered upon a more hilly and rugged country, which continued till we reached Jezireh. We first espied the town from the summit of a ridge about an hour distant, whence it appeared lying below us on a strip of plain between the river Tigris, which now burst full in view, and a range of hills beyond.

On descending to the river, we found in front of the town, the remains of a handsome stone bridge, which had been destroyed by the inhabitants in the wars with Reshid Pasha, in 1835 6. This distinguished chief, who still lives in the memory of the people, and whose name is still heard in the songs of the Kurds, was deputed by the Sultan to bring all these provinces, Mardin, Jebel Tour, Jezireh, and Zakho, into subjection. They were then held by Kurdish and Arab Beys, who owned no authority above their own. On approaching Jezireh from the opposite side of the river, and finding the communication cut off, the Pasha planted his cannon and battered it into submission. The terror of the Kurds when they heard the roar of this new engine, was well described to me by a chief of their own. "I am ready," he said, "to meet any man with a good sword, or to try a shot with him at a proper distance; but I must confess that when I heard the sound of those bellowing machines, and saw them throwing their huge balls to a distance whence we could send nothing in return, I felt very much inclined to get behind a stone." The stone bridge had been replaced by one of boats, like those at Bagdad and Mossoul, but this

was now drawn up on one side for repairs. We were therefore compelled to trust to rafts made, like those on the Zab and Tigris, of inflated goat-skins, supporting a platform of osier work. That to which we committed ourselves was small and rickety, and the current, which here comes round a bend, was rapid and furious, rushing and boiling in eddies. It seemed a hazardous task, as the little raft plunged into the current, and was carried violently down, and then rushed up again, turning and twisting in the eddies, as if it were going down in a young Maelstrom; but we got safely over. The postilion from Zakho was prudent enough to keep the horses on the other side. I sat upon the bank where we landed, for an hour, broiling in the hot sun, while the servant went to deliver my letter for the Bey, and find a lodging-place. The Bey was absent in the mountains, but his deputy read the letter, and ordered lodgings to be provided in the house of a Chaldean, who, finding me to be a Christian, gave me a truly Christian reception, and treated me with the same kindness as if I had been an invited guest. He was a young man lately married, and it was pleasant to see his sprightly little wife moving actively about in her household duties, and doing every thing in her power to make me comfortable. She wore no veil. Her fair and youthful face was beaming with good-humor and happiness. She conversed freely with her husband, and, like a modest matron, made him the medium of communication with her guest. I was attracted by the scene, which brought faintly to my mind images of home and social delights, and the converse of friends gliding softly into my mind like the recollections of a dream, and almost making me doubt, by their pleasantness, whether they had ever been real. I was beguiled to spend the rest of the day with them, although my intention had been otherwise when I reached the town. I felt, moreover, the need of repose from the heat of the sun, and hoped to make a few inquiries in the town. Above all,

there was no post-establishment in the place, and I could obtain no horses for my journey through the Tour mountains.

After an hour's repose I went abroad to see the town, my host accompanying me as guide. I had already been struck by its ruinous appearance on entering, and the impression was not removed by a closer survey. It was in truth a melancholy mass of ruins, amidst which a house was here and there left standing, rather than a town with here and there a ruined building. There was a low wall around it, and on the river-side a citadel in ruins, where I observed nothing worthy of note excepting the figures of two lions over the gateway. The town contains 200 families, of which 50 are Chaldean and Syrian Papists, (the two forming one community and worshipping in the same Church,) 12 Syrian, and a solitary Armenian, who worships with the Syrians. There is a Chaldean Bishop who came a year ago from Bagdad, and had now been absent two and a half months. His flock asked me whether I knew what had become of him. From the description I judged him to be the same that I had seen at Diabekir, and thought it not improper to inform his people where their Bishop was. They seemed relieved by the information. There are 15 Chaldean villages in the district of which Jezireh is the capital, and others partly Chaldean. Some of them are large, containing 100 families or more, others are insignificant. The whole Chaldean population of Jezireh may be reckoned at 1000 families, or about 5000 souls.

There are also in the same district about the same number of Nestorian villages, and probably about the same population. These, as I have said, are a remnant of the Church of Mar Elias, who have not yet learned to call themselves *Catoleek*. The people informed me that they have a *Patriarch* of their own at a place called Kilisseh[1] in Jebel Judi,

[1] The Turkish for *Church*, a corruption of the Greek, Ἐκκλησία.

two hours from Jezireh; but from the description, I judged him to be the old Nestorian Bishop, formerly Bishop of Jezireh, who retired into the mountains upon the defection of his Church, and is the only Bishop of the Church of Mar Elias who has not acknowledged the Pope.

Jezireh is also the see of a Syrian Bishop, who is now resident at Azik in the Tour Mountains, six and a half hours from the town. The district contains, so far as I could learn, 13 Syrian villages, but I have some reason to believe that the number was understated. I was told, moreover, that the last year a Papal Syrian priest from Bagdad had gone among these villages, and succeeded in making seven of them *Catoleek*, not by preaching to them the Catholic faith, but by showing them the temporal advantages of acknowledging the Pope. This, says a Syrian Bishop to me, is not *Catoleek* (Catholic) but *Keutuluk*.[1] I believe, however, that the story is exaggerated, so far as regards the success of the mission, although it is true that such a mission was undertaken. It is not a rare thing for the poor uninstructed people hereabout to allow themselves to be called *Catoleek* for a trifling compensation, and to turn back again as soon as the money is exhausted. If it is melancholy to see men thus disposing of their religion by sale and barter, how much greater is *their* sin who, better taught as they are, can use such means for extending their boasted and exclusive Catholicity. If it is the Catholic faith which they sell, is this faith a gift to be purchased with money? If it is, as I believe, the name only, with a temporal advantage attached to it, it is still an awful trifling with a sacred thing. In either case, and with no evil feelings, we desire that they may repent of this their wickedness, and pray God if perhaps the thought of their heart may be forgiven them. Acts viii. 18–24.

[1] *Keutuluk*—a Turkish word, meaning *vileness, badness.*

CHAPTER XV.

Troubles in the Tour Dagh.—Change of Route.—The Churches of Jezireh.—The Chaldean Church.—Conversation with the Priest.—His Idea of the English Church.—Romish Falsehoods.—The Church.—Its Interior.—Quarrel in the Church-yard.—The Syrian Church.—Its School.—On the Mode of Circulating the Holy Scriptures.—Evening Prayers.—Talk in the Evening on Oppression and Proselytism.—Departure from Jezireh.—Death of a Missionary in the Desert.—Kargo.—Haznaour.—The Syrians of the Desert.—The Bigamist.—His Excommunication.—Tediousness of Travelling over a Desert.—The Church of St. James at Nisibis.—Dara.—Its Ancient State.—Survey of its Ruins —Its Inhabitants.—Road to Kherin.—Ancient Tombs.—Reception at Kherin.—The Value of Selfish Friendship.—Departure.—Sight of Der Zafran.—Its Position.—Arrival at its Gate.

JUNE 26. Intended to have left to day, but morning came, and there were no horses. I thought the Deputy Governor had been inattentive to my wants, and instead of a present which I had prepared for him, I sent him the Sultan's firman. It had the desired effect of making him active. He sent hither and thither for horses, but none were to be had. There were many in the town, and two caravans were ready to depart, but none of the muleteers were willing to take the mountain road. I had come to Jezireh with no other purpose than that of going through the length of Tour Dagh, which would carry me through the heart of the Syrian country. But a story was abroad that the Kurds, who inhabit a part of the range, were in rebellion against the Pasha of Mossoul. Some had been taken prisoners by the

Governor of Mardin, and the whole population were in an excited and dangerous state. But this I thought an insufficient obstacle, partly because I did not believe the story, and partly because the object seemed an important one. I offered, therefore, a considerable sum in addition to the regular price for horses, to any one who would accompany me. One at length came and made a bargain, and went away to bring the animals, but I never saw him again. The Governor offered to send to the villages and seize horses, and compel some one to accompany me. But this I did not like. It was worse than sacrificing my own wishes. I sacrificed them, therefore, and immediately formed another and better plan for accomplishing the same object at a later day. The story afterwards proved true, and for a wonder the circumstances attending the rebellion were of a more aggravated character than the rumor itself. It is often hard to submit, and sometimes we can see no way in which the disappointment can be otherwise than an injury; but as events develope themselves, we behold what we most deprecated to have been really the best for ourselves and for the glory of God.

I was occupied most of the day in these negotiations, acting through others, as the heat was too great to allow of my going abroad. Three hours before sunset the business was settled, and I went out with my host to see the Churches. There are two in the town, one Syrian, and one Chaldean. We went to the last mentioned first. My host finding the Church door locked, went to the house of the priest, which was close by, for the key, and I followed him in. The priest, a man of about thirty-five, was sitting in an outer apartment looking upon the court, on the side opposite to the house. He was nearly undressed, on account of the heat, and sat reading an Arabic book when we entered. Another in Arabic and a third in Chaldaic lay by his side

My host, who had never heard of the New World, announced me as an Englishman, upon which the priest received me with marked coldness and incivility. Not appearing to notice it, I took a seat by his side and soon succeeded in leading him into conversation. I was not long in learning that he had a strong and deep-rooted prejudice against the English, and that this was a part of his Catholicism. We began to discuss differences. He commenced by saying that in England priests were made by laymen, that the great men gave them the priestly office and took it away at pleasure. I corrected him, and described the order of the ministry in the English Church. My host who stood by, broke in with an exclamation of pleasure when I said that we had the same three orders which they acknowledged, and that, as among themselves, only the first order could ordain the other two. But the priest promptly declared that he would not believe it.

"And why will you not believe it?" I asked, "What do *you* know of the Church of England?"

"It is all written in this book," he said, slapping with his hand the volume he was reading.

"And pray where did that book come from? I see it is printed."

"It came from Rome," he replied, "and therefore must be true." I told him that I was a priest myself, that a Bishop's hands had twice been laid upon me, and that on this subject I might claim to know as much as the Pope himself. Upon this he relaxed a little, and began to show me some attention, and very soon we were upon as good terms as if he had been civil from the beginning. I confess, however, that the incident did not tend to increase my respect for the *Catoleek*-ism imported from Rome. Had the book been a faithful announcement of the great truths of our Saviour's nature and person, it would have afforded

me unmingled gratification, come from whatever quarter it might. I was not surprised, however, to find it of another character, for the same slanders are most diligently propagated every where among the Eastern Churches. I have met them at every point from Bagdad to Constantinople, and have found them invariably to have come from the same source. Why is it that the Church of Rome deems it necessary to the accomplishment of her own designs that she should thus speak evil of the Church of England? What has it to do with the progress of Catholicism, or with those great truths and duties of religion which every real Catholic must wish to see disseminated and insisted upon among the Eastern Christians? These questions we shall answer hereafter, and if the explanation shows that the cause of Rome favors only ecclesiastical and political ambition, while it is adverse to Catholic truth and unity, it may at least serve to teach us our own duty, and stimulate us to the performance of it.

The Chaldean Priest led the way to the Church, and showed me its different parts. The outer door opened upon a court, on one side of which was the Church, a low, plain building, with a very ancient and decayed appearance. The interior was in keeping with the outside. The altar and every thing about it was old, dirty, and neglected, excepting one large picture of the Virgin, and other smaller ones of the same Saint. These being, like the Priest's book, importations from Rome, were as new and fresh as the *Catoleek*-ism of the Church. My host devoutly crossed and bowed himself before it. What would his ancestors 150 years back, have thought of it, could they have beheld the act? The Bishop's seat was a rude low stool, and before the altar, a little in advance of it, was a stone post on which the Gospel is read. The farther part of the Church was hidden by a broken lattice, behind which the women assemble. Between this and the altar, the whole space was clear, as it

always is in Oriental Churches,—a custom arising doubtless from Oriental habits and not from religious considerations. In those parts of the service where sitting is allowed, the congregation sit upon the ground, on their carpets, or on the straw matting with which the best Churches are covered. In some Churches, I have seen parts of the floor rented to families, who spread their carpets there and let them remain as long as they have possession.

While we were in the building a body of muleteers, who had been to my lodgings in search of me, and not finding me there, had traced me to the Church, came into the court and offered their services for my journey. I retired a little from the Church, and selecting the best-looking among them, made a bargain with him on the spot. We then returned to the Church, and the muleteer whom I had engaged came back with me and remained in the court. Presently a loud noise was heard, and on going out, I found the muleteer in the hands of half a dozen men who were carrying him off by force. It was some time before I could learn the cause of the uproar, during which a few blows were given and received. It turned out at last that the muleteer had been engaged by another party, and learning afterwards that a Frank was in the place, he had come and made a second and better bargain with me. As soon as I ascertained the cause of the turmoil, I stopped it at once by telling the muleteer that I would not have him, and then gave them, one and all, a rebuke for quarreling in the Church-yard. They were all, or nearly all, Christians. I felt mortified at the occurrence, although I was innocently and very unwillingly the occasion of it, and apologized to the Priest for it. Instead of being offended, he commended me for my mildness, and so we parted better friends than we met.

From the Chaldean Church I went to the Syrian, which I found, in respect to uncleanliness and decay, in much the same condition. The court was large, and there were one

or two low buildings upon it, intended for the priests and servants of the Church. Under the piazza, a priest was teaching six or seven boys, one of whom was reading the Gospel in Syriac, which I observed was printed, and on examining, found it to be of the British and Foreign Bible Society's edition. The way in which this edition was put into circulation among the Syrians is worthy of mention, as showing the importance of quiet and conservative measures, and the superior excellence of reorganizing the Eastern Communions as regularly organized Christian Churches. The reader will pardon the digression for the sake of illustrating a principle. The books were sent by an agent of the Society, a worthy clergyman of the Church of England, to the Patriarch, by whom they were duly examined. Finding no errors in them, excepting some harmless mistakes of the press, he ordered them to be circulated. They are now to be found in schools and Churches and private houses, going freely wherever they list, read, studied, and rejoiced in, relieving the long dearth of the Word of God. Had the mode of distribution been different, the result would have been different also. The Patriarch, thinking the surreptitious mode of their circulation sufficient reason for suspecting their character and design, might have condemned them without examination, as I know has been done in other cases. In this, according to the rules of his Church, he would have been justified, not that his Church prohibits or restricts the reading of the Holy Scriptures, but that as head of the family he has authority to prevent his children from eating pernicious or suspected food. Whatever we may think of such an ecclesiastical censorship, it is, if we cannot view it higher, the part of prudence to remember that it exists, and to act accordingly. "I am sorry," said an Eastern Patriarch, "that they will give themselves the trouble of printing and circulating, and us of collecting and burning their unauthorized books." The remark, which seemed to be said soberly and in earnest,

contains matter for grave reflection, especially when we remember that the result alluded to has been verified even in the case of translations of the Bible. A serious examination may give rise to the question, whether, if there has been any sin in burning these translations, it does not rest in part upon those who adopt a mode of circulation which may lead to this result. It is not enough to say that it is our duty to make known the word of God, whether men will receive it or not. This may be true, and it may be true farther that men are bound to receive it; but it does not follow that they are bound to receive any version of it which it pleases me or another man to set forth. We do not acknowledge such a rule to be binding upon ourselves, and we cannot with justice enforce it upon others. Nor is it a sufficient plea that the Eastern Christians are destitute of modern versions of the Scriptures, and that, therefore, they should receive what we give them with gratitude. They cannot formally accept what has never been formally offered, nor is it probable that they would be predisposed to accept, or even examine, what has been made, printed, published, and circulated without their knowledge or consent. Neither is it to be taken for granted that these translations have been prohibited or burned *as* the word of God. Horrible thought! Happy am I in saying that there is not one, I believe, of the hundreds of Eastern clergy with whom I have associated and conversed, who would not shrink from it with a shudder of disgust and terror. There is a manifest difference between the Word of God in itself considered, and a version of the Bible known to be unauthorized, and because unauthorized, believed to be sectarian. If we were to consult our own feelings, there is perhaps no book which we would be more ready to burn, none certainly which we would more gladly see withdrawn from circulation, than a translation of the Bible which contained, or which we believed to contain, an abuse or perversion of the true Word of God. The more strongly

we held the Anglican, which is also the Oriental principle, that "Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation," the more dangerous would appear to us any falsifying thereof, and the more diligently to be striven against. I must, therefore, enter my earnest protest against the use which has been made of the prohibition, and, in some few cases, (confined, I believe, to the Greeks,) of the burning of missionary translations of the Bible. It is an extravagant inference from the facts, though one which I have seen repeatedly made by missionaries and travellers, that the Eastern clergy are opposed to true religion and the Word of God. The inference might be proved true, or the contrary, by other evidence, (I think the latter when speaking of them as a body,) but it is not deducible from the facts now stated. The threat, therefore, of an English missionary to an Eastern Bishop, that "if he burned these translations, he should himself burn in hell," was unjustifiable in the extreme, to say nothing of its impropriety on other grounds.

I must again beg the reader's pardon for this long digression in the Syrian Church-yard of Jezireh. I noticed that in both these Churches there was a sculptured lion on each side of the main entrance, in the walls of the building, and that this entrance was not, as is most common in Eastern Churches, at the west end, opposite the altar, but on the north or south side, midway of the building. Within, there was little worthy of note; the three altars as usual, a picture of the Virgin, rude and torn, another of the crucifixion, and others on religious subjects. The people were already gathered at the door for prayers. Most of the men followed me into the Church, and explained every thing excepting some Syriac inscriptions on the walls, of which they even said they did not know the language. Among them was the solitary Armenian, who told me that formerly, when there were several families of his nation in Jezireh, they used to have a priest of their own, and occupied one of the

small chambers on the court, for a chapel, but that now, being the only one left, he worshipped with his brethren the Syrians. There are only twelve Syrian families in the town. Judging from the number waiting before the door for evening prayers, nearly the whole male population must have been at Church. It was a pleasant sight to behold them, just as the labors of the day were closed, assembling to render thanks for its mercies and to beg protection for the night. Even though they understand little of the language of the service, the mere act of gathering thus, day by day, at early dawn and eventide, must have a good and hallowing influence. It must remind them constantly of their brotherhood It must soften asperities, heal or prevent animosities, and tend to preserve the remembrance and love of their faith. Even upon myself, a stranger to them, it never failed to have a subduing and hallowing effect. The associations of morning and evening, the first thoughts raised to God and the last hour spent with Him, gave to these sacred duties a peculiar impressiveness and propriety.

In the evening, a little company of Chaldeans and Syrians came and sat with me upon the roof. We talked of oppressions and conversions—first of their rulers, and then of themselves. They all agreed that they had never known of conversions to Popery, but from mercenary motives. Indeed, without any such testimony, the fact is plain; for what can people wholly uninstructed understand of the differences between the Church of Rome and themselves. The stories which they told of their own oppressions and sufferings, were simple and touching. They told me of the incursion of Ravandouz Bey some years ago, and of the great number of Christian females and boys which he carried away captive and sold. Among them was the wife of the Syrian priest of Jezireh, who was carried to Bagdad, where she was forced to become the wife of a Mussulman, by whom she had two children. She was afterwards res-

cued, and had just found her way back to her husband, leaving behind her her Mohammedan offspring. The good priest received her with joy as one from the dead. Two sisters of my fair hostess had been taken in the same way, and she had lately heard that both were dead. Between thirty and forty from this neighborhood were still in bondage, compelled to serve the pleasure of their Mohammedan masters. They begged me to do something for their relief, and I readily promised to do all in my power,—a promise which I have since labored to fulfil.

I left Jezireh on the morning of the 27th of June, and travelled three hours to a little Kurdish village, where the people had neither bread nor any thing else to eat, or if they had, they would not give them to us. Their houses were too dirty to enter, so I lay under a mulberry tree for several hours, and at last rose and went away in the heat of the day. I shall always remember the mulberry tree and its grateful shade, though it was old and decayed; for a tree of any kind, excepting in cultivated gardens, is a luxury rarely to be found in these sun-burnt regions. We passed by two other villages during the day, and saw several in the distance. The inhabitants were complaining of poverty and famine, although their corn, wheat, and barley fields were waving with a luxuriant harvest. I had heard at Jezireh that a party of Franks were on the road, and that one of them was sick at a village not far from the town. I had, therefore, left the route which I had proposed pursuing, along the base of the Tour Dagh, and travelled direct towards Nisibin, in the hope of meeting them and rendering some assistance. I saw nothing of them during the day, and it was only when I reached Haznaour the next morning, that I learned they had taken a road farther to the East, so that we had passed within a few miles of each other without meeting. I ascertained afterwards at Mardin, that they were American mis-

sionaries with their wives, on their way to Mossoul, and that one of them had died on the road, and it was only after my arrival in Constantinople, in August, that I learned the name of the deceased, the Rev. Mr. Mitchell, and heard that his wife, with their new-born child, had died soon after reaching Mossoul. The melancholy event gave rise to many sad reflections, and was perhaps one of many experiences which have conjoined to settle the conviction in my mind that it is inexpedient for married females to engage as missionary *pioneers* in such lands as Mesopotamia and Kurdistan.

I travelled four hours farther after leaving the mulberry tree, and stopped at Kargo, a Kurdish village on the border of the Great Desert, where the Kiahya gave us a good dinner, to make amends for our long abstinence, and put us to bed out of doors, with a man to watch over us all night. In the morning the watchman was found among the sleepers, but nobody had molested us. We rose, and pursued our way to Haznaour, six and a half hours distant, where we arrived at 10 A. M. Here are twenty Syrian families, which form the largest population of that nation in any one place on the desert, excepting Kennek, two hours north of Haznaour, which is purely Syrian, has fifty families and a Church, the only one in all the plain. There are other villages, exclusively Syrian, on the edge of the desert, under the mountains of Tour, and most, if not all, of them have Churches. Besides these, there are scattered over the plain between Sinjar and the Tour, about forty villages in which there is a mingled population of Syrians and Mussulmans, but one and all destitute of a Church. They sometimes come up to Kennek to worship. A Syrian of Haznaour remarked that they needed a Church in some central spot where the scattered population of the desert might go up to worship. I recommended to him to rebuild St. James at Nisibin, and the man jumped at the thought. Many a long year, I fear,

will pass before this venerable relic of ancient days shall put on robes of newness and beauty.[1]

The principal Syrian at Haznaour was one Marghas, the Deputy of the Ayan, or Governor. He came and sat with me most of the day, and told me his history. He had formerly lived in the mountains, where he had married and brought up children. But his union was not a happy one. His wife had ruined his peace by her boisterous temper, which he endured as long as he could, but finding it grew worse as she grew older, he had no other remedy than to separate. He sought for a divorce from the Church, but the Syrians allowing of this extreme resort only in the case to which it is confined by the Saviour,[1] he failed in his request. His next expedient was to take to himself a second wife, to supply the place of the first. He had thus been guilty of bigamy, and accordingly had been publicly excommunicated by his Bishop, and driven out of the mountains. As I was now on my way to the monastery, he begged me to intercede for him with the Patriarch, that this terrible curse might be removed. "I am now out of the Church;" he said, "I am a heathen, and if I die so, what will become of me?" I was glad to see this sense of his state, but said to him that there was no hope that the Patriarch would restore him while he remained in his sin, as I knew His Holiness to be severe and exact in discipline, and that to intercede for him in this state, would make me a partaker of his guilt. He replied with much emotion, that he would submit to the Patriarch's decision, whatever it might be, as better than to remain an outcast from his people, and on this condition I promised to speak to the Patriarch about it. I took occasion, however, to set before

[1] I have described the present Church in the Narrative of a Tour, &c., Vol. II. Chap. 22.

[2] Matt. v. 32; xix. 9.

him the enormity of his offence and the need of hearty repentance, to all which he gave, apparently, a frank and cordial assent. I afterwards mentioned the circumstances to one of the Bishops in the monastery, who said that the sentence had been approved by the Patriarch, and several attempts had been made to obtain a reversal, without effect. The man, he added, was rich and powerful, and the offence was notorious; it was necessary, in such a case, not to weaken the bonds of discipline; if the man was truly penitent, he knew very well that he had only to abandon his unlawful connexion, and come and make confession, and pray, and fast, and mourn for his sin, in order to be restored. Such being the case, I thought it best to follow his advice, and say nothing to the Patriarch about it. The man had been informed of the terms of restoration, and any intercession of mine would therefore be irregular and improper.

I left Haznaour three hours before sunset, but our horses were already so worn out that we were six hours in going the four which lay between that place and Nisibin, so that we did not arrive till half past ten in the evening. The moon was up, and by its light we kept sight of the new barracks at Nisibin, which first appeared while we were still about nine miles distant. For several hours they were the only object in prospect, and the slow motion of our horses gave us a good opportunity of judging of the tediousness of travelling over a plain with such an object in view. There it stands, so prominent and alone that the eye of the traveller cannot avoid resting upon it. An hour passes, and still it stands as before, as prominent, solitary, and apparently as distant. The slowness of your approach makes the change in its distinctness so gradual as to be almost imperceptible, and when you are within a mile of it, it seems nearly the same as when you were nine miles off. But dragging one foot after another has the effect, however

imperceptible at the time, of diminishing distance, and so at length we reached Nisibin. A grateful and even a triumphant feeling shot through my heart when I thought of all which had passed since I left it. And then came the old ruin of St. James looming up in the moonlight, and I thought of the faith which was once professed here, and of the prayers which had been offered, and how that faith might again rise from its ruins, and those prayers go up again like incense, when the sway of the oppressor shall be broken. As we sat under the wall of the Governor's house, where we took up our lodgings for the night, my servant said, "You might know that there was no true faith in the place because no storks build here." His opinion was that they were only to be found among Christians. I recounted to him what Nisibin had been, and he thought the storks might have remained there as on hallowed ground.

We snatched a few hours repose, and started again at dawn. Instead of taking the main road to Mardin, we struck off to the right, for the purpose of visiting Dara, which lies on the border of the desert under the mountains. We reached it in five hours and a half, without molestation, although the road was supposed to be dangerous on account of the rebellious Kurds, who inhabit this part of the mountain. I went directly to the Governor's house, and after a short repose, went out to survey the ruins. The town was famous in its day, and still lives in history as one of the strong places of the Romans. Procopius describes it as fourteen miles from Nisibis, and four days' journey from the Tigris. We had travelled this distance in twenty-six hours, while the estimated distance is twenty-three hours. It was fortified by Anastasius, about A. D. 505, and afterwards improved by Justinian. It had two walls, distant from each other fifty paces. The inner wall was sixty feet high, and its towers one hundred feet. The outer wall was lower,

but more solid, and here each tower was protected by a quadrangular bulwark. The soil on every side but the S. E. was hard and rocky, and on this side a third wall was advanced in the shape of a crescent. The present position of the town shows the truth of this description. It lies in a basin formed by the hills which rise around it on every side excepting that which looks upon the desert to the S. E., where the hills open, and the soil is soft and yielding. The crescent wall was then advanced to protect this opening, as the only point at which the place was exposed to danger.[1]

Thus defended, Dara continued for sixty years to maintain the hopes of its builders, and to excite the jealousy of the Persians. It was finally taken by Khosroës, king of Persia, A. D. 579, after five months' strife, and then only because it had been left, without troops and provisions, to depend upon the unaided courage of the inhabitants.

The present remains indicate the strength and importance of the place. On entering from the desert is a fragment of a wall, which I judged to be one hundred feet high. It is straight across the opening, and I imagined might have been a part of the ancient inner wall. Close by is a circular building in ruins, now occupied as a mill, which may probably have been a tower. Beyond, as you pass the opening, the ruins appear, filling the level of the basin and the sides of the hills. They consist chiefly of rectangular and oblong blocks of rough-hewn stone, which lie disjointed and scattered in every direction. In the midst of the basin flows a stream, which pours itself out

[1] For a good description of Dara, its rise, its strength, and its fall, see Gibbon, *Dec. and Fall,* Chaps. XL., XLVI. D'Anville (*Gib. in loc.*) doubts the accuracy of Procopius's estimate of the distance between Dara and Nisibis, but, according to our rate and time of travelling, Procopius was correct. The distance which he gives to the Tigris, is also exact, if we estimate a day's journey at 20 miles; 23 hours being about seventy miles.

through the opening, and is lost in the desert. In one place there is a bridge over it, where you see the round arches of the Romans, but although small, it appears, from the size of the arches, to have been made for a much larger stream than the little rivulet over which it now affords a passage. On the left of the bridge, as you enter, is a small round tower, which the inhabitants say was formerly a part of a Church, and is still used as such by the Christian inhabitants, who are altogether about twenty-five families, Syrians and Armenians. Here, as elsewhere where the population is scanty and poor, they all worship together under the same roof. Beyond the bridge, and in the middle of the basin, rises a lofty square tower like those attached to the ancient Churches, (now mosques,) of Diarbekir.[1] It stands at the corner of a building of which the walls are almost entire. Tradition says that it was anciently one of the principal Churches. Its two parts are still distinct, the court and the ancient *Narthex*, or porch, without, and the nave within. It is not in the form of a cross, but square, as are most of the Churches in the East. Its walls are all bare, as if it had been desolated by fire, but a part of a Cufic inscription is still to be seen near the door. As I stood beneath its roofless walls, in the place of its sanctuary, under the shade of a wild tree which has been suffered to grow there, and my thoughts ran back to John of Dara, and the worshippers who had thronged its courts and bowed before its altar, I could well appreciate the feelings of an English friend who had visited the Church a year before, and, as one who accompanied him informed me, stood and wept when he beheld its desolation. Farther on are the walls of another Church of the same description, whose interior is filled

[1] For a description of one of these mosques, see Narrative of a Tour, Vol. II. Chap. 24, (p. 298 Am. Ed.) There is a mosque of the same kind in Constantinople.

with wild fig trees, and I was told that there were two or three others, which I did not visit.

Beyond that last mentioned, the bottom of the basin, or valley, terminates, and you begin to ascend the hill-side opposite the opening. On this hill stands the Mussulman quarter, a miserable hamlet of about twenty-five houses, built of stones and fragments from the ancient town. To the right, or Eastward, ascends a ravine, down which the stream before-mentioned flows. Across the ravine is a large wall which is a part of the wall of the town, or the façade of some vast building, for I could not spare time to examine it. On the hill-side, just before entering the Mussulman quarter, are ten cisterns in a row, cut out of the solid rock, and arched with masonry of tile and mortar. Each cistern is about 150 feet long, 75 feet deep, and 15 or 20 feet broad. Some of them are still perfect, and have the arches entire. Others are partly or wholly ruined. They seem evidently intended to supply the city with water in case the stream from the hills should be cut off.

The Christian quarter is below, near the bridge, on the left as you enter, the little Church before mentioned standing in the midst of it. Here also is another ruin which is perhaps the most curious in the place. It is now called the *Dungeon*. It consists of two subterranean apartments of great length and height, opening into each other. We descended by a dark stair way and surveyed the place with a torch, conducted by the Kiahya of the quarter. I noticed little to record excepting the size and solidity of the structure and the great height of the arches, which are, as in the cisterns, of the round Roman form. From one of the apartments is a subterranean passage of unknown extent, but which may perhaps have led to some other apartments. There were also recesses in the walls, which seemed to be intended for seats. The people say that treasure has been found here, but I was disposed to regard the whole as a part

of some royal *Serdab*,[1] or summer apartments. Immediately over these apartments, are traces of a large building with a portion of a wall still standing, which the people call the *Palace*. I noticed upon the wall an inscription, which was either too far up or too indistinct to be made out.

These are the principal remains which I saw, besides many traces of foundations and fragments of wall. On every side are huge blocks of stone, some of them from eight to ten feet long, by three and four feet in the other dimensions. These lie scattered all about, as if they had been thrown down by the hand of violence or the shock of an earthquake. The Governor gave me a most kind reception, and sent a man with me to survey the ruins. As soon as we returned to the house, I mounted. My wish had been to reach the monastery by striking across the mountains North of the town, but the Governor told me that they were impassable on account of the bad state of the Kurds, and I contented myself with the road to Kherin, leading along the base of the hills, with the desert on the left. This, the Governor said, I might or might not get over in safety. As we emerged from the town, which we did by going over the hills which form the Westerly barrier, instead of going round by the opening, we continued to pass for half an hour, subterranean chambers and graves cut out of the rock. Here was, then, the burying-place of the city, apparently without the walls. The chambers, which were small apartments with single low doors, were evidently tombs, but nothing remained within. Beyond these, and after we had come down into the desert, we passed several places where the rocks were cut down and levelled so as to form apparently foundations for buildings, which may have been

[1] *Serdab*—a suite of apartments below the surface of the earth, intended for summer residence. The houses in Bagdad and Mossoul are generally provided with them.

country-houses looking out upon the desert, at that time, perhaps, a cultivated field. Our road lay over the uneven ground which runs into the plain, and although our horses, bad at the best, were now tired and broken down, we succeeded in putting them into a gallop, and scampered over the ground as if the Kurds were upon us. I make it a rule in such countries to have my baggage so light and well packed that a horse can run with it even more easily than with a rider. In two hours we had passed the dangerous ground, and were on the main road from Nisibin to Kherin, which soon brought us to the latter village, where my old host received me with hearty greetings, and provided me with a bed upon his roof. All the villagers were old acquaintances, but some of them took advantage of our familiarity to carry off the crupper to my saddle and several other little articles in the night. In the morning every body was innocent, and I was fain to get away with the useful lesson, not to be on too good terms with people who do not understand kindness except as affording them an opportunity to take advantage of it for their own profit.

June 30. We left at a quarter past five, and instead of the road to Mardin, took another less beaten, which led to the Northeast, towards the hills where Zafran was visible. As we rode along, my thoughts were filled, as they had been during our gallop yesterday, with contemplations of the prospect before me, and many a prayer went up for blessings upon my work. After crossing the plain we entered a valley, or gorge, and wound our way up among the hills by a rocky path, until we came again in sight of the monastery, standing in a commanding position on an eminence, surrounded, at some distance, by lofty and precipitous crags towering far above it and enclosing it on every side, except that towards the desert, where the view opened and disclosed an extensive prospect beyond. The hill sides below the crags and around the monastery were covered with cultivation. Vine-

yards, orchards and fields appeared all around, and nearer the monastery a garden, spread out in terraces on the declivity, covered with vegetable plats and fruit trees, and watered by a stream issuing from the hills behind. The front of the monastery was towards the desert, but our mode of approach brought us to the rear, and then led us around its walls till we came to the front, which presented no opening through its whole extent but a low iron-sheathed door. Our guide advanced, pushed it open, and we rode in under a dark arched way, and dismounted in the court at a quarter past eight, just three hours from Kherin.

CHAPTER XVI.

Reception at Der Zafran.—Interview with the Patriarch.—Bishop Matthew.—Second Interview.—Abyssinian Monk.—Syrian Monasteries.—Schools.—Hours of Prayers.—Fasts.—Clerical Celibacy.—Sunday Service.—Picture Worship.—Compline.—Vespers.

THE old porter growled as the guide pushed open the heavy door of Der Zafran, and told him that a guest had arrived. "Why do you bring your guests here?" was the first salutation which I had at the venerable monastery of the Syrian Patriarchs. I did not mind it, for I had heard of gruff old porters before, but made my way quietly into the court, and directing the old man to hold my horse while I dismounted, asked if Mar Elias was at the monastery. The old man began to guess his mistake, and became officious and loquacious at once. Yes, Mar Elias was there, and Mar John, and several other *Mars* of whom I never heard afterwards. I was then guided through a narrow passage into another court, around which stood the principal buildings of the monastery. The court was paved with large slabs, some of which were dislodged from their places, and others had disappeared altogether. The buildings about the court presented rather a ruinous appearance, but I supposed it to be only the venerable aspect of age. A portico of arches supported by stone pillars, ran round three sides of the court, and underneath this portico was a wooden frame sustaining a platform about three feet high, on which

a carpet and cushions were arranged. Here I took my seat, and calling a servant, requested him to announce to the Patriarch that a Frank had arrived, and wished permission to see him. He soon returned, and immediately conducted me up a flight of stairs to the terrace above the portico, and across this to an apartment on the opposite side. He opened the door, and I immediately recognized the venerable face and beard which I had seen more than three years before in Constantinople. The Patriarch was sitting at the farther end of a long apartment, but change of dress and travel had so completely altered my appearance, that he did not at first recognize me. I advanced, dropped on one knee and kissed his hand, after which, rising and retreating a few paces, I drew forth the packet from Mossoul, approached and presented it. The Patriarch beckoned me to a seat opposite, and when he had read the address on the envelope, looked towards me, and laying his hand on his heart, bade me welcome. He then opened the packet, and was soon absorbed in reading the epistles. I could perceive no change in his countenance as he read, although I knew the letters contained much which might draw a sigh even from the heart of a stranger. He preserved through the whole the same calm and placid serenity with which he began, and when he had finished, which was not till half an hour had elapsed, he folded them again, and thrust them under his carpet amidst a multitude of other epistles and papers. I thought he looked even more hale and cheerful than when I saw him in Constantinople, and he immediately entered into pleasant conversation. As soon as propriety allowed, I asked leave to retire, and the Patriarch sent a servant to prepare a room for me, which proved to be one of the little chambers of the monks close to his own. Soon after I entered it, the Patriarch sent in a delicious breakfast of eggs, cream, milk, and fruits. When this was finished, I sent for one of the fraternity who was the barber of the monastery,

and submitted my beard, of a week's growth, to his handling. Though somewhat of the rudest, it was very kindly intended. His razor was a piece of iron, thrust longitudinally into a stick for a handle, and kept in its place by a bit of cord bound round the wood close to the blade. Its mode of operation seemed to be rather by pulling out than cutting off. During the exercise of its office, I shed many involuntary tears, but felt bound to submit when I heard that the Patriarch and all the brotherhood were shaved with the same. After this, I laid down, and weary with the fatigues of my journey, in which, for a week, from heat by day and fleas by night, I had hardly slept at all, reposed quietly till evening.

I was no sooner awake than *Mutran Mattai*, (Bishop Matthew,) one of the residents of the monastery, came in. He is an assistant of the Patriarch, and performs the Episcopal duties of Mardin and the adjacent villages. The Patriarch usually has two or three such assistants resident with him, who relieve him of many of his minor cares. Bishop Matthew on this occasion gave me a long account of Der Zafran, a building which has been famous for ages as the residence of the Syrian Patriarchs. It is now, he said, 1043 years since the place was purchased from the Greeks by Mar Ananias, Bishop of Jezireh. It was then a fortress, but the old Church, in which the monks still worship, was standing at that time. Mar Ananias converted the whole into a monastery, extended the walls, and erected cells for the monks. An outer wall enclosed the whole ground, which is now improved as a garden, and covers several acres, and the monastery itself was of twice the extent that it now is. The old Church and the monastery took the name of its founder, and hence we often see it called in history, the Monastery of St. Ananias. At the same time it received the appellation of *Zafran* from a singular circumstance, which the Bishop related as follows : A Persian merchant

of great wealth loaded a large caravan with the article called *Zafran*, (*Anglice*, Saffron,) and intrusting it to one of his servants, told him to travel with it until he found a man rich enough to buy the whole ; and if he did not succeed in finding such a person, to return with it unsold. The servant departed, and travelling hither and thither for several months, sought in vain for a purchaser. At length chance led him to the spot where Mar Ananias was engaged in building his monastery. The servant offered his article, and when Mar Ananias heard of the vain boast of the Persian, he bought the whole, and to show his indifference to riches, mixed it with the mortar employed in the building. If he had endowed it with the same sum, it would have been better for the present generation. Nevertheless the monastery hence took the name of *Der Zafran*,[1] by which it is commonly known at the present day. It has been twice occupied by the Kurds, who held it at one time forty years, and at another ten. It was only about five years ago that it was rescued the second time. While it was in their hands it went rapidly to decay, and when it was restored, was little better than a ruin. The Patriarch repaired it so far as his means would allow, but it is still in a very dilapidated condition. The buildings round the inner court, are the Church of St. Ananias, and the Chapel of St. Mary, on the East, and on the other sides the kitchen, servants' apartments, and two ranges of cells. These last are small vaulted rooms, some 20 feet by 10. In the upper story, which looks upon the terrace, are the Chapel of St. Peter, the Patriarch's apartment, and another range of cells. The terrace, or gallery, is faced by a heavy balustrade of stone, and the whole building is of the same, a light yellow porous stone, roughly hewn. The Church of St. Ananias is the only part of the building which has any pretensions to architectural ornament. In this there is some sculptured work upon the cornices, and around the old Ro-

[1] Literally, *Saffron Monastery*.

man windows. On the outer court, which I first entered, are the porter's, gardener's, and shepherd's apartments, the sheepfolds, granary, and stable.

Being now fairly introduced to the monastery, I will spare the reader the long detail of all that occurred there during the two weeks of my stay, and present only a few sketches of scenes and events which will show the life that I led. The evening of my arrival, the Patriarch sent for me, and I spent an hour with him in conversation. The next day I made a more formal visit, and discussed with him many matters of interest relating to my mission. He gave me a long account of the state of his Church, and told me that the last autumn a messenger had arrived from India with letters from the Malabar Christians,[1] requesting that a Metropolitan might be sent to them to preserve their Episcopal succession.

The Patriarch made particular inquiries with regard to the Church in England and the United States, and especially about the constitution of its ministry, seeking to ascertain whether it had the three Apostolic Orders, and whether the power of ordination was vested exclusively in the Bishops. My explanation, which he afterwards confirmed by an examination of the Prayer Book, was entirely satisfactory, and seemed to afford him unmingled gratification. He said that he regarded these three orders as essential to a right constitution of the ministry, and that they must be derived from the Apostles in regular succession. All other orders, such as Archbishops, Archdeacons *(Chor-episcopi)*, Subdeacons, &c., were merely subdivisions of these, for the sake of convenience in the government of the Church. We talked also of liturgies, and he showed me a volume somewhat larger than our Prayer Book, which he said was intended to be used by the worshipper in private. No Church, he affirmed,

[1] The Syrian Church of Hindostan, visited and described by Buchanan. *See his Researches.*

was so rich in liturgical forms as the Syrian, and he spoke with glowing eyes of Ephrem and James, and other worthies of ancient days. Another work that he showed me, was a large folio volume of Church Annals, which, he said, had been kept from the earliest ages by the Patriarchs. It was formerly written in Syriac, but a copy was afterwards made in *Karshoni*,[1] or Syro-Arabic, in which language it had ever since been written. The original, he said, was still existing in Syria, besides which, this which he showed me was the only copy in the world. It is always kept by the Patriarch, and the records are made as the events occur. He opened it and read from it a history of persecutions endured by the Monophysites after the Council of Chalcedon. I saw that he had reference to the difference between us, for I had already shown him a copy of the Arabic translation of the Prayer Book in which the Second Article[2] had arrested his attention, but before we could enter upon the subject we were interrupted by persons on business, and I retired.

The same day arrived a monk from Abyssinia. Four years had passed since he left his country, and in the mean time he had been a wanderer in Egypt and Syria. He had brought no letters from his Church, and the Patriarch hesitated for a time to receive him, saying that the practice of the Churches from time immemorial, had been, that when a Christian went into a foreign country, he carried with him commendatory epistles from his Bishop, or the Patriarch. He finally, however, suffered him to occupy a room in the monastery, but could not be persuaded to look upon him with complacency. "How do I know," he said, "but that he has been excommunicated, or has committed some great sin, or how can I be sure that he is a Christian at all?"[3]

[1] Arabic written in Syriac characters. Such books are common among the Syrians, and are the most easily read by them.

[2] *Of the Word, or Son of God, which was made very man.*

[3] To show that the Patriarch reasoned wisely, I may say that since

The monk was black, but well-featured. He came into my room in the afternoon and spent an hour with me, but I was soon weary of him. He seemed to be a compound of self-conceit and nonsense, having gathered a smattering of various small things in his travels, which he appeared to imagine made him the possessor of all knowledge. For example, he began to edify the monks and others who had gathered around me, with an account of the English Church. The English, he said, are divided into three classes, Churchmen, Lutherans, and Free Masons. I denied it, and he said he knew better than I. He proceeded, "Neither of these use the sign of the cross." I instanced Baptism in the English Church, and he said I was mistaken. I told him that I was a priest, and had never baptized without it. He said he knew better than I; whereupon I gave him up as impracticable. He then turned to my servant, and finding that he was a Greek, began upon the nature of Christ. Basil replied that all that he knew was that there are three, the Father, the Son, and St. Mary! The Syrians all started up with astonishment at this exposition of doctrine, and exclaimed, "Do you put St. Mary in the place of the Blessed Spirit?" I put some questions to Basil, and found that he did not so much as know that there was any Holy Ghost. I was surprised at his ignorance, having often conversed in a serious manner with him on the journey; but it had never entered my mind to suspect that he was ignorant of the prime articles of the Christian faith. He could repeat his Creed word for word, but being in the ancient language, he understood nothing of it. And yet this servant was devout in his way. He said his prayers every night, and when at

my visit to the monastery, a man, without letters commendatory, but professing to be a Christian, came and spent several days there, and at the end of this time ran away in the night, taking with him all the sacred vessels from the altar of St. Ananias. It was afterwards ascertained that he was a Mussulman.

home went to Church, kissed the pictures, confessed, received the Sacrament—and was content. What a dreadful responsibility that of the priest who is the blind leader of such blind men! The monk, finding that he was no fit subject for theological discussion, fell to disputing with the Syrians, whether the sign of the cross should be made with the thumb and forefinger, as they make it, or with the thumb alone, as the Abyssinians practice. All his efforts to raise a discussion, were unavailing. The Syrians would not acknowledge that it was of any importance whether it was made in the one way or the other; and the monk, smiling complacently at having silenced us all, left the room. The Patriarch was seriously offended when he afterwards heard from a servant who was present, that the Abyssinian had been disputing with me about religious matters, and wished to know how he had ventured to take such liberties as he did in the discussion.

Bishop Matthew came in twice during the day, and I had with him much conversation of a more profitable character upon the state of his Church. In the evening he gave me a list of all the Bishoprics, with the names of the present incumbents, from which I learned that there were only twelve with dioceses, and less than twenty in all. How different this from the ancient glory of the Church, when they had one hundred and fifty-nine[1] Bishops in these regions! Of the twenty-one *monasteries*, where Bishops were formerly resident, only two are now occupied at all, and one of these is the Patriarchal monastery of Zafran. The other is the monastery of St. Mary Magdalen, at Jerusalem. Several of the present Bishops, however, reside in monasteries which are not included in the ancient list, and, besides these, there is an immense number deserted or in ruins, and a few in the hands of the Papists. Formerly the

[1] The number given by Asseman, on the authority of ancient writers.

mountains of Tour[1] were filled with monasteries, like Mount Athos in Greece. There were also a few nunneries. The ruins of one are to be seen not far from Der Zafran; but at the present day, nuns are, I believe, entirely unknown among the Syrians.

There were, at the time of my visit, twenty-five monks belonging to the monastery of Zafran, but only five of them were resident; the rest were scattered in the villages, performing the duties of priests in vacant parishes. Of the five remaining, one only was a priest, the rest deacons and lay brethren. They were all employed in teaching. Each of the five had a class of five boys, (twenty-five in all,) who had been gathered from different and some of them from distant places, for instruction. They were taught and maintained at the expense of the monastery. The origin of the school was in this manner: When the Patriarch was in Constantinople in 1838, the Armenian Patriarch expostulated with him on the state of the nation, and among other things said to him, that a people without schools must inevitably decline. The remark sunk deep into the mind of the Patriarch, and was never forgotten. On his journey home, he visited most of the places where Syrians are to be found, and in every place established a school. They are of course on a very humble scale. That in the monastery, which was intended to be of a higher order than the others, provides instruction in ancient Syriac, Arabic, and penmanship, but the first is very imperfectly taught from want of good teachers and text-books, and the whole is not sufficient to supply the first rudiments of knowledge. Neither of the languages is taught grammatically. The pupil first

[1] I will here say that the names *Jebel Tour,* and *Tour Dagh,* commonly given to these mountains, both imply a tautology. *Jebel* (Arabic), *Dagh* (Turkish), and *Tour* (Syriac), each mean in their respective languages, *Mountain*. The old and proper name is *Tour Abdin,* or *Mountain of Recluses.*

learns to repeat the words, which in plain Arabic composition he understands, because it is the vernacular tongue, but in Syriac he knows nothing of. He repeats them by rote, as a parrot talks, and in some instances afterwards learns a little of the meaning; but, in general, his own language is an unknown tongue to him. He is thus enabled to join in the services of his Church, and can repeat the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, the Trisagion, and some other portions of the services, from memory.

The time which the monks do not spend in instruction is set apart for devotion. For this purpose, the Seven Hours of Prayer are observed, viz. Matins, at dawn; the Third Hour; the Sixth Hour, at noon; the Ninth Hour, three hours before sunset; the Vespers, at sundown; the Compline, or Evening Service, two hours after sundown; and the Vigils, at midnight. These hours are regulated (excepting the Sixth, which is always at noon, and the Vigils, which are always at midnight,) by the rising and setting of the sun. Thus, the day beginning at sunset, the Third Hour is the fifteenth from that time, or three o'clock A. M. Eastern time. At this season, the sun set about half past seven of our time, and half past seven in the morning is twelve o'clock. The Third Hour was therefore half past ten A. M., and on this account, the Prayers for that hour were said at Noon. The arrangement of the Prayers was based upon an equal division of the day and night, which occurs, however, only at the equinoxes, when the Third, the Sixth, and the Ninth Hours are nine A. M., noon, and three P. M., respectively. The custom in the monastery was to combine the Matins with the Services of the Church, which occur at the same hour, and the Prayers of the Ninth Hour with the Evening Service, occurring at ten o'clock, or two hours before sunset. The Prayers for the Sixth Hour and Sunset were said at the door of the Church, under the piazza; the Compline in the little Chapel of St. Mary, and the Midnight

Prayers by every monk in his room. There was something in the associations of the hour which rendered these last peculiarly impressive to me. In the dead of night, when no sound was heard and all nature was sleeping around, here and there, from the door of each cell, a light began to twinkle, and presently, where each light appeared, the voice of prayer began to rise, solemn and slow. It seemed as if it possessed more power at this silent season. There was no sound of earth to interrupt it; the mind had rested from the cares of the day, and there were no moving objects or glaring sunlight to distract it. It seemed as if it must be more concentrated upon itself, more easily turned to Heaven, more free and pure in its aspirations. I thought of the coming of the bridegroom. "While the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept. And *at midnight* there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him. Then all those virgins arose and *trimmed their lamps*."[1] I remembered too the words of the Saviour, "Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor *the hour* wherein the Son of man cometh."[2] "Take heed, watch and pray; for ye know not when the time is. For the Son of man is as one taking a far journey, who left his house, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work, and commanded the porter to watch. Watch ye, therefore, for ye know not when the master of the house will come, at even, or *at midnight*, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning: lest if he come suddenly, he find you sleeping. And what I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch."[3]

Friday, July 2. The whole convent is at present keeping the Fast of the Twelve Apostles, which began on Monday and continues thirteen days. Upon due consideration, I have felt it to be my duty not to join in the observance, my own Church not being in communion with the Syrian,

[1] Mat. xxv. 5, 6, 7. [2] Mat. xxv. 13. [3] Mark xiii. 33–37.

and it being no design of mine to act as if such communion were existing. Were it otherwise, there would seem to be no reason for doubt, inasmuch as such conformity accords with ancient usage and with Apostolical precepts. As it is, it seems plainly the course of duty to adhere to the customs of the Church to which I belong; and I find, on conversing with the monks, that they regard it as a matter of course that I should do so. I have determined, therefore, to keep the regular fasts of my Church, as it has been my custom to do, and to go no farther. As to the general propriety and duty of fasting, there can be no question; and the Church has wisely guarded against its neglect, by appointing times and seasons for it, which are all most appropriate to the duty. The duty being plain, no better mode of its observance can be devised, than to adopt the days appointed by the Church, especially when we reflect that by acting otherwise, we not only "offend against the common order" of the Church; (the lawfulness of which in the sight of God may well be doubted,) but are almost sure to neglect the duty altogether. Would we but rightly perform it, we should find that it would add new vigor to our faith, give new power to prayer, and increase within us all the graces of the Spirit.

These thoughts were suggested by the return of the weekly fast. As I am seldom alone in my own room, the Patriarch had given me, for my private use, the key of the Chapel of St. Peter, in which no services are at present performed. There I have spent a considerable portion of the day. May the prayers offered in weakness, descend in blessings upon this desolated heritage, and upon my own fondly remembered Zion, which

> In distance, ever true, I love,
> And at her altars pray once more to stand.

During the day, one of the monks came in and opened a

conversation on the marriage of our clergy. I contented myself with stating the grounds upon which we hold the marriage of a Bishop to be lawful, (to which, being based on Scripture and primitive evidence, he had nothing to object,) without feeling called upon to attack the different institutions of his own Church in this particular. I said, moreover, that if I were a clergyman of the Syrian Church, I should feel in duty bound to obey its laws, as do those of its own clergy and even of its Bishops, who are convinced that it would be better for the Church if the present restriction did not exist.[1] I thought it, however, perfectly consistent with Christian unity, that there should be, in this and other respects, different customs in different branches of the Church of Christ. Even the Church of Rome follows the same principle, and notwithstanding the absolute prohibition of marriage to her own clergy, had not insisted upon the same as a term of communion with the Eastern Churches.[2] He assented to the truth of the remark, and I on the other hand could not hesitate to condemn the conduct of a Priest of his communion who had lately been deposed for marry-

[1] As I shall discuss this subject at length hereafter. I will here merely add that in the Syrian Church, Priests are allowed to be married, but Bishops not. A priest may, however, become a Bishop after the death of his wife. Priests are generally married men, and such are always preferred for parochial cures.

[2] The Chaldeans, the Papal Syrians, and other Eastern Christians in communion with the Church of Rome, still retain married priests. It ought, however, to be added that the whole influence of that Church is exerted to bring about a conformity with its own practice. The matter is kept in reserve until union is effected, and then gradually brought forward and inculcated, though never insisted on as essential to union. The effort has succeeded in some parts where Papal influence is strong; for example, among the Papal Syrians of Aleppo. In this, as in other respects, the Church of Rome is content to disseminate her own peculiarities, while, in more essential matters, she leaves the Eastern Christians of her communion in ignorance and degradation.

ing a second time. If he were opposed to the law he ought not to have entered a state in which it might be imposed upon himself.

Bishop Matthew came in for a short time in the evening, having been abroad all day superintending the reapers in the fields. It seems that besides the produce of its own lands, the monastery receives from all the villages between Jezireh and Mardin, contributions of grain, rice and other productions. It has also a few villages which are fiefs of the monastery. Besides all this, the villagers bring in presents of fruits, sheep, and every thing which their labor provides. There is also a considerable revenue accruing from the annual sale of the *meiron*, used in baptism, which can be prepared only by the hands of the Patriarch. Yet the monastery is far from being rich, what it receives barely sufficing for its own support. Its revenues had suffered considerably during the recent famine.

Sunday, July 4. I was present this morning at the services in the Church of St. Ananias, which commenced soon after day-dawn. The Patriarch himself was the principal officiator, and besides him were one priest, two deacons, and five or six *afsalto*, or singers, who were all boys. The patriarch wore a cope of richly embroidered stuff, with a capacious hood of the same, which last was drawn over the head in certain parts of the service, but most of the time was thrown back upon the shoulders. The idea of it is said to be taken from that of Moses covering his face when he communed with God in the mount. Besides this was a broad scarf richly decorated, hanging from the neck nearly to the ground in front, with a hole by which it is passed over the head. This was all of his dress which was visible. The large turbaned cap which he usually wore, was laid aside, and nothing remained upon his head but the close black cap checkered with white, which is worn by the

monks. Seven candles were burning upon the altar, on which, besides the chalice and paten, were several small metallic plates used in the service, which, with the lights, were arranged upon the steps ascending from the altar. Pictures were hanging in different parts of the Church, but all of them in an elevated position, evidently not designed for worship, nor were any of them so used. No candles were lighted before them, nor did any one appear to notice them, excepting my servant Basil, who entered with me, and after seeking in vain for some one that was familiar to him, placed himself, at length, before a portrait which may have been intended for the Virgin, and continued for a quarter of an hour bowing and crossing himself before it, while the congregation occasionally turned upon him an astonished and wondering look. The congregation consisted only of the inmates of the monastery and a few women from the city, who had come to spend the day at the monastery. As there was no separate place for females in the Church, they stood behind the rest of the congregation, near the door. I remarked, throughout, the great attentiveness and solemnity of the congregation, which struck me the more from its being often wanting in Eastern Churches. Every one, as he entered, bowed thrice towards the altar and thrice crossed himself in honor of the Holy Trinity. The priest's garment resembled that of the Patriarch, but was not so richly decorated. Those of the deacons were of a plain white material, embroidered in a simple manner, and each deacon wore a scarf, which was hung only from one shoulder, in the same manner that it is worn by deacons in the Greek and Armenian Churches, this mode of wearing it being regarded as the distinguishing mark of their order. The singers were clothed in white garments, and stood upon the right of the altar, as you look towards it. One of them carried cymbals, and two others circular instru-

ments of metal, with small bells attached, and elevated by a long staff passing through the centre. These instruments were played in certain parts of the service, especially at the moment of Invocation. The deacons stood during the service, one on each side of the Patriarch, and a little behind him, each holding a crosier of ebony, crested by a handle of alabaster. The communion service was preceded by the morning prayers and reading the Gospel, after which the veil was lowered for a short time, while the Holy Table was preparing. The whole service that followed, struck me from its resemblance to the ancient forms, especially as described by Bingham. Incense was used, and Prayer was offered for the Church Militant, for Apostles, Martyrs, Confessors, Patriarchs, Bishops, and all Saints. It is at this part of the service that commemoration is made of the dead lately departed, when it is requested by friends. The only requisition necessary is that he have died in the Communion of the Church. How far the practice is removed from any recognition of Purgatory, will appear in another place. The elements were raised after consecration, the Patriarch turning to the congregation, but there was no bowing to them by the people, the act being simply an invitation or call to partake. There was no *procession* with them. During the service, the congregation bowed two or three times, and the sign of the cross was made some five or six times. The same sign was made over the elements in consecration, which was done by means of a small silver cross that the Patriarch held in his hand. The Sacrament was administered to two or three of the clergy, at the proper time of receiving it; and to those of the congregation who were to partake, after the service was ended. The same is the custom in the Greek Church, and originated in a day when the number of communicants was so great as to render it inconvenient to administer to all during the service. I noticed moreover this difference—that it was given to the clergy

from the chalice with a spoon,[1] while to the people were given, with the hand, morsels of the consecrated bread which had been dipped in the wine, and which the people received from the hand of the Patriarch into their mouths. This also was perceptible, that the clergy received within the veil, which was lowered for the purpose, and that the form of words accompanying the delivery, were not said to the lay-communicants. All that remained in the chalice after the clergy had partaken, was carefully eaten and drunk by the Patriarch, the morsels for the people having been at the time of consecration laid upon one of the little plates which stood upon the altar. This, when the service was ended, the Patriarch took in one hand, while with the other he put one of the pieces into the mouth of each of the communicants, who received it standing—stooping for the purpose. The congregation were in the mean time retiring, all having first approached and kissed the hand of the Patriarch; the Bishops, (two being present, but taking no part in the service, the office of the Patriarch on the occasion being that of the Bishop,) the priest, and deacons successively. The deacons kissed the hands of the Patriarch, Bishops and Priests, the Priests of the Patriarch and Bishops, and the Bishops of the Patriarch. The departure from the order of the service, in delivering the elements to the lay-communicants while the congregation were retiring, struck me unpleasantly, as seeming to infringe upon one design of the ordinance, as the Sacrament of Communion and Christian Fellowship. I was pleased, however, with the slow and deliberate manner in which the whole service was performed, so different from the irreverent hurry often visible in others of the Eastern Churches, and sometimes in the Syrian.

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After the service was ended, and while the worshippers were retiring, the women from the city, some holding their children in their arms, knelt on the steps before the altar, while the Patriarch, having divested himself of his cope, threw it over them, and blessed them.

After we had retired, the Patriarch invited me to his apartment, where we conversed for half an hour. I asked him how frequently it was the custom among them to receive the communion. He said once in two or three weeks it ought to be received, and the longest time for which it ought on any account to be omitted, was forty days. It ought, he said, to be received frequently, in order that the communicant might be able to remember his sins, and make a thorough and minute confession of them before God. With regard to the service of Communion, he said that they had changed nothing from the earliest ages, and that he did not believe there were any forms more ancient than their own, existing. With regard to pictures, he said that it was unlawful to worship them, and that the only use of them which could be tolerated, was as ornaments of the Church, and to bring to mind the scenes and persons which they represented. I inquired whether his meaning might be illustrated by the use which we make of the portraits of departed friends, and he replied that it was precisely what he would say of the pictures of Christ and the Saints. He blamed the free use that the Greeks, and even his brethren, the Armenians, make of them, and thought the tendency of such reverence extremely dangerous.

During our conversation, he put into my hands one of the little cakes used in the Sacrament. It was a small, round cake about two inches in diameter, and half an inch thick, impressed with twelve crosses, and pierced in five places, the former representing the number of the Apostles, and the latter the five wounds of Christ. It is creased so as to be broken into twelve pieces, each piece bearing a

mark of the cross and intended for one communicant. In this way it is known at once how many cakes are necessary for the number who are to communicate. I should have before remarked, that on the uppermost part of the altar in the Church, was a small vessel containing the elements which had formerly been consecrated, intended, after a very ancient custom, of which we see traces in Justin Martyr, (A. D. 140,) to be carried to the sick in case of emergency.[1]

In the evening of the same day, I witnessed the compline service, one and a half hours after sunset. It was held in the chapel of St. Mary, adjoining the Church of St. Ananias, on the East side of the court. The apartment is small and has no altar, being designed rather as a receptacle for dead than a place of worship for the living. The founder of the monastery, and the Patriarchs and Bishops who have died in it, are all buried here. Their tombs are in alcoves, along the sides of the chapel. Before each alcove a curtain was drawn, and a lamp burning. I have never witnessed a more affecting scene than that which followed—the remnant of an ancient Church (for so it seemed) gathered at the tombs of their fathers, and chanting in plaintive tones, their evening prayers. The dimness which prevailed in the apartment, the subdued manner of the worshippers, and the mournful accents of the chant, all combined to form a scene which moved me even to tears. At the close, the Bishop who conducted the devotions, went round the room, bearing a censer, and slightly drawing aside each curtain, cried aloud. This was repeated three times. The fourth, the priest and deacons present joined the procession, and all moved in solemn march around the tomb. The services continued about half an hour. The dimissory was pronounced by a deacon, and all present, after saluting each other, retired.

[1] 1st Apol. §§ 85, 87.

The next day I attended vespers, which were said out of doors, under the piazza, in front of the Chapel of St. Mary. There was here a niche in the wall, precisely like that for the Imam in a mosque, and intended, like that, to direct the prayers of the worshipper, although towards a different quarter. The early Christians prayed towards the East, and the *Kibleh* of the Mohammedans is doubtless one of their numerous imitations of Christianity. The prayers were said in part by the Patriarch, and in part by the whole congregation. A portion was responsive, and a portion uttered in silence. The service commenced with an act of reverence to the Deity, the worshippers bowing, prostrating, and crossing themselves. The same acts were several times repeated in the course of the prayers, but the prayers were offered standing. Incense was also used in the service, and the whole was closed with the dimissory by the deacon. At the end of the service, before the congregation retired, the kiss of peace was given, a Bishop present kissing the hand of the Patriarch, the Priests that of the Patriarch and Bishop, the Deacons of the Patriarch, Bishop and Priests, and the people the hands of all the Clergy and of each other. It was a pleasant sight, just as the sun was going down, to behold this little congregation exchanging the ancient token of love, and preparing to go to their rest in charity, peace, and good-will.

CHAPTER XVII.

Visit to Mardin.—The Road.—Church of Mar Behnam.—Altars.—Baptistry.—Churches of Mar Shimon and Mar Michael.—Legend of Mar Michael.—Mar Behnam, his Conversion and Fate.—Population of Mardin.—The Governor.—Dialogue on Fasting.—Conversation on the Procession of the Holy Ghost.—The Syrian Patriarchs.—Their Number.—"Church Annals."—Passages from them.—Topics of Conversation at the Monastery.—Misrepresentations of the Western Reformed Churches.—Their Source.—Character and Object of Romish Efforts among the Eastern Churches.—Our Position with relation to them.—The Church of England.—How Misunderstood.—Confounded with Errors which she rejects.—Her Proper Mission.—The Library of Der Zafran.—The Chapel of St. Peter.—Altar Stone from an Ancient Church at Antioch.—The Bell.—Conversations on the Nature of Christ.—Visitors.—Character of Discussions at the Monastery.—Our true Position.—Differences.—Our Duty.

JULY 7. Visited the city with Bishop Matthew. The Bishop rode on a mule, and a little boy by his side carried his Episcopal staff. We were an hour in reaching the town, which stands nearly on a level with the monastery, and therefore the road to it, though winding among the mountains, is not difficult. About a quarter of an hour from the monastery, we passed through a Syrian village, called Kaleh Mara, from a fortress on the top of a lofty crag near by, which tradition says was destroyed by Timourleng, whose name is still famous throughout these parts of the East. In the city we alighted at the Church of Mar Behnam, the largest Syrian Church in the town. It has no

less than five altars, one of which is exclusively for females. The Syrian Churches have generally three, and where there are priests sufficient, the service of the Holy Communion is performed at all together. The practice is obviously a departure from ancient custom, which allowed but one altar in a Church, but its design seems to have been to accommodate the large number of persons attending the Communion that all might witness the worship and all partake.

The Baptistry in Mar Behnam is placed, as I have generally found it in the Syrian Churches, on the South side near the chancel, in a kind of latticed closet. The font was a plain stone on a pedestal about three feet high, and the basin of sufficient size to receive an infant. As usual, too, it was not clean and in good order. Some priests' garments were lying in the font, on removing which I found a nest of young rats nestled in the folds.

I afterwards visited the Churches of Mar Shimon and Mar Michael, the former within the town, close upon the walls, the latter just without the city. All these Churches have legends connected with them, commemorating the wonderful deeds of their founders, and these are sometimes illustrated by pictures preserved in the Churches. Mar Michael, for example, was the son of a Pagan prince of Iconium. He had been sent away from the court in disgrace, mounted on a mule which was suffered to take its own course, and came to Mardin, where he met with a holy man, Mar Yououf (St. Joseph), by whom he was converted to Christianity. His sister, wishing to follow him, and being prevented, was at her own desire half transformed into a fish, by which means she was enabled to swim across the pond or river which confined her, and come to Mardin, where she embraced the new faith of her brother, who had founded a Church. Her tomb is still shown in the Church, and also a picture representing Mar Yousouf, the young prince, and his sister, the latter half fish and half woman.

Of Mar Behnam, whose name is celebrated among the

Syrians, it is said that he was a son of one Senkharib, king of Nineveh ; that riding one day with forty horsemen, who constantly attended him, he pursued a gazelle as far as the mountain on which Mar Mattai stands, and up it to the spot where the monastery now is. Here the gazelle suddenly disappeared in a cave. On entering, the prince beheld an aged hermit, but no gazelle. On inquiring where the gazelle had gone, the hermit told him to sit down and listen to him. During their conversation, the hermit, whose name was Mar Mattai, gave him much instruction concerning Christianity, and discovered to him that he possessed miraculous power. The young man promised to believe and embrace the new religion, if he could heal his sister, who was suffering from a disease that was regarded as incurable. The old man promised to perform the act, and appointed a spot whither the princess should be brought. Behnam then retired, and at the appointed time repaired with his sister and the forty horsemen to the place named by the hermit, where they found the old man waiting for them. When all was ready Mar Mattai struck his staff upon the ground, and a stream of water instantly burst forth. In this he ordered the princess to wash. She obeyed, and was made whole. Behnam and his companions instantly believed and were baptized. His sister also embraced the faith which had wrought so wonderful a cure upon her. They then returned with joy to the city, and the hermit retired to his cave.

The change in the faith of Behnam was not long concealed from the king, who employed every means to persuade his son to abandon his supposed delusion. Behnam was inexorable, and with great zeal exhorted his father to forsake himself the errors of paganism. The father then resorted to torture, and when this proved ineffectual, he ordered his son to be put to death. The son found some means of escape, and fled with his sister and the forty horsemen to a place now called Karagosh, about five hours E. of Mossoul, where he was overtaken by his father, who ordered him and his company

to be instantly put to death. Before the command could be obeyed, the earth suddenly opened and swallowed them up. The enraged tyrant remained mute with astonishment, and repaired to his palace to mourn too late the loss of his children. It was not long before he was attacked with the same disease which had afflicted his daughter. After trying every remedy in vain, he was prevailed upon by the entreaties of his wife, to resort to the miraculous power of the old hermit, who performed upon him the same miraculous cure which he had performed upon his daughter, and with the same happy result of a change in his faith. He now mourned afresh for the fate of his children, and determined, since he could not restore them to life, to do all in his power in honor of their memory. He, therefore, caused the earth to be opened where they were swallowed up, and the bodies to be taken out. They were then honorably interred near by, and a monastery, bearing the name of the son, erected on the spot. The monastery yet stands, and is one of the most famous in Syrian history. Near by are seen the graves of the martyrs, and the burial place of the king is seen at the door of the monastery. I relate these stories as they were told me by the Syrians, and as illustrative of one feature in the present condition of their Church. I do not take it upon myself to say how much of truth is mingled with such legends.

In the Church of Mar Behnam, in Mardin, is a picture representing the first meeting between the prince and Mar Mattai, besides a great variety of others on different subjects, all done in the rudest style of the art, though esteemed ornaments by the people. Most of the Syrian Churches are more or less decorated in this way, and have a picture of some kind, or a simple cross of wood or metal, over the altar.

The present population of Mardin, exclusive of the Mussulmans, consists of 500 Papal Armenian families, 454 Syrian, 200 Papal Syrian, and 40 Chaldean. The population had considerably diminished since my former visit, and the

prosperity of the town evidently declined, owing, as it would seem, to the combined evils of oppression and famine. The late governor had been a tyrant, but the new one bore a different character, and I every where heard his coming hailed with joy. His good reputation induced me to call upon him, and I found him a man, judging from his conversation, of a very extraordinary character for a Mussulman ruler. He had not, he said, wished for office, and would not have accepted it, had it not been for the miserable, oppressed people about him. He should be happy if he could do any thing for their relief. He considered, he said, the most even justice to the people to be the highest prosperity of government, and oppression to be the ruin of the ruler as well as of the ruled. Many other like sentiments he uttered, which I was willing to believe sincere, both from the universal reputation for integrity which Kurd Mohammed Bey enjoys, and from the frankness and plainness with which they were uttered, which had all the apparent freedom and open-heartedness of a Kurdish gentleman. I took occasion to commend the poor Christians to his particular attention. For the purpose of urging this plea, I had preceded my visit by a handsome present, which my servant had great difficulty in inducing him to accept, and when I came in, he had thrown it down on the floor. "There was no need," he said, "of coming to me in that manner; I am not of that sort," alluding to the universal custom in the East—a custom as old as the Patriarchs—of making favor by means of a present. It was thus that Jacob approached his brother Esau, whom he was afraid to meet: "I will appease him with the present that goeth before me, and afterward I will see his face: peradventure he will accept of me.[1] A Syrian priest had accompanied me, and was sitting by my side. The Governor inquired kindly of the health and welfare of the Patriarch, and said that he in-

[1] Genesis xxxii. 20.

tended making a visit to the monastery. The priest replied, that the Patriarch was intending to invite him, but had deferred it on account of the fast. "Why do *you* fast?" said the Governor, in a good-humored manner; "can you prove to me out of the Gospel that Jesus ever prescribed it?" The Priest was at a loss for an authority, and I quoted that of Mark ii. 19, 20: "And Jesus said unto them, Can the children of the bride-chamber fast while the bridegroom is with them? As long as they have the bridegroom with them, they cannot fast. But the days will come when the bridegroom shall be taken away from them, and then shall they fast in those days." The Governor was satisfied with the authority, if indeed he had any other object in putting the question than to fathom the priest's learning. He treated him, however, with great civility, although his cringing and awe-struck demeanor was little calculated to inspire respect.

At sundown I returned with the Bishop to the monastery. The next two days were spent in inquiries and duties which need not be detailed here. I cannot omit, however, one conversation with the Patriarch upon the vexed question of the Procession. The doctrine of the English Church on the subject is contained in the Nicene[1] and Athanasian[2] Creeds, is incidentally asserted in the Articles,[3] and is implied in other places[4] in the Prayer Book. I shall have

[1] "And I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of *life, who proceedeth from the Father* AND THE SON."

[2] "The Holy Ghost is *of the Father* AND THE SON; neither made, nor created, nor begotten, but *proceeding*." [This Creed is not retained in the Book of Common Prayer of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.]

[3] "The Holy Ghost *proceeding from the Father* AND THE SON," &c. *Art.* 5.

[4] "O God, the Holy Ghost *proceeding from the Father* AND THE SON, &c. *The Litany:*

"Teach us to know *the Father, Son*

from the chalice with a spoon,[1] while to the people were given, with the hand, morsels of the consecrated bread which had been dipped in the wine, and which the people received from the hand of the Patriarch into their mouths. This also was perceptible, that the clergy received within the veil, which was lowered for the purpose, and that the form of words accompanying the delivery, were not said to the lay-communicants. All that remained in the chalice after the clergy had partaken, was carefully eaten and drunk by the Patriarch, the morsels for the people having been at the time of consecration laid upon one of the little plates which stood upon the altar. This, when the service was ended, the Patriarch took in one hand, while with the other he put one of the pieces into the mouth of each of the communicants, who received it standing—stooping for the purpose. The congregation were in the mean time retiring, all having first approached and kissed the hand of the Patriarch; the Bishops, (two being present, but taking no part in the service, the office of the Patriarch on the occasion being that of the Bishop,) the priest, and deacons successively. The deacons kissed the hands of the Patriarch, Bishops and Priests, the Priests of the Patriarch and Bishops, and the Bishops of the Patriarch. The departure from the order of the service, in delivering the elements to the lay-communicants while the congregation were retiring, struck me unpleasantly, as seeming to infringe upon one design of the ordinance, as the Sacrament of Communion and Christian Fellowship. I was pleased, however, with the slow and deliberate manner in which the whole service was performed, so different from the irreverent hurry often visible in others of the Eastern Churches, and sometimes in the Syrian.

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After the service was ended, and while the worshippers were retiring, the women from the city, some holding their children in their arms, knelt on the steps before the altar, while the Patriarch, having divested himself of his cope, threw it over them, and blessed them.

After we had retired, the Patriarch invited me to his apartment, where we conversed for half an hour. I asked him how frequently it was the custom among them to receive the communion. He said once in two or three weeks it ought to be received, and the longest time for which it ought on any account to be omitted, was forty days. It ought, he said, to be received frequently, in order that the communicant might be able to remember his sins, and make a thorough and minute confession of them before God. With regard to the service of Communion, he said that they had changed nothing from the earliest ages, and that he did not believe there were any forms more ancient than their own, existing. With regard to pictures, he said that it was unlawful to worship them, and that the only use of them which could be tolerated, was as ornaments of the Church, and to bring to mind the scenes and persons which they represented. I inquired whether his meaning might be illustrated by the use which we make of the portraits of departed friends, and he replied that it was precisely what he would say of the pictures of Christ and the Saints. He blamed the free use that the Greeks, and even his brethren, the Armenians, make of them, and thought the tendency of such reverence extremely dangerous.

During our conversation, he put into my hands one of the little cakes used in the Sacrament. It was a small, round cake about two inches in diameter, and half an inch thick, impressed with twelve crosses, and pierced in five places, the former representing the number of the Apostles, and the latter the five wounds of Christ. It is creased so as to be broken into twelve pieces, each piece bearing a

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such efforts. Whatever may be the faith of the Church of Rome, or however different may be the face in which she appears in other lands, among the Christians of the East these have been her labors. Hence it is that we can have no affinity with her; hence she is our enemy, and hence too our labors must be to assume the ground of *genuine* Catholicism—seeking to preserve the things that remain and are ready to die, to infuse the life and vigor of youth into forms which breathe the spirit and power of ancient days, to stand upon the undoubted doctrines of the primitive faith, and to effect their re-establishment wherever they have been weakened or lost, to instruct in what is both pure and Apostolic, to restore a right appreciation of the Holy Sacraments and the self-crucifying duties of a holy life. If the Church of England, or our own, has been misunderstood, it is because she has not been rightly known, because she is mingled, in the conceptions of Eastern Christians, with the peculiarities of those with whom she has no connexion; now represented as rejecting the divinity of our Saviour, now as having discarded infant baptism, and now as destitute of a duly organized ministry. And so it must remain until she herself will make herself known as a Church essentially sound and primitive, as possessing all the credentials and marks of the Church of Christ, in her faith, her sacraments, her ministry, and her worship; as discarding errors which she does not hold, and as seeking a return to unity upon ancient and scriptural grounds. Until she does this, the first step in her high and holy mission will not have been taken.

I was a week at the monastery before I found a leisure hour for visiting the library. I had heard much of its value, and expected to find it a rich repository of Syriac literature. What was my surprise to find that it consisted of no more than fifty volumes piled together on a shelf in a low, dark room, and covered thick with dust. Most of them were works in Arabic, written in the Syriac character and the

greater part were injured by time, neglect, and rats. There were a few books of European origin, the most valuable of which was a *Biblia Polyglotta*, (published in London in 1756, and containing the Hebrew, Septuagint, Arabic, Syriac, and Vulgate versions, with Latin translations of the first four, and the Targum, with a Latin translation,) and Edmund Castell's *Lexicon Heptaglotton*, published in 1786. There were also a few copies of the British and Foreign Bible Society's edition of the Scriptures in Arabic and Syriac, and these, with the others, were all the remains of the celebrated library of Der Zafran. The Bishop who accompanied me, told me that the rest were destroyed by the Kurds during their occupation of the monastery. They used them, he said, for wadding to their guns, and for culinary and other purposes.

July 11.[1] The Fast of the Apostles closed yesterday, and to-day is the Feast of St. Peter and St. Paul. The morning services were in the chapel of St. Peter, which had not till now been open for public worship, since my arrival. The altar in this Church is differently placed from any other that I have seen. It is against the wall, on the east side, beneath no alcove or canopy, and concealed only by a low curtain in front, hanging from a horizontal wire passing from one side to the other, which curtain is open during most of the service. Above the altar is a stone set into the wall, and upon this stone is a simple cross engraved, with an inscription in Strangheli. The stone is said to have been brought from the Church in Antioch in which St. Peter himself ministered. The words of the inscription are

[1] The date is after our computation of time, but with the Syrians it was the 29th of June, their reckoning being that generally used among the Eastern Christians, which falls at present 12 days behind ours. The Feast of St. Peter is also on the 29th June in the English and American Churches, and indeed in most others, including the Greek, the Latin, and the Armenian.

those which the Saviour addressed to the Apostles: "Upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."[1] They seem to have reference to the Cross as the sign of Christ, the Son of the living God. The Patriarch officiated again, and the services were substantially the same as on the last Sunday. At the close, a considerable number received the Holy Sacrament.

In the same Church, in a little recess near the door, is a plank suspended from above, which is beaten by two mallets to call the monks to prayers. Formerly there was a bell in the little turret which rises above the Church of St. Ananias, but it has been in some way lost or destroyed.

When the services were ended, I went with the Bishops to the room of the Patriarch, where the company immediately broke their fast by a slight repast of bread and cheese, the custom of the Syrians being to continue fasting until the Sacrament has been received. We then conversed for half an hour upon the doctrine of their Church—the one nature of Christ—which separates them from the communion of other Churches. In the after part of the day, I resumed the conversation with Bishop Matthew, and the next day had a long conference with the Patriarch on the same subject. I will not here record it, as I shall have occasion to allude to it again when I come to speak of the doctrines and worship of the Syrian Church.[2] The view there given is the result of almost innumerable conversations with Patriarch, Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, at different times and in different places. It is a simple endeavor to show the real position of the Syrian Church, without "extenuating aught or setting down aught in malice." If it presents the question in

[1] St. Mat. xvi. 18.

[2] As the work to which I here allude is not likely to make its appearance for some time to come, I have thought it best to give the substance of my views on this important topic in the preface to the present volume.

a more hopeful view than that in which it has hitherto been contemplated, it is, supposing the view to be just, matter for congratulation and thanksgiving to Almighty God. To Him let us address our fervent supplications that He will, in his own good time, heal the breach which remains, and restore to the distracted Church of Christ its long-lost unity.

July 12. The Feast continues another day, in honor of the Holy Apostles. A large number of Syrians, men, women and children, have come from the city to spend it in idleness and rejoicing. It is amusing to see how entirely they make themselves at home. One of the monks acts as steward, and provides lodgings for the visiters, who go about as freely as in their own homes, the women pursuing their culinary occupations, washing their linen, and taking care of the babies, the children scampering about, screaming and playing, and the men smoking their pipes, talking, and lounging in little knots with as much freedom as if every person had a fee-simple in the monastery. Indeed this is nearly true, for it belongs to the nation, and all join in supporting it. It seems to be an asylum not only for the religious class, but also for the maim, the blind, the insane, and the destitute, of all which there are some within its walls. The Patriarch and all the nation wish to see it enlarged and its former grandeur restored, but they are too poor to furnish the means. The two years' famine has exhausted their resources, and compelled them to wait for better days. It was the design of the Patriarch to make it include a college for instruction in theology, to which candidates selected from the schools might resort to prepare for the holy office of the ministry, but many long years, I fear, will pass before the design is carried into execution.

My work at the monastery was now done, and I began to prepare for leaving. For two weeks I had received kind and unremitted attention from every one within its walls, from the Patriarch down to the old porter who growled at

me when I entered the gate. Differences plainly discussed, had given no check to hospitality, nor did they seem to detract at all from the interest with which my visit was regarded. They may at times have made our intercourse a little more piquant, but in no instance did they produce any change of treatment towards myself, or diminish the confidence which was placed in me. On the contrary, it was no sooner ascertained that I had a Church to defend, and that that Church had a ministry and a worship, the Three Orders, a Creed, a Liturgy, Feasts and Fasts, than I was at once admitted to the full privileges of a Christian man, and listened to with a respect and deference that I could not otherwise have gained. These things are regarded as important by Eastern Christians, because they never heard or dreamed of a Church without them. They have known them from their fathers; they have traced them back through their unbroken line of Bishops and Patriarchs, through their venerable liturgy, which they claim to be of Apostolic origin, through all the history of the past, which they have never known to be without them. They are to them as the walls are to a house, or a portrait to the original. They are that in which the form and features of Christianity are expressed and preserved, through which its blessings are conveyed to man. How can it be otherwise with them, when they have never known these blessings to be conveyed in any other channels, or imagined it possible that they could be conveyed in any other? I say, then, that it was an advantage to me to appear in the character of one whose Church had all the valid and essential features of a Church of Christ; whose priesthood, testified in proper credentials bearing the seal and signature of his Bishop, could not be questioned, and who coming from a Church which possessed all the well-known marks of ancient and authentic origin, could not but be regarded as every way entitled to speak of the true faith, and of the practical interests and duties of

religion. I was, therefore, met as one standing upon equal ground,—a position which it is important to secure, and which the primitive character of my Church has always enabled me to maintain. This character is our passport and our guarantee, and both he who holds it to be of no importance, and he who believes that our Church (when judged, as she can alone be by strangers, through her accredited standards) is deficient in any essential feature thereof, are alike unqualified to be her representatives abroad. I say this from no uncharitable spirit, but with a deep-seated conviction, confirmed by experience, that our proper lot is to maintain among the Eastern Christians, the essentially primitive character of our Church, and to present her to them in that character alone. This is the first condition of our usefulness, and every missionary operation which does not respect it, will be "as the morning cloud and as the early dew, as the chaff that is driven with the whirlwind out of the floor, and as the smoke out of the chimney."

I will freely acknowledge that sometimes when I have thus presented our Church to members of the Oriental Communions, the picture would have seemed to them more complete if some things that are wanting in it still formed a part of its shade and coloring; for example, unction in baptism, the sign of the cross in consecrating the Eucharist, and especially prayers for the faithful dead. But I have never found real cause for regretting the absence of these and such like ancient usages. Those which are merely rites I have ever found to be acknowledged as not essential to the true character of a Church. Besides, there is not an exact uniformity with regard to them among the Eastern Christians themselves. For instance, the custom of mixing water with the wine in the Lord's Supper, which has the sanction of the most venerable antiquity, prevails among the Syrians, but not among the Armenians, and yet the two Churches are in full communion. Prayers for the faithful dead present a

more serious subject; but excepting those portions of the Eastern Churches by which they are abused for purposes of gain, I have never found a disposition to insist upon them as really essential, and the reasons for our discontinuing them have always appeared satisfactory excepting to those to whom it would be perhaps an advantage if they would discontinue them also. Those by whom they are not abused, seem to regard the want of them among us as a deficiency in itself, but justifiable by the reasons which prevailed at the time they were removed. Nor have I ever seen such a one disposed to consider their restoration as a matter of indispensable necessity, inasmuch as a general commemoration of the faithful departed is preserved in the service of the Holy Communion, the order for Burial, and some of the Festivals, especially that of All Saints. This is sufficient to save us from the reproach of forgetting those who, though passed away, belong with us to the Household of God,[1] the Family in Heaven and Earth;[2] and more than this, it may safely be affirmed, was not the original intention of prayers for them. The position of our Church, then, when judged by the clear voice of her standards, is one in which, on the whole, I have ever found reason to rejoice. It is one in which she appears as chiefly intent upon a unity of faith, and yet as wanting nothing which is essential to her character as a branch of the Church Universal. It is one in which we must feel compelled to stand upon the sure basis of what is evidently *necessary* to Christian communion,—one in which we have little temptation to form alliances upon incidental resemblances in things of minor importance,—one in which it is most needful for their own good that we should appear to the Eastern Churches,—one in which we may sustain the exalted character of seeking a restoration of unity on truly primitive grounds. May we have grace to understand and improve

[1] Eph. ii. 19. [2] Eph. iii. 15.

our advantages, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left; presenting the Church in her pure faith and her unsullied worship to eyes which will not fail, the more single their vision becomes, to be attracted by the one and love the other. There is no Church on earth which has the power for good among the Eastern Christians which the Church of England and the sister Church in the United States possess. May we use it as an inestimable treasure, as a precious talent for which we must give account!

NOTE.—I must not be understood in this chapter as speaking on the point of the *immediate practicability* of union with the Eastern Churches. That is a great point by itself. In my judgment it cannot be determined by any data that we now possess. And besides, it is a question whether, supposing that no difficulty in matters of faith remained, a union were practicable under existing circumstances. We must remember that Mohammedanism, with all its chains bound around and enslaving Christianity, still survives. We must remember, too, that our Eastern brethren are hardly in a state duly to appreciate and earnestly to long for the blessings of unity. Let us not desire the thing without its spirit. Let us not strive to bring about a merely formal connexion, but to base it upon a true union of heart,—a union which cannot be thoroughly effected unless both they and we are replenished with the graces of the Spirit, and are alive to the truth and knowledge of God's Holy Word. Let there be no hasty and unauthorized amalgamations, but let our first, great effort be to revive, with the divine blessing, in the hearts of our brethren and in our own, a juster appreciation of the true faith and a life of holiness and love. So shall there be a sure preparation for the glorious fabric of Christian Union, and so shall our fabric rise not on the shifting sands of human opinion and devices, but upon the Everlasting Rock of our Salvation, Christ Jesus, our Lord.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Leaving.—Change of Route.—Farewell to the Patriarch.—Ride to Mardin.—Illness.—Letters.—Popish Intrigues.—Continued Illness.—Transfer of Jezireh to the Pashalic of Mossoul.—Romish Arguments.—Syrian Generosity.—Intrigue Defeated.—New Servant.—Fever and Ague.—Mussulmans at Church.—The Cross, how regarded by Mohammedans.—Use of the Sign of it among the Christians.

My intention had been to go back from the monastery to Jezireh by the mountain road, and continue homeward by Sert and Bitlis. But a Providence, at the time inscrutable, but afterwards most plainly merciful, frustrated the design. The Kurds were now up in arms, and the road from the monastery was cut off, so that a villager lately coming from a neighboring district was obliged to make a detour of a day or two to avoid them. This alone might not have deterred me, but as the object of my journey was rather to learn the state of the Church and the spirit of the clergy than to investigate the social and civil condition of the people, and as I had learned most that I wished to know about the mountains, from intelligent persons who had visited and resided in them, the object of the journey did not seem sufficient to incur any considerable risk in going thither myself. Other reasons, which I need not mention, made it important for me to turn my face in a different direction; which I accordingly did. The Pasha of Mossoul had heard of the rebellion among the Kurds, and was now approaching rapidly from the Euphrates. His fires could be seen over the desert,

wherever he pitched his camp, for the next night the spot would show a vast sea of flame rolling and raging in every direction.

I had intended to leave on the 12th, but my business not being completed, I remained till the 13th, and was then detained another day by a severe cold which I had caught in the night. On the 14th I was no better, and with difficulty mustered sufficient resolution to prepare for my journey. But there was no alternative. The result of my visit was such as to require the utmost expedition in my movements, and I determined, at all events, to reach Mardin, and then shape my plans as Providence might permit. In the course of the morning I had a farewell interview with the Patriarch, but was too unwell to say much. Fortunately little remained to be said. He accompanied me down stairs and to the outer gate, where stood the old porter, now as full of benedictions as he had before been of complaints. Nearly every person in the monastery came down to bid me farewell, and when I mounted, the Patriarch gave me his blessing and his prayers. Bishop Matthew could not leave me thus, but accompanied me to the city. On the road my troubles were increased by a stroke of the sun, for it was now high noon; and when I reached the city, my brain was disordered, and both body and mind in a state of extreme suffering. Bishop Matthew took me to his house adjoining the Church of Mar Behnam, and there made me as comfortable as circumstances would allow. I had ordered horses to be in readiness immediately upon my arrival, and nothing but utter physical inability prevented me from mounting. But it was now quite out of the question; I could hardly raise myself from the ground. Hoping that a few hours rest might relieve me, I ordered the horses to be brought at daybreak, and determined to spend the night; or rather spent it there in spite of my determination to the contrary.

The next morning my head was somewhat relieved, but

otherwise I was more unfit for travelling than before. I had nothing to do but to submit, and, without knowing what God would bring out of the delay, leave the future to him and hope for the best. To my short-sighted wisdom it seemed only an evil which endangered the best interests of my work, but all my anxiety was overcome by a last resort—the calm and deep conviction that it would in some way unknown to me, and which I could not by any stretch of imagination conceive, work for good.

The next day, to my great surprise, letters from Constantinople reached me. I had given orders that none should be sent, as I was to be constantly moving about, and the danger of losing them great. They were brought by the young Tatar whom I had met near Diabekir. He was on his way to Mossoul, and expected to find me there, but hearing that there was a Frank in the city, he sent the letters to me, with the message that if they did not belong to me, I would return them within a quarter of an hour. I saw him some months afterwards at Constantinople, when he told me that at the time he was riding post-haste to convey to the Pasha of Mossoul the news that the district of Jezireh had been given to him. Another Tatar was only a few hours behind him, and the trial was which should first convey the news to the Pasha, and obtain the expected *bakshish* (present). He had stopped at Mardin only to change horses, and was just mounting, when he heard that there was Frank in the city, which induced him to send the letters at a venture, not knowing whether the said Frank was myself or some other person. He was himself too tired and too much encumbered with his travelling dress to come to me speedily, and therefore sent them by the hands of a messenger. Had the information which induced him to send them been delayed for a minute or two, the letters would have gone to Mossoul. When I opened them I found that they contained news which it was of the first importance I should

receive before leaving Mardin. I was now as glad for having been detained, as I had only the day before been tried by the very same delay. Had I left when I intended, I should probably have passed the Tatar in the night, or met him so far upon the road that it would have been difficult to turn back. I immediately acted upon the information contained in the letters, and then began again to hope that I might now be permitted to pursue my journey.

But another still more urgent cause for delay was in prospect. Letters soon arrived from Mossoul which showed that a plot had been formed to ruin every thing which I had accomplished, and these very letters were intended to embitter the mind of the Patriarch against me. They contained the most extravagant misrepresentations of my object and of my Church, conveyed in so insidious a manner that it seemed to me they could hardly have failed to accomplish their purpose if I had been absent. They were addressed to Bishop Matthew, who was requested to lay them before the Patriarch. But Bishop Matthew thought it his first duty to bring them to me, saying, as he opened them, "'As ye would that others should do to you, do ye even so to them.' It is not right that you should be injured by secret foes. If, as I believe, the statements contained in these letters are false, you can easily refute them; and were the case reversed, I should expect so much justice to be done me, as to make them known to me." It proved to be, as the letters fully showed, a machination of the Papists. The whole history of the affair was detailed, and authorities given, so that there could be no mistake about the origin of the plot. The reading of the letters excited me so much, that though burning and parched with fever, and unable to sit up, I entered into a long conversation on the subject, which occupied us all the rest of the day and evening. I succeeded in showing him by the clearest proofs, that the whole story was a falsehood, and could have arisen only from a deadly hostility to

my Church. I told him, moreover, that I must be satisfied as to the result of the plot before I left, and for this purpose would return to the monastery as soon as I was able. But I was in no state to do this at present. A profuse perspiration had relieved me of my cold, but left me with a severe billious attack, from which I could not hope to escape so easily. Bishop Matthew, who had remained with me, gave me a decoction of prunes and tamarinds, from which I received immediate relief. But a strong fever prevailed during the day, accompanied with great weakness and slight shivering. The Bishop tended me assiduously, and for a week after never left my side, excepting at the hours of prayer, when he would repair to the Church, and immediately after the close of the service return to me again. To his kind and skilful attention I was doubtless indebted for being saved from a protracted illness of one kind, but he could not save me from another which immediately followed, and which was destined to be my companion all the way to Constantinople. My servant was also prostrated by the same disorder—the fever and ague—and lay during its attacks complaining, and groaning, and crying for home. The Bishop himself next followed, and had it not been for a faithful Syrian servant whom the Patriarch had given me, we should have fared but poorly in the emergency. My letters from home, full of kindness and good news, proved a refreshing cordial to my spirits. I read and re-read them till I had them almost by heart.

Three days after my arrival, there came four Latin Priests from Aleppo, who reported that they were going to Mossoul and Bagdad, to look after the "Freemasons" who had passed. The Freemasons were the American missionaries, and these men were sent out upon their traces as soon as they had left Aleppo, and had dogged them thus far upon their journey. About the same time came a firman from Constantinople, transferring the rich district of

Jezireh to the Pasha of Mossoul. The young Tatar had succeeded in being the first to carry the good news to the Pasha, who was now lying with his army before Dara, contemplating an attack upon the Kurds in the mountains. He afterwards sent forward a party to explore the passes, and soon after despatched a force of 1500 men, who finally succeeded in reducing the Kurds to submission. The arrival of the firman was announced by a salute from the guns of the town, which consisted of five or six small cannons stationed near the Mossoul gate.

The next day a letter from Azik came, from which I learned that the Chaldean Bishop of the district had offered, through the aid of the French Consul at Bagdad, to rescue from bondage the friends of all the Syrians who would acknowledge the Pope. The Syrian priest of Azik, who had a daughter in captivity, had been himself to Bagdad to intercede for her release. When he applied to the French Consul for the purpose, he was told that if he accepted the terms, he should have his daughter. The priest expostulated and implored, but in vain. The Consul must have the "pound of flesh." After two months of unsuccessful entreaty on his part, and unsuccessful endeavors to convert him on the other, he replied, "Though my daughter were not only in captivity, but condemned to death, I would not consent to such terms for her release," and returned sad and broken hearted to his native place.[1] While these things were going on, the Syrian Patriarch was obtaining a firman for the relief of the Christians from unjust taxation, and with a liberality worthy of the man, interceded for them without distinction. He was successful, and Syrians, Syrian Papists, Chaldeans, and Armenian Papists alike enjoyed the beneficial effects of its operation. It may be said that France does not protect any others than her co-

[1] He is now a Bishop.

religionists in the East. It were well, then, that this should be understood, for her claims to protect, before the Porte, cover all the Eastern Churches. But it does not follow that this protection can be lawfully made an instrument of proselytism, as has been done for hundreds of years, especially when there is so much to render it apparent that this proselytism arises not from any regard to the interests of religion, but from a desire to extend political influence.

July 18. The letters from Mossoul were sent to the Patriarch with a verbal message from myself. The messenger, who was a man of rank and influence in the Church, returned before evening with the kindest compliments from the Patriarch to myself, and a special message, to the effect that the letters from Mossoul were in themselves of no weight whatever, since he had understood the origin of them from previous information. As to the substance of them, he considered it utterly frivolous, that his own course was taken and he should not swerve from it. He wished me to have my mind perfectly at ease on this matter, and to depart in peace. He sent many regrets for my indisposition, and such kindly expressions of personal regard that my heart filled at once, and I could not answer a word. Who that has not experienced it, can tell the power of kindness under such circumstances? It is great any where,—in one's own home, among one's familiar friends, in health and prosperity. But where so great as in a land of strangers, alone, in sickness and persecution?

The next day, one of the priests of St. Simon's was buried, who had died after a short illness. All the clergy were present, and with them the Patriarch, who had come from the monastery, partly for this purpose, and partly, as he said, to see me. After the service he came and sat with me half an hour. Before leaving, he said to me at greater length what he had said by the messenger yesterday, and when he left, bade me again a kind farewell.

I now began to hope again that I might be allowed to depart, but I was detained yet two days, one by the severity of my illness, and one by the want of horses. On the third day I finally bade adieu to my Syrian friends, who had done every thing for me that their limited means and knowledge allowed. From one in particular, I parted with deep regret. Bishop Matthew had been for a week my physician, my nurse, and my companion. He was seldom away from my side, and when present, tended me with all the solicitude and kindness of a father. My servant had recovered from his attack of fever and ague, but the remedy had left him in so weak a state, that he was of no use to me for the remainder of the journey. My new servant Michael, who was a Syrian by birth, and had been for some years an inmate of the monastery, was a strong and active young man, fearless in danger, and ready for any duty at a moment's warning. He was invaluable to me, and more than supplied all the deficiencies of the other.

My assaults of fever and ague had now become daily, and I had every reason to expect that they would accompany me all the way to Constantinople. My head too, though relieved when I sat still, began to throb with pain as soon as I assumed any quick movement, and was so sensitive to the sun, that the least exposure almost drove me mad. All this was somewhat discouraging, especially when the fever and ague were upon me; for worse than all its effects on the body, is its dispiriting influence on the mind. But I had gained all the benefit that could be expected at Mardin, and I was unwilling any longer to be a burden to my Syrian friends. There was no other hope but in reaching Constantinople, where I should find proper medical attendance and be in the midst of skilful friends. Whether I should ever reach it, seemed, in my present state, extremely doubtful, for, besides the troubles already mentioned, I had a more subtle disorder, which I supposed I had contracted

from the hard living and noxious air of the desert, and which might, with very little warning, end my days. It was a comfort, however, to reflect that I was not necessary to any good purpose, that better and abler men than I could be raised up to take my place, and that if I fell, it would be as best became me—with my harness on. In sober thought, it seemed hardly probable that I should escape unharmed from the scorching sunbeams, the sleepless nights, the bad food, and the incessant fatigue of the journey; but I knew of nothing better to do, and therefore made the best of the worst, hoped against hope, sought counsel at a source which has never failed me in such extremities, and started on my journey with a cheerful if not a joyous heart.

A scene occurred at the Church the evening before I left, with which I will close my reminiscences of Mardin. Several *Mussulman* women came in immediately after prayers, with their children in their arms, which they presented to the priest, and kneeling themselves in humble attitude, had prayers read over them. They then left a small charity for the Church, and departed in a reverent and becoming manner. The priest assured me that Mussulmans sometimes join in the worship, and go through all the acts of devotion with the same regularity as the Christians, kneeling, bowing, and prostrating themselves, but never making the sign of the cross, which is considered as the distinctive and peculiar badge of a Christian. The Mussulmans hold the error of the Docetæ, and believe, as the Koran declares, that Jesus was crucified only in appearance. If one argues upon the plain declarations of the Gospel, they say that our books are corrupted; and if you attempt to prove their authenticity, they reply that the Koran has revealed the contrary, and this is a final argument with them. The cross, then, is to the Mohammedan a stone of stumbling and rock of offence, and being so, it is not a little to be wondered at that the Christians have so universally retained it. "*Ad*

omnem progressum atque promotum, ad omnem aditum et exitum, ad vestitum et calciatum, ad lavacra, ad mensas, ad lumina, ad cubilia, ad sedilia, quæcunque nos conversatio exercet, frontem crucis signaculo terimus."[1] This is now as true as it was in the days of Tertullian, though the sign is not made upon the forehead simply, nor is it used in so simple a manner as then. The idea of some miraculous power and efficacy is very commonly attached to it, although the idea itself is obviously based upon the primary notion of its being a profession of faith in Christ. The Eastern Christians often make it with little thought of its original use, and vainly dispute upon the proper mode of making it.[2] Yet as a mark of distinction between themselves and the Mohammedans, it is interesting to observe how universally they have retained it, and how freely they use it, and the very remembrance of its being a mark of distinction, has helped to preserve more of a sense of its original design than they might otherwise have retained. Its use, in itself, certainly is not to be regretted;[3] although

[1] At every going forward or movement, at every entrance and egress, in putting on clothes and sandals, in washing, at meals, at candle lighting, at lying down, at seating ourselves, whatever business occupies us, we mark the forehead with the sign of the Cross.—*Tertul. de Cor. Mil. c.* 3.

[2] There are two points of dispute concerning it: First, as to the number of fingers with which it is to be made; second, as to the order in which the parts of the body are to be touched. Thus the Greeks make it with three fingers, as indicating their belief in the Holy Trinity, and in making it, touch first the forehead, then the breast, then the right shoulder, then the left.—The Nestorians make it in the same manner with the Greeks. The Armenians, with three fingers also, but touching the left breast before the right. The Syrians, with the thumb and forefinger, and in the same order with the Armenians.

[3] "I must confess that there is something affecting in this simple outward expression, as practised by the Nestorians. . . May it not be that the abuse of such symbols by the votaries of the Roman See, has carried us Protestants to the other extreme, when we utterly condemn the simple memento of the cross?" *The Nestorians*, by Dr. Grant. p. 68.

we could well wish that it might be used oftentimes with more reverence, and often with a more just sense of the meaning which it conveys,—"By this sign I declare myself to be a follower of Christ, and my trust to be in His blessed passion and death. To Him I look for deliverance from all my enemies, and for direction in all my doings, and in token of this faith and trust, I do sign myself with the sign of the cross."

CHAPTER XIX.

First day's Journey.—Visit to the Patriarch Elect.—Regulations concerning the building of Churches in Turkey.—English Churches.—The Patriarch Elect.—Pigeon Houses.—Diarbekir.—The Church of St. Mary.—Visitors.—Fever and Ague on Horseback.—Sleeping in the Field.—A Kind Mussulman.—Trouble at the Ferry.—A hospitable Kizzilbash.—Visions of Home.—Warren Hastings.—C. J. Rich.—Sivas.

My first day's ride brought me to Khanik, ten hours on my way, somewhat fatigued, but grateful that I was so much nearer home. Our rate of travelling was the slowest walk, and we stopped occasionally to rest. At Khanik, for want of better accommodations, I lodged under a tree, and at five P. M. went through my regular process of fever and ague. The time for it was well arranged, as I could ordinarily accomplish my day's journey before that hour, and have a whole night to recruit in. My object was, if possible, to reach Samsoun the sixth of August, knowing that the steamer would pass that day, and if I were an hour too late, I must wait there a week. To accomplish this, it was necessary to travel a good stage every day, for fifteen days. I had no temptation to stop on the road while strength remained to travel, but the contrary every way. Both my health and my engagements required me to be in Constantinople at the earliest possible moment, and it was something to have such an object of interest as the reaching Samsoun on a certain day. The uncertainty of finding

post-horses immediately on my arrival at each post-house, added not a little to the impulse to do the best with my little strength. The first day's journey seemed to have improved me, for my fever was lighter than usual, and I started the next morning with fresh courage.

In two and a half hours we passed a small village which was deserted when I last came by, but was now beginning to be occupied again by the peasants, whom the famine had scattered, and immediately struck off to the Tigris, about two hours distant. We forded it where it was only three feet deep, and an hour after reached Kabbi Keui, a large Syrian village where the *Muphrian*[1] now resides. He had been driven from his diocese by Bedr Khan Bey, who wished to kill him for some complaint which he had preferred against the Bey before the Pasha of Diarbekir. His diocese is Mediad, an important district in the Tour mountains, and his seat at the monastery of Mar Gabriel, seventeen hours from Jezireh. The monastery, he said, had been rifled by the Bey, and was now deserted. I met him at the Church, which was a new and handsome building lately erected by the villagers themselves. I will say here, in order to correct some wrong impressions which are entertained with regard to the Mohammedan law on this subject, that it forbids the building of Churches on *new* sites, but allows the repairing of old ones, or their re-erection on the old sites, and also the erection of chapels under the name of *Ibadet Khaneh*, (Prayer Houses,) as a part of a private dwelling. Under cover of this last provision, chapels are sometimes erected, and in process of time converted into Churches. For this purpose nothing more is necessary than to present a petition for a firman to repair the building, taking care to speak of it as if it were already a Church instead of a chapel. The Turks, into whose hands

[1] Patriarch Elect of the Syrian Church.

the business comes at the Porte, barely know where the building is, without knowing what it is. Petitions for repairing Churches are brought in every day, and this passes as one of them. The necessary fees are paid and a firman is granted for the repair of such a *Church*. The old *Ibadet Khaneh* is pulled down, and a Church of larger dimensions is erected on the spot. In some instances, however, the fraud is detected by the Mussulman neighbors, and I know at the present moment two Churches in Constantinople which have been closed by the Turks on account of a proceeding of this kind. The native Papists have procured firmans for the erection of chapels wherever any of their people are to be found, and in several places they have already been built. One that I have seen was large and commodious, and had all the appearance of a Church, excepting that it formed a part of the Episcopal residence. The Porte acted doubtless in conformity with the laws of the Empire in refusing a firman for the English Church at Jerusalem, unless, as I have heard it reported, that Church is built upon the site of an old one, in which case a firman ought to have been granted upon proper evidence of the fact. An attempt was made some years ago to erect an English Church in the village of Boujah, near Smyrna, but no firman having been procured, the work was stopped ere it had risen above the foundation. The English Church in Smyrna is under the roof of the Consulate, and that in Constantinople is the Embassy Chapel, erected upon ground belonging to the British Government. I know not whether there are any other English Churches in the Empire, unless it be one at Alexandria in Egypt. It were certainly to be desired that they were to be found at other points, for example at Beyrout, Bagdad, and Erzroum; for these, if for no other reasons: 1, for the benefit of English travellers and residents; 2, that the reproach of having no religion because we are not seen to have any public worship, may be

taken away; and 3, for the beneficent influence which they would exert upon the Eastern Christians, (especially if the services, or sermons, were sometimes in the languages of the country). A worship uncorrupted by superstitious usages, yet not devoid of solemn and decent ceremonies, the propriety and orderly demeanor of the worshippers, the services in a language understood by the people, and especially the instructive character of the liturgy, interspersed with its Psalms and Lessons from Holy Writ, could not fail to exert a most healthful influence, while they presented a living example more powerful than words.

The Muphrian, Abdul Ahad, was a middle-aged man, with a troubled and care-worn expression that made him appear older than he really was. He sat with me an hour in the portico of the Church, while I reposed upon a bed which they had spread for me, and gave me an excellent breakfast of young pigeons, which refreshed and revived me a little, so that I was able to sit up and converse with him. What I had to say, made his eye sparkle with joy, and drove the sorrowful expression from his features. "I will give you my prayers," he said; "it is all that I have to give." He had been two years absent from his Diocese, and said that he could never return while Bedr Khan Bey lived.[1]

The village itself was of most singular construction and appearance. Most of the houses were very high, and the whole of the upper part above the first story was given to

[1] He has since returned, and, I am grieved to add, has recently been put to death, by order of this Kurdish chief. He had been sent for by the Bey, and on the road was met by ten armed Kurds, (one of them a near relation of Bedr Khan Bey,) who immediately shot him down, ripped him open, and took out his heart, which they carried away, probably as a token to the Bey of his death. This infamous man, to conceal his own agency in the crime, immediately charged it upon the Syrians themselves, and fined the Syrian village nearest to the place of the murder, 15,000 piastres, (about $600,) for having murdered their own Bishop!

pigeons, which are kept for the sake of their dung, which is sold in the city, and used for the rich fruit-gardens near the town. Thousands of pigeons filled the air, and at short intervals we heard the sharp report of a gun which, the people said, belonged to some sportsmen from the town, who come here and cruelly deprive them of the fruit of their labors.[1] Both here and in Persia the manure of pigeons is esteemed the best for the culture of melons, and in both countries the quality of the fruit fully bears out the recommendation.

Anxious to reach the city at an early hour, that I might gain strength for the long stage before me on the morrow, I bade adieu to the Muphrian, and with some difficulty was put upon my horse, where I had nothing to do but to hold on. In this way we started, and soon crossing the bridge, which brought us again to the right-hand side of the Tigris, reached the city in an hour from Kabbi Keui.

The Patriarch had given me a letter to Diarbekir, which proved, when it came to be delivered, to contain an order that his own apartments at the Church of St. Mary should be opened for my reception. This same Church is a curiosity in its kind, being apparently one of the oldest that I visited. It does not differ materially, however, from the common description, excepting that its court and out-buildings are larger, and the latter more numerous than I have seen elsewhere. By its side is the little chapel of St. James, and on one side of the court is an apartment where the Patriarch resides when he is in the city. This was thrown open for me, and every attention that my state required or kindness could suggest, was shown to me. Many of the Priests, Deacons, and principal men came to see me. They have no Bishop resident, the city being a part of the diocese

[1] I asked, "Why do you not complain of them?" The reply was, "They are Mussulmans—what can we do?"

of the Patriarch. I was pleased with the appearance of several of the clergy, some of whom I had never before seen. They, and also the merchants, seemed more intelligent and sensible men than most that I had seen at Mardin, and with some of them it was a real pleasure to converse A few Papal Syrians, who were old acquaintances, also called, so that my time passed agreeably until the ague came, true to its hour. I could see that these diurnal attacks, combined with the fatigue of travelling, were bringing me into a very bad condition, but there was no relief but patience. My friends at D. gave me a drink made of liquorice, which they said was a wholesome refrigerant, and supplied me with a large quantity of the root for my use on the road. I had a comfortable night's sleep after the fever had gone, and rose a brighter man in the morning.

The next day (July 24) we came to Argana, over the tedious plain. Here, for the first time, the fit seized me on the road, and the suffering which it cost me was dreadful beyond description. How much easier, I thought, it would be to die. There was no village to which we could turn aside, nothing to do but to press on to Argana, which we reached after dark. I had foreseen that we should not reach our lodgings before the ague came, and had attempted to force a march so as to arrive earlier. But any motion quicker than a walk brought on immediately the effects of the sun-stroke, and sent such excruciating pains through my head as made me almost curl with torture. At Argana the guide, instead of entering the town, conducted me along a path below it until we had quite passed it, and were in the country beyond. Here, however, was the post-house, or rather its occupants, out of doors at pasture. We had no alternative but to content ourselves with the same accommodations, and sleep upon the ground, a necessity which under other circumstances would have been the greatest luxury—no fleas, no dirt, the air pure and sweet, your canopy the

broad heavens. Besides the nature of the lodgings, there was nothing to eat; but this also was no great deprivation, for had there been, it would have been yo-oort, which all my native friends had strictly charged me not to touch. Indeed, my first and last concern was to repose. The fever, as well as the ague, had passed, and had left me in so weak a state that any couch was comfortable. My cloak was soon spread, with my saddle for a pillow, and before my servants had finished their duty of arranging and securing the baggage, I was fast asleep.

The next morning I arose fresh and bright, with an appetite sharpened by twenty-four hours abstinence, but which there was no means of relieving until we reached Argana Maden, four hours on our road. Here we obtained a breakfast, a most unsatisfactory one however, as the only articles which the market afforded were eggs, milk, and yo-oort, all which had been proscribed by my good friends at Mardin. We spent the whole day in going over the Taurus, and did not stop again until we reached a village upon the plain of Kharpout, having rode thirty miles without dismounting. The day's tribulation came on close by the little lake of Gheuljuk. I had determined not to endure again what I did yesterday, but to throw myself upon the ground as soon as the fit seized me, and lie there until it was over. Fortunately, however, it was somewhat lighter, and I found myself, though still suffering intensely, able to keep my horse. We stopped at the first village on the plain, where we obtained admission to a Mussulman house, an excellent dinner, and a comfortable bed. The master made every effort to please me, and declined all reward for it,—an instance of humanity which deserves, at least, a record. He even waited upon me in person, requested me to make out my own bill of fare for such articles as I could eat, and attended himself to see it executed, which was done in a style that did honor to his hospitality.

July 26. We started at dawn and rode to Merizah, where we changed horses and breakfasted. To keep up with the plan of my journey, it was necessary to reach Kabban Maden to-day, which we accomplished by another ride of thirty miles, making about forty for the day. When I came to dismount at the ferry of Kabban Maden, I found myself unable to walk, or even to stand without difficulty. From some cause, at the time unknown, my feet and legs had gradually swollen, until they became unmanageable and almost without sense or life. The attack of fever had passed on the road, but as soon as I touched the ground I began to feel the most excruciating pains in my back, from which I could find no relief but by lying down and suffering the men to carry me into the boat, like a bale of goods, and lay me down among the cattle. When we reached the opposite side, I was taken out and conveyed to the post-house near by, where I was laid upon a bench in the coffee-shop. Several old Mussulmans gathered round me, and began to prescribe. One wished to tie a string on my wrist, and say a prayer or incantation over it; but I rejected the remedy, although he pronounced it to be a sovereign one. Another advised me to be kneaded, and feeling within myself that this would be agreeable, I submitted to it. They then turned me over on my face, and Michael, taking off his shoes, mounted upon my back, and jumped up and down upon me, to my great delight and relief. The operation, rude as it was, had the desired effect, for until then I could not stir without putting myself into an agony of pain. It was followed up by several men kneading me with their fists, after which I fell into a quiet sleep, which lasted four hours. When I awoke, day had opened, and it was time to mount. Upon attempting to rise, I found that though the pain was not entirely gone, I was able to stand and walk. There was no profit in remaining there, and I had no doubt that I could find physicians of the same sort at every stopping-

place. So I made a present to the practitioner who had recommended the kneading, bade them adieu, and mounted.

I came before night to a pasturage-ground of the people of Argaoun, where I found the villagers of Suleimanieh scattered over the country, feeding their flocks, and among them the post-master with his horses. He had a tent close by, to which he invited me for the night, and when he saw my condition, treated me kindly. Thus it is that in the rudest state man feels for his fellow, and we never reach so low a grade of humanity that we do not find at least some who retain the nobler traits of our nature. He was indeed very kind, and put himself to much trouble on my account, and gave me the best of every thing that he had, and tended me during the fever attack with unceasing assiduity. I have had to record some harsher reflections, but it gives me more pleasure to record those which speak well for my kind. My host was one of the Kizzilbashes, of whom I had always been taught to think ill. I shall hereafter think better of his whole race for his sake. One little incident reminded me of home, and brought to my mind such a throng of teeming recollections that I could not withstand them, but gave myself up to the pleasing illusions which they created. One of the dishes which he set before me was veritable apple-sauce, just such as might have come from the hand of a tidy New-England country dame. How many sweet visions grew out of that apple-sauce, and recollections of days gone by, when with my gun and dog I used to ramble in the woods and over the farms, and repose at night in some rude cottage, where the matron would bring out her best stores of tea, and dough-nuts, and apple-sauce, and when the board was cleared, would sit down to talk about my old grandfather, "the Squire," as his name went among the country folk, and tell me stories of the youthful days of "the young Squire," my father, which I should never have heard from his own honored lips. How little the good woman thought

that these recollections should come back to regale me in hours of lonely sickness, in a Kizzilbash's tent, on an Asiatic upland. Bless the old dame! had she ever heard of Asia or a Kizzilbash?

The next day we pushed on to Hassan Tchelebi, a stage of thirty-six miles, which, with an unusually severe attack of fever and ague on horseback, completely exhausted me. I rode up at once to the Agha's tent, and without asking permission or waiting for invitation, was taken from my horse and laid upon the carpet within. The Agha was my old acquaintance, but an hour or two passed before I could muster strength to give him the selam. He did not seem to recognize me, so much had illness and travel "changed my countenance," and to save myself the trouble of talking with him, I made no effort to revive his recollection.

The next day we proceeded with an escort to Kangal, twelve hours, and the day following, to Ulash, where I met with a most inhospitable reception from Christians, after I had for the most part been treated with kindness by Mussulmans. The villagers were Armenians, and had evidently fallen from the prosperous condition in which I found them three years before. Then they received me kindly, perhaps because I had a Tatar with me; now I entreated in vain for a place to lay my head. I had travelled a long stage, and was in great distress, but they met all my entreaties with that cringing, sulky manner which seems inwrought by oppression and ill-usage into the character of many of the Christians in the interior. I begged and promised and remonstrated in vain, until Michael stepped up to the kiahya of the village, and told him that if he did not instantly give me a house, he would flog him on the spot. This mode of appeal had at once the desired effect, and in less than five minutes, I was lying upon my carpet in a comfortable apartment. Strange to tell, it had other good effects, for the people at once became civil and treated me with much respect; so inseparably

are violence and power associated in their minds. He who can threaten and bluster and frighten them, must be some great man, and instead of being hurt by his threats, they think the better of him for it, and begin to serve him with reverence and even with cheerfulness. I have often thought of the character of Warren Hastings as an admirable specimen of an Oriental ruler; and sure I am that if those who persecuted him at home, could have understood the country and people whom he had to govern, they would have seen that what would have been blameworthy and indeed impracticable in England, was the foundation of his success in India. They misjudged him by judging only with English feelings, and applying an English standard where it was inapplicable. Though he had faults, his *system* was in the main right, and hence it was that those who knew India by a long residence, were his most ardent admirers. Another, in a narrower sphere, but more estimable in a moral point of view, was Claudius James Rich, Esq.,[1] whose name is still and will be long remembered by the people of Mesopotamia. Profuse and ostentatious, yet wisely so; endowed with a large and noble spirit of liberality, yet firm, vigorous and decided; prompt and bold in action, yet humane and just; he exhibited those very qualities which are best fitted to work upon an Oriental mind. He was admired, feared and beloved. The people still talk of what seemed to them his almost regal expenditure, his princely generosity, and "his acts and all that he did," with an enthusiasm which shows how deep was the impression that he created.

July 31. We left before day, and rode six hours to Sivas in the cool of the morning. To keep up with my plan, I ought to have reached the city last evening, and accordingly we had to-day's journey still before us. But as no horses were ready at Sivas, we were compelled to remain

[1] Late British Resident at Bagdad.

and lose the day. The post-master with whom I had the conflict on my journey Southward, was absent, but the keeper of the café attached to the post-house, who was himself a Mussulman, and a descendant of Mohammed, assured me that there had been a visible improvement in his manners since that memorable occasion.

CHAPTER XX.

Leave Sivas.—Armenian Monastery.—Entrance to Tocat.—Trouble with a Post-master.—Expense of Travelling in Turkey.—Henry Martyn.—His Grave.—Mussulmans of Tocat.—The Mosques and Medressehs.—Mecca.—The Armenians of Tocat.—Their Church.—Other Christians.—The Jews.— Serious-minded Christians.— Evil of the Church Services being unintelligible.—Objections to translations for Public Use.—Turkish Honesty.—Effects of Disease.—Leave Tocat.—Guard-House.

AUG. 1. I did not obtain horses till this morning, and how I was to reach Samsoun in time for the steamer was exceedingly problematical. One whole day had been cut out of the fifteen, and there was left just one day's stage more than I felt myself able to perform before the 6th. However I took heart of hope, and determined to do the best in my power. We left Sivas with a small guard, and came before night to a small village, where the Mussulmans treated me well, gave me a good supper, and made a rousing fire for my comfort. About a quarter of an hour from the city, we passed a large Armenian monastery called *Surp Nishan*, Holy Cross, where there is a Bishop resident. It is a place of great resort for the Christians on Sundays and other festivals. I was struck with the neatness of every thing around it, which, with the rich green fields and waving grain on every side, betokened ease and abundance. The buildings, too, were apparently new and extensive, presenting altogether a spectacle which struck me the more

from the contrast with the pictures of decay and ruin that generally prevail in Turkey.

The next day we reached Tocat. Both the approaches to the city from the South are romantic in the extreme. The one is called the Winter, the other the Summer road. I had once come in by the former, but we now took the latter, which is more difficult, and in the winter hardly passable. It led us through extensive forests and greenwood shades, by rivulets gushing from the mountains, and along wire-drawn paths, down, down, down, until we seemed to be going into the bowels of the earth. There must have been three hours or more of this descent before we reached the town. It is the same in the other road, where the traveller descends ten miles, almost without interruption, through a deep and narrow ravine, amidst a succession of beautiful scenes which the windings of the path gradually reveal, until he emerges, through vineyards and gardens, into the city. I remember that, travelling this road in the month of March, the whole country from Sivas to Hassan Tchelebi, excepting the plain of Ulash, was covered deep with snow. The snow was lying in drifts in the streets of Sivas, and our course north of the city towards Tocat, was interrupted by frequent patches, sometimes extending for miles. Yet when we reached Tocat, every thing wore the appearance of advanced spring. Trees were putting forth their leaves and even their blossoms, the town was dry, and the air was warm and genial.

It was now August, and some of the fruits were ripe, especially the large and luscious pears, the like of which I have never seen in Turkey. I could not resist the temptation to taste them, especially as the good people told me that it would do no harm. At the post-house I had the misfortune to hold another altercation with a post-master. He of Tocat might have been brother to him of Sivas. I had been fortunate enough to arrive before the ague came

on. When I felt it approaching, I asked for a bed. The post-master, in a most insolent tone, told me to lie on the boards. I instantly rose upon my feet, and gave him a lecture five minutes long, telling him before them all, that if he was brute enough to treat me thus, I was not brute enough to bear it; and if he did not instantly change his manners, I would have him punished, if there was any power in the Sultan's firman which I carried. He said not a word, but the bed was immediately provided. When I rose again, after three or four hours, he came to inquire after my health, and from that moment became very obsequious in his attentions. His new friendship, however, did not prevent him from quietly cheating me the next morning by making me pay for two hours more than the stage that his horses were to travel.[1]

One cannot pass by Tocat without being reminded of the man whose remains repose there in the hope of a joyful resurrection, and whose example has done so much to awaken a lively zeal in behalf of the pagan nations, both in England and America. On a former occasion one of my first visits was to the humble grave of HENRY MARTYN, which lies in one of the Armenian cemeteries, on the East side of the town, and quite beyond the limits of its population. It is a lowly grave, even among the thousands which surround it, and one who was not in search of it, might pass it without observing it. The stone which covers it is in no way distinguished from the others around it, excepting by the

[1] In Turkey the stages are marked by hours, and the post-rates are generally two piastres a horse per hour, the hour being the distance that a man walks in that time, or about three miles. The piastre is about four cents, or twopence sterling. The rate, then, is about fourpence for three miles. A single traveller generally needs, in long journies, one horse for himself, one for his servant, one for his baggage, and one for the guide, the expense of which will be about fivepence a mile, and his other expenses, for food, lodging, &c., may be reckoned at a dollar (Spanish) per diem.

inscription, and perhaps the more than ordinary meanness of its dimensions, being only about three and a half feet long, by one broad. It lies flat upon the ground after the manner of the Armenian grave stones, and bears the following inscription:

REV. VIR.
GUG. MARTINO
SACER. AC MISS. ANGLO
QUEM IN PATR. REDI.
DOMINUS.
HIC BERISAE AD SB. VOC.
PIUM D. FIDEL. G. SER.
A. D. MDCCCXII.
HUNC LAP. CONSAC.
C. I. R.
A. D. MDCCCXIII.[1]

The burying-ground lies upon the slope of the hill which bounds the town on the East, and looks down upon the city. At the foot of the hill are extensive gardens; farther to the right is a glimpse of the river, which runs through the valley on the Northern side of the town, while in the distance on all sides are the mountain heights which inclose the city. I made inquiries, but could learn nothing more of the sickness and death of the missionary than has already been given to the public. One, I remember, an old man,

[1] The whole form, without abbreviation, I suppose to be as follows: *Reverendo viro, Guglielemo Martino, Sacerdoti ac Missionario Anglo, quem in Patriam redientem, Dominus, hic Berisae, ad suam beatudinem vocavit, pium, doctum, fidelemque servum, A. D. MDCCCXII. Hunc lapidem consrcravit (consacravit) C. I. R. A. D. MDCCCXIII.*—There is a mistake in the Christian name, which should be *Henrico*. *Berisa* is the ancient name of Tocat, and *C. I. R.* is Claudius James Rich, Esq., Late British Resident at Bagdad.

reported him to be the son of a Prince, who was returning to his own land. How little he knew of the bright gem of learning and piety that was mouldering beneath that humble stone!

The remembrance of Martyn's labors for the Mussulmans of Persia, gave an uncommon interest to my inquiries among the Mohammedans of Tocat, among whom he died. I found them for the most part unusually free from prejudices, although there were some who repelled my advances with insolence and scorn. For three days I went freely among them, visited their mosques and *Medressehs* (colleges), and conversed with them about their religion without restraint or hinderance. They seemed to me, in general, as free, affable, and frank as I have ever found Mussulmans to be in Turkey. A student from one of the Medressehs went with me to the mosques, and conducted me into one at the hour of prayers, without appearing at all aware of any impropriety in the act. Most of the buildings were of mean appearance, some of them ruined, and none of them very large or beautiful. The largest of the Medressehs contained only sixteen students, and all of them were miserably provided with teachers and means of instruction. I remember among my acquaintances, one who had performed the pilgrimage to Mecca, and entertained me with the most marvellous stories of the pilgrimage and the holy city. There were, he said, exactly 70,000 pilgrims present every year. The city itself was the centre of the earth, which he supposed, in common with Mussulmans generally, to be a great plain. The days and nights were always equal there, and the temperature always the same. This last, however, he thought no great recommendation, as when he was there, it was almost too hot to live. The Mussulmans of Tocat are about 5000 families, and are chiefly Osmanlees.

The Christians are Armenians, Papal Armenians, and Greeks; and there a few Jews, who have a synagogue. The

Armenians reported the number of their Churches to me to be seven, but I visited only one, which was a new building, very neat in construction and arrangement. The simplicity of the interior almost made me imagine myself in a Church of our own. There were a few paintings, evidently intended for decoration only, and placed too high to be used for any other purpose.

The Armenians of Tocat had a Vartabed resident, and two monasteries in the neighborhood of the city. They are altogether the most important part of the Christian community and by far the most numerous, for while they have 1200 families, the Greeks have only 110, and the Papal Armenians 100. The Greeks have a Church, and the Romish Armenians an *Ibadet-khaneh*, or Chapel, connected with their Episcopal residence. The Jews, who are altogether no more than 25 families, have a Synagogue in an obscure lane, where I knocked loud and long at a little iron door before I could gain admittance. At length it was opened by a young Jew, who thinking me a Mussulman, demurred at first, and made all manner of excuses, which soon vanished when I told him who I was. The synagogue was a small room, capable of holding about 100 persons, but exceedingly dingy and filthy. The people had nothing to show, or would show nothing but a small book of Hebrew Prayers, with one in it for Charles X. of France. It was printed at Paris in the reign of that monarch. The stench of the place, and the odor diffused by a little body of their people, who followed me in, soon made me glad to escape. Here, as every where in the East, the quarter of this despised and outcast race is low and close and miserable, and they, as every where, filthy and cringing and knavish.

With some of the Christians whom I met I was exceedingly pleased, and especially with one of the Armenian Priests, who appeared, from his conversation, to be an humble and truly religious man. It is pleasant to meet with such,

especially in the interior. Often there is also a serious and devout appearance among the people, which shows that they too are sincere in their worship. I have noticed sometimes, when the Gospel has been read in a language understood by the people, how they have remained in perfect silence, drinking in every word, while the rest of the services were as unintelligible to them as to me. From this it arises, in good part, that the Eastern congregations, especially in the capital, are sometimes inattentive and noisy. This evil it will be difficult to remedy until the congregation become intelligent worshippers; and how this is to be brought about in any short space of time, it seems equally difficult to say, unless it be by having translations of the services in modern tongues for the use of the people, while the priest still continues to minister in the ancient language. The clergy, for the most part, are opposed to any translation of the offices for their own use, and with some good reason. The modern tongue is generally corrupt and vulgar, besides that it is ever-varying and has no fixed standard.[1] They esteem it a degradation to put the services into it for the use of the sanctuary,—besides that no translation could long remain a standard. They have, too, a very natural prejudice in favor of the old language, as the ancient tongue of their nation. It is, after all, the distinctive language of their race, which is preserved only in the standards of the Church, and would soon pass away if those standards were changed. It is the language in which their fathers worshipped from the beginning, and its forms have all the sanctity of age and venerated associations. It is their national bond, and they hope that by preserving it, its use in common life may one day be re-

[1] I mean by this double mode of expression, that while there is no classical standard of the modern tongue, which is universally received as such, the language changes differently in different places, being corrupted in one place by Kurdish, in another by Turkish, and in another by Arabic.

stored. Besides, the modern dialect is, in many places, not a corruption of the ancient tongue, but some Mussulman language, which has wholly displaced the national. Thus, in large provinces of Asia Minor, the Greeks have lost their Greek altogether and speak only Turkish; so also of the Armenians in some places.[1] The Syrians in many parts know only Arabic. It is almost too much to ask that they should abandon their own ancient language in the only place where it is retained, and introduce a Mussulman dialect in its stead. At least, there is no probability of their being induced to do so. The best course, therefore, is to revive as much as possible the knowledge of the ancient tongue, and in the mean time to introduce translations of the Church services for common use among the people.

At Tocat, during my first visit, I noticed a little incident which struck me, at the moment, as a singular proof of the honesty of the people, or of the terror inspired by government. Two Tatars arrived from Erzroum with several loads of specie, destined for the Royal Treasury. The horses were unladen in the post-yard, and the bags containing the money were thrown down in the middle of the yard. There they remained one day and two nights. Hundreds of persons were in the yard during this time. The yard opened upon the street, and there was free access by day and night. No one dreamed of their being insecure; no one guarded them. On going out at midnight, I observed that every body was abed, the gates were open, and the bags lying un-

[1] I have heard an intelligent Greek of Konieh (*Iconium*) read a page of Greek with the greatest fluency, when he was not able to tell the meaning of a single word. This arises from the fact that in those districts the reading of the ancient language is preserved in the Churches, while the meaning of it is entirely lost. In other regions, where a modern dialect of the ancient tongue is spoken, the case is hardly much better, both on account of the difference between the two, and because of the rapidity and indistinctness with which the services are read.

molested within twelve feet of the public street. Such an incident I imagine to be of rare occurrence in our Western World, but whether it is because we have less respect for the powers that be, or are a less honest race, I will not venture to say. The Turks, generally, in the interior, have a sort of dogged indifference to gain, lawful or unlawful, which sometimes stands them instead of more active virtues, but I doubt whether such things as this can be traced to any positive moral principle.

I spent the night at Tocat, and left on the morning of the 3d of August. I speak now of my second visit, during which, all that I saw of the town was in riding through it; and of the people, at the coffee-house where I alighted. The observations which I have recorded, were made in March, 1838, when I spent some days in the town. I had now but three days in which to reach Samsoun, if I would be there on the morning of the 6th. My disease had been gaining upon me throughout the journey, and had brought on a dropsical swelling which had pervaded all my limbs and almost destroyed their sensation. My legs and feet especially were so distended that I could hardly use them at all. For several days all my efforts at walking were to go from the place where I lay at night to the door of the house, there to mount my horse, and again, when the day's stage was over, from the door where I dismounted to the place within where my bed was spread. Besides this, I probably did not walk six rods during all the journey from Diarbekir to Samsoun.

We reached Turkhal in eight hours from Tocat, and pushed on to a guard-house in the mountains, two or three hours beyond, which I reached more dead than alive. The only eatable to be found there was fresh beans, of which the guards cooked us a large pot full, and set us to work upon them without bread, salt, or any accompaniment whatever. Late in the evening my fever subsided, and I did

ample justice to the beans, thankful that I had met with something besides milk and yo-oort, two articles that had haunted me all the way, and would have been very welcome if they had not been forbidden.

Close by this guard-house there is a gallows, from the cross-beam of which project upwards long sharp irons for transfixing the bodies of robbers caught in the mountains. The guard said that they had authority to execute a man in this way as soon as he was caught, without judge, jury, or any form of law. I was glad to hear that they had found no opportunity for exercising their office of late years. Near by was a small *kioshk*, or summer-house, which they reported to have been made by a retired Tatar for the accommodation of travellers. The whole scene, as I had seen it in 1838, struck me as exceedingly romantic; the little guard-house nestled in a wild gorge of the mountains, and overshaded by an old weather-beaten oak, upon which hung the arms of the guards, and beneath it seats arranged for the traveller, the rough mountain sides, the kioshk and the gibbet, gave an air of wildness and terror to the scene, which made it seem more like the haunt of brigands than the abode of these rude justices of the peace.

CHAPTER XXI.

Amasieh.—Incident at a Mosque.—Medresseh.—Mosque of Bayazid.—Mussulman School.—The Christians.—Population of the Oriental Christians.—Leave Amasieh.—Ladik.—Singular Sights.—How to act in Doubts.—Interposition of Providence.—Last Stage.—Arrival at Samsoun.—Steamer.—Kindness of new Friends.—Constantinople.—Quarantine.—Obligations to Dr. John Davy.—Narrow Escape.—The End.

We left the guard-house at day-break, and after a short but hard day's journey over the mountains and through the valleys, reached Amasieh, a beautiful town on the banks of the *Yeshil Irmak*, (Green River,) which here rolls its tide between lofty crags, near whose summit, on the left side of the river, are apartments cut out of the solid rock, said to be the summer-houses of ancient princes; but I never surveyed them. My business now was to get to the post-house before the ague came on, in which happily I succeeded. The postmaster, unlike those of Tocat and Sivas, was most prodigal of his attentions, and endeavored to make me comfortable and contented. I will not stay to describe Amasieh, although I had formerly spent a day or two in the place, but will add here an incident which belongs more properly to my narrative. I was wandering about the town on the 25th of March, 1838, looking at the mosques and medressehs, which I found no difficulty in entering, when we came upon an old and decayed building which I supposed to be a mosque. Without were several *turbehs*, or tombs, which belong, it is said, to

members of the royal family, Amasieh having once been an abode of the Turkish Sultans.

The building itself is a good specimen of the Saracenic architecture, which is still preserved in some of the old mosques of Turkey. The flight of steps leading up to it, was covered with women, whom I at once saw to be Armenians. They were covered, not like the women of Constantinople, with the close *yashmak* and *ferejee*,[1] but with a white robe depending from the top of the head, and by the aid of the hand brought together so as to conceal the person and most of the features. As the place was retired, several of them had thrown aside their robe, but hastily replaced it when they perceived our approach. The women of Amasieh are noted for their beauty, and there were among these some of great loveliness. We were almost among them before they discovered us, for their faces were generally turned to the door of the building, while we approached from behind. There was a great fluster and some confusion when they discovered us. Robes were hastily adjusted; faces that were turned about to see who was coming, were as suddenly turned away, and all were in a moment hidden by the jealous veil, except those which belonged to some of the younger ones, and which seemed to retire slowly and reluctantly behind their shroud. Still one eye remained disclosed, and with this they felt themselves at liberty to look at us freely. I saw at the first glance, that they were Armenians, for there was no mistaking the fair and lovely features with which the females of this race who live in cities are endowed. But I was quite at a loss to imagine why they had gathered themselves upon the steps of a mosque, and were so evidently intent upon something within. We mounted the steps, and were about to enter, omitting to put off our shoes till we had crossed the threshold. The

[1] *Yashmak* and *feregee*—the veil and cloak of Constantinople.

women at once perceived it, and supposing that we did not intend to put them off at all, several of them uttered suppressed exclamations of indignation. We entered the building and were at once in the body of the mosque, for such it was. A Turkish woman sat near the door, who said that she was left in attendance there while her husband was absent at his meal. She informed me farther that the building had formerly been a Christian Church, but many ages since had been converted into a mosque. Indeed, the tombs and appearance of the building would indicate as much. But the Christians, it would seem, had never forgotten their ancient sanctuary, and still assembled on holy days, of which this was one, at the door of the mosque; farther they were not allowed to intrude. I had noticed that some of the women appeared to be engaged in devotion, and not unlikely the Church was the resting-place of some Christian Saint. I was almost ready to believe it when I saw in one corner of the building an opening into a tomb; but the old woman assured me that it was the tomb of a Sultan. It was dark and without ornament of any kind. I entered and found that it contained several graves rudely made of brick and mortar. Garments of various kinds were spread upon them, to gather the sanctity of those who slept below, and give them a healing efficacy. It is not uncommon for Mussulmans thus to use the graves of Christian Saints, for which they have a great veneration. Such persons were, in the true sense of the word, *Mussulmans*, or "men devoted to God," and hence it was that Mohammed himself gave peculiar privileges to monks and monasteries, which they have ever retained. They are exempted from taxes, are allowed to receive revenues, and even to amass riches with impunity. Their privileges have sometimes been violated by rapacious Pashas, but generally they are respected.

At one side of the tomb just mentioned, was another opening, leading to a vault below. I wished to enter it, but

my guide, who was a Mussulman, and like myself, a stranger, refused to descend into such an ugly looking place, and I attempted the descent alone; not, however, without some vague apprehension that I might be unable to get out after I got in, and not knowing exactly where and at what distance from the opening I should come to the bottom. I had advanced, however, only two or three steps, when I caught the voice of one apparently in prayer, proceeding from the vault. I stopped and strained my eyes, to discover, if possible, whence it came, but every thing beneath was merged in thick darkness. Not wishing to disturb what was evidently an act of devotion, I returned and remained at the entrance. Presently a woman, also a Mussulman, came out, her lips still moving inarticulately in prayer. From her we learned that there was nothing to be seen below, and we very soon retired from the building. As we lifted the heavy cloth screen which covered the doorway, the woman who sat by, said, pointing to the group of Christians without, "Let none of them come in; it is sin." I then understood that it was counted unlawful for a Christian to enter this, an ancient sanctuary of his religion; and that in my own case it would not have been permitted, had not my Turkish travelling dress, without my intending or dreaming of it, acted as a disguise. I know not how others may feel at the sight of such scenes, but I could not avoid, on the present occasion, a burst of deep sympathy for the poor Christians, thus driven, as it were, from the sanctuary where their fathers worshipped, and vainly sighing to reenter its courts. I knew not with what feeling they had gathered there, whether it was of reverence for a place of their ancient worship, or for some Saint supposed to be reposing in its vaults. Without stopping to analyze or inquire into the nature of their coming, I felt myself wounded by the contumelies which they endured, for these they bore only because they were Christians.

Near this Church (for we will call it by its right name, and the day may come when it will return to its rightful owners,) is a doorway with stone posts, on which is a part of a Greek inscription, but too much obliterated to draw any meaning from what remains. I entered it, and found within a small and poor Medresseh, in the court of which half a dozen lazy students were lounging. In other parts of the town are remains of Mussulman institutions, which in the time of the old Sultans were doubtless in better keeping than at present. One of them is a Hospital for the Insane, said to have been founded by Mohammed II., the conqueror of Constantinople. It is now deserted. On the bank of the river is the mosque of Bayazid, which is not inferior to some of the imperial mosques at Constantinople. It is spacious within, having two domes supported by heavy masses of brick or stone work, and has in front a beautiful court, looking upon the river. Its Medresseh, like those of all the royal mosques which I have seen out of Constantinople, is small, furnishing accommodations for less than twenty students; but the institution is better endowed, and the instruction, therefore, more complete than in most of the Medressehs of the interior. One of the other mosques appeared to have been erected on a liberal scale, but is now in ruins, and no other has risen to take its place. I visited also some of the Mussulman schools, but saw nothing in them more than is usually found in these poor abodes of learning,—a few boys sitting upon the floor, see-sawing over the Koran, every one reading at the utmost pitch of his voice, and all together, the teacher sitting in one corner, superintending the Babel before him; now chiding one boy for not see-sawing with sufficient alertness, and now bawling out a correction to another, which any one who thought it belonged to him was at liberty to appropriate. On the wall hung a small rod with a string attached, the latter being intended to be wound round the ankles, which are then raised by a boy at each

end of the rod, while another, or the master himself, applies a smaller rod to the soles of the feet thus displayed. The custom may seem a strange one, but so doubtless would ours to an Oriental, who should see the same sort of punishment applied to the palms of the hands.

These and other observations, which it is unnecessary now to record, were made at a time when my attention was particularly turned to the Mussulmans. I would fain at my second visit have prosecuted some inquiries of the same kind with regard to the Christians, but there was little profit in tarrying for the purpose, when I was unable to go beyond the threshold of the post-house where I was domiciled for the night. I had formerly estimated the population of the town at 3000 families, of which perhaps 500 are Armenians and 15 Greeks. The former have three Churches, and the Greeks one, which would seem to show that the Christian population was anciently much larger than at present. The place was formerly the seat of a Greek Bishop, but is now attached to the diocese of Sinope. In those days, the Church which I visited may have been the Metropolitan Church, and the Medresseh near by, a school or college of the same. Now nothing remains but a few scattered families, with their priest, and a single Church, which is more than large enough for their wants. The Greek population has gradually faded from the interior, and excepting in the districts of Iconium and Cæsarea, is chiefly to be found about the shores of the Levant. The only Greek Bishop South of Trebizond and East of the great road from Samsoun to Diarbekir, is at Ergin, in the valley of the Euphrates, and the Greeks residing beyond the same limits amount to but a few hundred families. The centre of population, as well as of ecclesiastical influence and authority, is Constantinople, from which you have, on the North, the regions of European Turkey, together with Moldavia and Wallachia; on the East and Southeast, the still numerous population of Asia

Minor, the country of the Seven Churches; on the South and Southwest, the Islands of the Archipelago and the little kingdom of Greece. In all these countries the Greek Church predominates. Farther East, North of Kurdistan, the Armenians are the most numerous; in Mesopotamia, the Syrians and Chaldeans; and in Kurdistan itself, the Nestorians in the Easterly parts, and the Syrians and Armenians in the Westerly. If we estimate this whole population of Christians, together with those of Syria, Egypt, and Abyssinia, at 15,000,000, we shall exceed rather than fall below the truth.

This is the whole population of the Oriental Christians. Of these there are connected with the Roman See about 200,000, one half of whom are Maronites. The remainder are divided ecclesiastically into Greeks, Armenians, Abyssinians, Syrians, Copts, and Nestorians. Of these, the Armenians, Syrians, Copts, and Abyssinians are called Monophysites, and though differing much in rites and usages, are in full communion with each other. The Nestorians stand apart, in practice perhaps the most pure and primitive of all. The Greeks alone, however, are clearly orthodox in the great doctrines respecting the nature of Christ, but they acknowledge the 7th Council, by which the worship of pictures was established, and have more corrupt practices and innovations than any other body of Eastern Christians. It is important, in speaking of the Oriental Communions, to make these distinctions ; for what is true of one is not always true of the others, and much confusion and error have arisen from an indiscriminate mode of speaking. By the use of general terms, some have been blamed for what they do not hold, and others praised where they do not deserve it. The Eastern Churches are far from being a body at one with itself, and supposing our own position to be a true one, we hold, in some respects, a distinct and different position towards each member of the body.

We left Amasieh on the morning of the 5th, and reached Ladik about noon. The road through the pine-forests was easy and pleasant at this season, reminding me, by way of contrast, of a former journey, when we spent a whole day in going the same distance. Ladik is a *Casabah*, or small town, containing about two hundred families, of which only five are Christian. It has a bazar, a khan, and, strange to see in such a place, a handsome mosque with two minarets, erected by a Pasha, and afterwards repaired and improved by a Sultan. The houses are built of rough timber, much after the manner of the log-houses in the Western parts of the United States, and the roofs, strange to tell, were covered with wooden shingles. A still more novel sight for a Turkish town were the wooden fences around the neighboring fields and the premises of some of the houses, and these were made of bars in the style of a New-England farm. I had never seen such sights in Turkey, and they awakened emotions which might perhaps at that moment as well have slept. Sick and alone, the sight of any thing that told of home brought such a train of sweet remembrances as made the present hard to bear. It was, however, no inconsiderable consolation that I was near my journey's end, but how to reach Samsoun before to-morrow morning, when the steamer would pass, it was impossible to tell. There were still eighteen hours, or about fifty-four miles, between me and the harbor. In what remained of the day, I could not accomplish more than eighteen miles, and if my daily attack came on, it would entirely incapacitate me for travelling by night. I could not ride at more than a caravan's rate at the best,—about three miles an hour, and I was already quite exhausted by the ride from Amasieh. But I had a strong presentiment that I should reach Samsoun in time, although to the eye of sober reason it seemed utterly impossible. There is no better maxim than that of the Germans—"Do the duty which lies nearest thee." In the spirit of this rule

I mounted my horse at Ladik, because it was the next thing to be done, and rode all the way through the hard-wood forests to Cavak, a miserable little village of about thirty houses, built in the same style with Ladik. Here I waited patiently for the ague to commence, for that was the next thing to be done, when, to my great surprise, the hour came and went without any appearance of it. It had never failed before of coming each day at its appointed hour, and had been increasing in severity from the beginning. I was astonished and thankful beyond measure, for I could not but count it a gracious interposition of Providence, to save me from the danger of another week's sickness without medical relief. I waited two hours, and then with a bounding heart ordered my horses. The excitement of the moment or the temporary relief from the disorder which had been preying upon me day after day, gave me new strength, and for the first time since leaving Mardin, we broke into a trot, and scoured the hills at a good round pace. Never shall I forget how sweetly the moon seemed to shine that night, or what grateful emotions filled my breast, as we rode in its tranquil light over hill and dale, through pine woods and cultivated fields. We reached Samsoun early in the morning, and I had just time to put myself in order for more civilized society, when the gallant steamer made her appearance in the offing, and fired her gun as a signal for passengers to come on board. With walking and carrying I reached the boat, and a few minutes' rowing brought us to the steamer, where the first whom I met was the worthy captain whom I had left at Trebizond three months before. Disease and the hot sun of Mesopotamia had made me almost a stranger, and it was with some ado that I could establish my identity. I am indebted to him for the same kind attentions as on my former passage, and have to acknowledge my obligations to some of my fellow-passengers, and especially to two ladies whose interest in one, till then

unknown to them, relieved for a few days my hours of sickness, and whose advice was both timely and beneficial. Thus in every situation woman is found the same tender-hearted and compassionate being, ever ready to alleviate distress, ever attentive to the claims of humanity, adorning virtue while she practices its self-forgetting precepts, and blessing as much by the gentleness with which she relieves suffering, as by the good which her friendly interposition accomplishes, thus fulfilling her high and holy destiny as at once the ornament and the benefactress of the race.

We entered the Bosphorus on the morning of the 9th of August, one day after the time when I had promised my friends in Mardin that I would be there, God willing. The delay was owing to the steamer's taking a vessel in tow for some 250 miles, by which we lost twenty-four hours. At length we cast anchor in the harbor of Constantinople, and I was hoping in a few minutes to be among old friends and in the bosom of my own family, when an order came that we should go into quarantine for a single case of supposed plague in a village six hours distant from Trebizond, which was reported in our bill of health. There was no remedy but patience, so we retraced our course to the quarantine ground on the Bosphorus. As we landed on the quay, we were drawn up in a line, and every man required to strike first his left breast, then his right breast, and then his thighs, to see if he was sound. It was only with extreme difficulty that I could perform this operation. This and my wretched appearance made me an object of suspicion, and my good friend, Capt. C. was compelled solemnly to asseverate that to the best of his belief I had not the plague. I found still greater advantage in making myself known to the Director, in whom I recognized an old acquaintance. His family had received some important services from American officers on the coast of Africa, which had made him a great "friend of our nation." He repaid it now by taking me

under his special care, and giving me one of the best rooms in the old cavalry barracks which served as a lazaretto. Opposite me was an English gentleman, who had gone to Trebizond for the pleasure of the excursion, and had now to pay for it by ten days' imprisonment. I am indebted to him for the agreeable society which made my own confinement more tolerable, but my chief acknowledgments are due to Dr. John Davy, (brother of Sir Humphrey Davy,—*par nobile fratrûm*,) who with great kindness visited me repeatedly in my prison, and administered to me with perfect skill and success. The daily attacks had been suspended only for a single day, as if to enable me to reach Samsoun, after which they recommenced their regular course and never again failed until they were arrested by the skill of the physician. Another medical friend was of opinion that the single day's cessation, by saving me from a week's detention in the interior, saved my life. However that may be, and I mention it only as an instance of events most important to ourselves turning upon causes apparently the most trivial, I owe, under God, a gradual and eventually complete restoration to the excellent friend whose benevolence and kindness prompted him to render his services. Would that the same noble dispositions which had induced him, at the call of his Government, to offer his aid for the amelioration of the wretched hospitals and quarantines of Turkey, had met with men capable of appreciating and desiring such improvements, instead of encountering a short-sighted and barbarous policy which looks only at immediate ends and temporary expedients.

At the end of nine days we were released, and a few days afterwards it was ascertained that the case of plague for which we had been confined, was no plague at all,—a discovery which would have been a valuable one, if it had been more timely.

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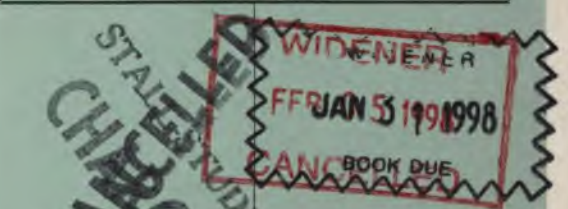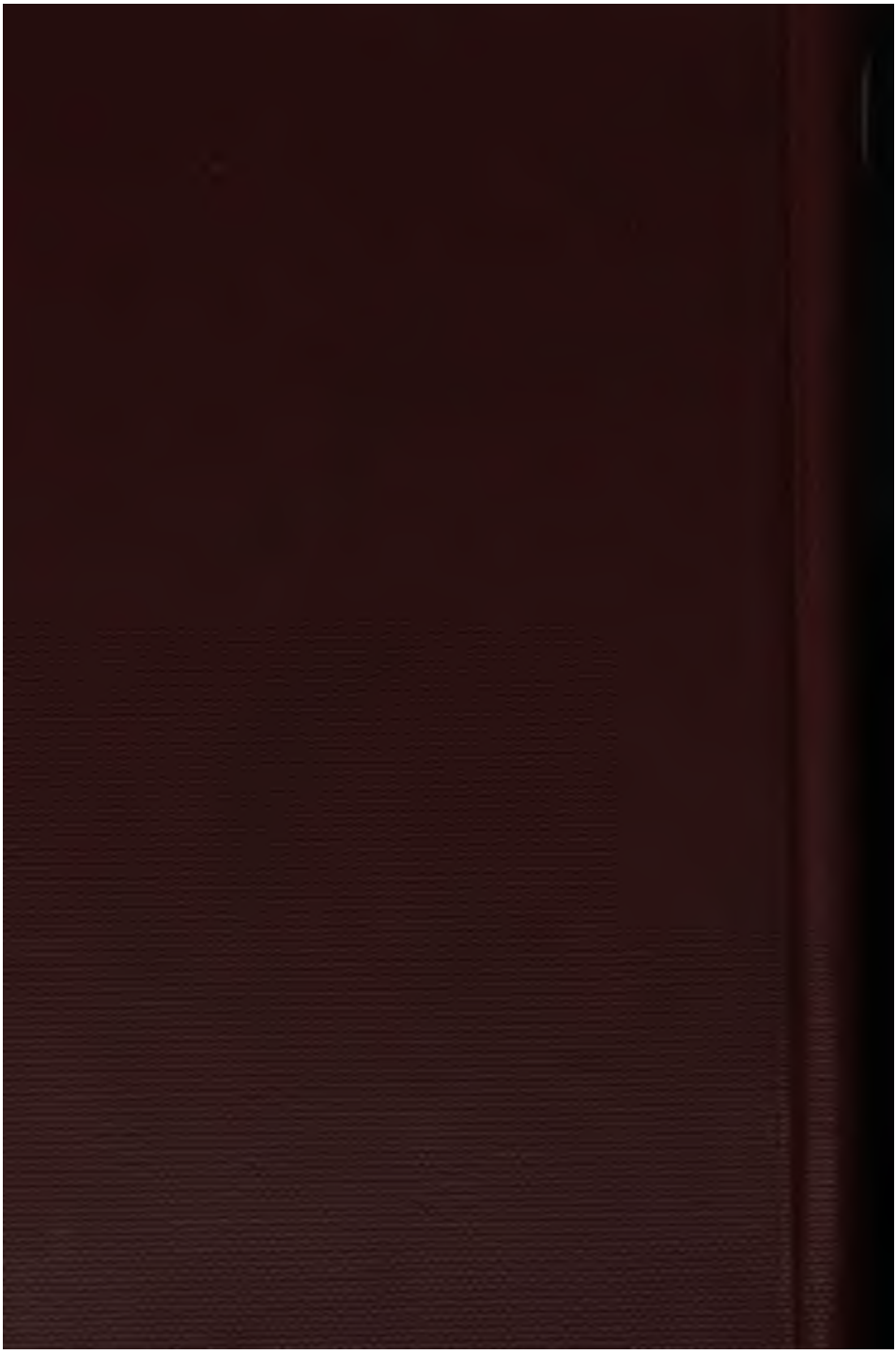
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